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York.
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THE
POETS OF YORKSHIRE;
COMPRISING
SKETCHES OF THE LIVES,
AND SPECIMENS OF THE WRITINGS
OF THOSE
"CHILDREN OF SONG"

WHO HAVE BEEN NATIVES OF, OR OTHERWISE CONNECTED WITH
THE COUNTY OF YORK.

"By these, therefore, examples and reasons, I think it may be manifest that the Poet, with that same hand of delight, doth draw the mind more effectually than any other art doth; and so a conclusion not unfitly ensues, that as virtue is the most excellent resting-place for all worldly learning to make an end of, so Poetry, being the most familiar to teach it, and most princely to move towards it, in the most excellent work is the most excellent workman."
—SIR P. SIDNEY'S DEFENCE OF POETRY.

COMMENCED BY THE LATE
WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT NEWSAM;
COMPLETED, AND PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS FAMILY,
BY JOHN HOLLAND.

(PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS; TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES PRINTED.)

LONDON:
GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS, PATERNOSTER-ROW; SHEFFIELD, RIDGE
AND JACKSON.

1845.

G. RIDGE, PRINTER, SHEFFIELD.



TO GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK
VISCOUNT MORPETH.

MY LORD,

I SHOULD, perhaps, have best consulted propriety, all things considered, if I had merely transcribed and printed, the few words of appropriate dedication to your Lordship, which I find in the handwriting of the deceased individual, whose work it has fallen to my lot to complete and publish : it appeared to me, however, scarcely compatible with due respect, to confine myself to the exercise of so bare a formality, under the circumstances. I beg, therefore, my Lord, while I thus publicly and respectfully acknowledge, as in duty bound, your kindness, in allowing the late Mr. Newsam to announce his projected volume under your Lordship's patronage, to express the satisfaction with which I, at the same time, am enabled to refer even to these pages for evidence of your interest in their subject, as well as to your sympathy with their author. In these times, my Lord, when among other flippant affectations of a superior understanding, to despise poets and poetry is too often accounted an evidence of cleverness, it is exhilarating to find an intelligent individual in your Lordship's exalted station, at once countenancing by practice, and encouraging by approval, that, which one

of the most gifted of the living "Children of Song," has declared to be the eldest, the rarest, and the most excellent of the fine arts. Men may sometimes differ widely as to politics and religious theories and practices, who are, nevertheless, agreed on the less distracting interests of literature and humanity; I feel, therefore, that I incur no risk of exciting an adverse sentiment in any one, when I here mention the pleasure with which I have often noticed the records of your Lordship's generous interest in, and humane respect for, the mental efforts of individuals belonging to classes of society, it may be, at the furthest remove from your own. The names of many such individuals, including my own, occur in the following pages: and may I not venture to hope, that should your Lordship ever honour the volume with a perusal, it will be with no feelings of humiliation that you find yourself, as well as some of your ancestors, mentioned among the "Poets of Yorkshire?" I ought to say, in conclusion, that a grateful sense of your Lordship's kindness and condescension, mingled with the last earthly anxieties of the humble and severely tried individual, whose story I have sketched in the Preface, and whose design I have more than realized in the contents of this unpretending volume.

I am, my Lord, with respect,

Your Lordship's obedient Servant,

JOHN HOLLAND.

Sheffield, Jan. 1, 1845.

PREFACE.

I CANNOT present these Biographical records and specimens of Yorkshire Poets, to the subscribers and the public, without feeling that I ought to perpetuate therewith some memorial beyond the mere name of him, who laboured so long, and, as it has happened, not unsuccessfully, to embalm the remembrance of others. Such a narrative, however humble and inartificial its character, will also form the most convenient vehicle for explaining how my name became so closely identified with the Authorship of this volume.

William Cartwright Newsam, was born April 30, 1811, at Skipton in Craven. His father, a Huddersfield man, had, in early life, enlisted into the marines; and after some service abroad, he returned to England, and was at the above-mentioned period, engaged in recruiting in Hull and Leeds; in the former of which towns he married Sarah Cartwright, of Ripon; his residence, however, being at the latter place. Having gone to Skipton, and there enlisted a man, who, it afterwards turned out, was in a cavalry troop belonging to Lord Ribblesdale, the recruit, on refusing either to be duly sworn or to pay the smart money, and seeking to get away, was somewhat unceremoniously floored by serjeant Newsam; this affair ultimately brought the athletic Yorkshire marine before his Lordship, and his wife to Skipton, where, while the investigation into her husband's conduct was pending, she gave birth to the subject of this memoir. To this portion of his history, he evidently alludes

in the opening lines, of what was apparently intended to have been an autobiographic poem, entitled "The Unfortunate":—

—Mine be the task in sterner lines, to shew
An outline of my life—a life of woe :
Nor deem that idle fancy prompts my pen,
The truth I speak to you, my fellow-men : * * *
—When Britain's cannon thundered o'er the main,
And her brave sons trod the ensanguined plain,
My Sire, attentive to his country's call,
Rush'd to the strife, to conquer or to fall ;
Forsook the quiet and delights of home,
By honour led, through hostile lands to roam.
He saw the British lion oft advance,
And check the boundless pride of haughty France :
Shared all the perils of a soldier's lot,
Some honour won, and some promotion got :
Old England's shores in safety reach'd again,
Escaped the dangers of the boisterous main.
But soon acute disease display'd its power,
Death took him from us in an evil hour ;
And left me in my infant years to prove
The warm devotion of a Mother's love ;
But, ah ! how poor are words of mine to tell,
The love that in a Mother's heart can dwell !
Enough to say what love could do, was done,
My Mother doated on her only son.

Serjeant Newsam died at the early age of 28 years, and was buried, I believe, with Masonic as well as Military honours, in the old Parish Church yard of Leeds, April 2nd, 1813. The child was thus left at the age of two years, to the care of his mother, who being an active, industrious woman, presently opened a shop in York, and soon realized the means of purchasing a house in Wellington-row, in that City. Two or three years afterwards, the boy, sojourning with his relations, went to a school at Ramsgill, in Netherdale, or Nidderdale, a spot chiefly noticed as the birth-place of the celebrated Eugene Aram, one of whose etymological

speculations in the fragment of a "Lexicon on a new plan," turns, it will be remembered, on the Celtic meaning of the word *NID*, the name of the ancient stream of his native valley. I once heard Newsam recal, with almost the only gleam of evident delight which it was *my* lot to see remembrance shed over his sad history, the happy days he had passed in this singularly secluded place. He adverted to the joyous and untiring hours spent in climbing the magnificent mountains, or exploring the glittering gill—the earlier rising on a Sunday morning, when it was intended to go to a distant church—the carrying a dinner to be eaten between morning and afternoon services—the long walk back again, when the glorious sunshine, or sometimes the broad shadows, immersed the distant hills—these were remembered as juvenile enjoyments, the indulgence of which was alike unmixed with any care about the name or the crime of Eugene Aram, or any apprehension of those future trials which, but too sadly, clouded the after-life of the narrator—and to which it now becomes necessary to advert.

What follows is from a memorandum in the hand-writing of the subject of this memoir; it indicates at once the nature, the source, and the commencement of that almost equally hopeless, worthless, and intangible inheritance which so cruelly tantalized him to the end of his comparatively short life. While living in York, Mrs. Newsam "became acquainted with a man named Joseph Bottomley, who had just been discharged from the First Regiment of Foot Guards, on a pension of 9d. a day. With him she lived during the remainder of her life; still, however, retaining her own name, till they left York in 1824." It is said there is no evidence that they were ever married—indeed, that he had a lawful wife living at the time elsewhere. After some other particulars, Newsam thus proceeds;—"Towards the latter end of the year 1824, they went to London; and it was whilst there that a tacit consent was given for Bottomley to assume any authority [over her affairs;] the lease of a public house was purchased;" but this design not answering,

it was relinquished, and they returned to Leeds. Cottage property being thought the most eligible investment, some land, I believe in Wortley-street, was bought of Mr. Thomas Calvert Dyer; "and ten dwelling-houses were erected thereon by estimate; the money to be paid by four instalments; but the actual cost so far exceeded the estimate, that the sum of £650 was borrowed to complete the buildings. Bottomley and my mother resided in one of the houses, living upon their income till 1820, when she died, and he took sole possession. My mother had made a will, securing the property to me; but it was never administered." Bottomley, adds the writer of this sad narrative, in conclusion, "died in 1832, leaving a natural daughter named Esther Green, to whom he bequeathed by will, dated, July 1832, the whole of the property for life; but in the event of her death, to be sold and divided between me, William Newsam, and Martha Green, the mother of the child." I make no comment on the document quoted—nor have I given the whole of it.

At this period, young Newsam, who had been indulgently brought up, and placed at different schools, including Mr. Graham's, at Doncaster, having attained his majority with no other prospect or present means of a livelihood but this same property, which he had all along been assured would fall to him at Bottomley's death, found himself in that event unexpectedly cast adrift on the world. In the dilemma between chagrin and distress, he went to London, and engaged himself as a canvasser for book-orders, with one of the Paternoster-row publishers: he was presently, however, overtaken by a severe illness, in consequence of which he not only lost his employment, but, having turned into money for immediate subsistence some silver plate, and a few other valuables, he might have perished for want, had not the niece of the Irishman at whose house he lodged, pitied his forlorn condition, obtained for him medical aid, and assiduously nursed him till his recovery. In whatever proportions love, gratitude, and convenience may have influenced his next step, I do not know: but seemingly,

with almost as little of considerate forethought as if he had been an Irishman himself, he presently married the generous daughter of Erin, then a widow, and older than himself. Few sunny intervals, it is to be feared, gladdened the future progress of his life : but it is right distinctly to state that he found in Ellinor Murray, of Rosemary-lane,—formerly Driscoll of Cork, at least, a faithful sharer of his trials and his poverty. It may be mentioned, that the immediate occasion of his leaving the asylum above-mentioned, and, after unsuccessfully trying a little bookseller's shop in the Minories, finally quitting London, was the frequent collision with his wife's relatives on the subject of Popery, to which they adhered ; and a dread lest she should be drawn away by them from the salutary influence of his own better counsels.

To pursue him through the course of his migrations to Birmingham, Leeds, Hull, York, Manchester, and Sheffield ; and to detail his various ineffectual efforts to make a livelihood in each place, would only be to describe the common lot of thousands of individuals, whose unwritten memoirs form affecting chapters in the " short and simple annals of the poor." It may be mentioned that for about a year and half, 1841—42, he was master of *the* School at Moston, near Manchester, the average income from which, including an endowment of twenty pounds yearly, appears to have been about 9s. 6d. per week ! It is also worthy of notice that he afterwards missed *apparently* the fairest chance he ever had of permanent employment, on a somewhat curious ground. He had a slight obliquity in the visual axis of one of his eyes ; and being known to and occasionally employed by Mr. Jewsbury, druggist, in Manchester, brother to the late poetess, this gentleman was particularly anxious that Newsam should undergo the operation for strabismus, then just coming into vogue with the faculty : promising at the same time that he would subsequently employ him at twenty shillings a week. This was a tempting offer ; but the subject having heard of some failures under the lancet,

ultimately decided, with the concurrence of his wife, rather to sacrifice the employment than incur the risk. Willing as he was to earn his daily bread, I believe this was the last glimpse he ever caught, even of a vanishing hope—or rather as may be presumed, the actual opportunity of doing so. Of the pressure of poverty upon his mind, as of its blight upon his circumstances, I find various saddening mementos among Mr. Newsam's papers. In some rhyming "Recollections of Childhood," he sings:—

How happy my lot, then devoid of all care,
 The moments roll'd pleasantly on :
 They are past, and have left me but grief and despair,
 For all my bright visions are gone !

In another strain, he says—

Keen are their woes who, having wealth and friends,
 With every aid the healing art can bring,
 Still see some cherish'd, fated victim sink :
 But keener mine, whom Poverty's hard hand
 Has stript of pelf and friends, and even of hope,
 And made a gap for Death to enter in.

Once more—

O that my weary spirit could have done
 With all the toils of life ; and that my soul,
 New freed from this vain world of strife and care,
 Might wing its way to realms of boundless joy ;
 To me, this world is but a scene of woe, &c.

He occasionally indulged in verse-writing ; and various attempts in this way from humble Christian Hymns, to a description of the fate of the " Boy of Egremont," which has engaged so many pens, are among his manuscript fragments. The following lines, closing as they do with the sad tone of his actual circumstances indicated in the above quotations, would have passed muster, had they appeared in the works of any one of the native poets commemorated in this volume:—

THE BANKS OF THE OUSE.

Wherever I wander, wherever I roam,
My heart will still cling to its childhood's bright home;
And the tears of regret my eyes oft suffuse
When I think on the lovely sweet banks of the Ouse.

I've seen rapid Severn careering along,
And deep-flowing Thames so majestic and strong;
The Cam and the Isis those haunts of the Muse,
But none can surpass the fair banks of the Ouse.

Old Ebor I love thee—the sound of thy name
Wakes a transport of joy that thrills through my frame,
And reason must leave me ere I can refuse,
To sing of the lovely green banks of the Ouse.

How blest were the hours when devoid of all care,
I could stray on thy banks, light-hearted as air;
When the future appeared in its gorgeous hues
And Hope spoke of bliss on the banks of the Ouse.

'Tis past—they are gone—like a dream they are fled,
Misfortune still chequers the path I must tread:
The visions of boyhood no longer amuse,
For I am a wanderer far from the Ouse.

The hare when close hunted returns to its form,
And birds seek their nests from the wild-rushing storm;
So I would return had I power but to choose,
And would live and would die on the banks of the Ouse.

He came to Sheffield—where, it seems, he had on a previous occasion, resided for a short time—in 1843; and it was towards the latter end of that year he first called upon me. His object was to enquire whether I could give him any clue to the history and works of several Yorkshire Poets, which were mentioned by him. I had never heard his name, or seen his person before; on this account, as well as for other reasons, our interview was brief, though to him not so discouraging as to prevent him from calling again with other and more specific enquiries of a similar kind; when I found him, in conformity with the character

given of him by the Rev. Hugh Stowell, "though sadly impoverished in appearance, a very well educated and superior man."

He afterwards incidentally told me something of his past history, though he was nearly silent as to the actual and extreme destitution of himself and family. I was soon persuaded that his integrity and modesty were as undoubted as his poverty; and as I could not help regarding with interest an individual who, amidst all the downward circumstances of his life, had been at every opportunity a porer over old books, and a reader in old libraries, with the "forlorn hope" of compiling a sort of familiar "*Biographia Eboracensis*," so I could not help sympathizing with him in his apparently no less unattainable design of publishing biographical notices, with specimens, of the "*Yorkshire Poets*." Accordingly, I rendered him various little services in his enquiries concerning books and individuals; at the same time earnestly pressing him to endeavour to get into some kind of compensating employment, about which he was indeed equally solicitous. Having, however, been brought up in ignorance of any business,—his last failing vocation having been that of a village schoolmaster,—being feeble, wholly, as I am now convinced, through want of proper sustenance, and finally yielding to a pulmonary complaint, this poor, but ingenious and amiable man, fairly broke down. It was at this period that, having missed him for several weeks, I first saw him at home; and though I could not help auguring the worst, he still clung to the fallacious hope of publishing the "*Yorkshire Poets*," for which he had obtained some Subscribers, and the kind consent of Lord Morpeth to allow the dedication to himself. Sinking, as he evidently was, towards the grave, and surrounded, as he was, by almost all the melancholy evidences of utter poverty which could consist with the fact of occupying a house at all, I found him at this and on subsequent visits, not only very grateful for the parochial assistance, which circumstances had compelled him most reluctantly to accept,

but also for the kindness of various individuals—and his poor neighbours amongst the rest—who endeavoured at this crisis to mitigate the double pressure of disease and destitution.

On the afternoon of Sunday, June 23, 1844, a good woman came to tell me that Mr. Newsam was so very ill, that he thought he should not live the night over, and was very anxious to see me before he died. I immediately went to his house, accompanied by my brother-in-law, who was familiar with death-bed scenes. We found the poor man evidently near his end; extremely weak, but indulging in fervent expressions of gratitude to those who had shewn him kindness in his affliction. With much composure, he spoke of his approaching dissolution, of the consolations of religion which he enjoyed; and testified his confidence of surely and shortly entering the Christian's rest. He had sent for me, he said, to communicate to me his dying request that I would undertake the completion and publication of his little book, which might perhaps be made to yield a trifle for his widow. Anxious to prevent, at least, fallacious expectations of pecuniary results on the part of Mrs. Newsam, who was present, I as briefly and delicately as possible discouraged the indulgence of such a hope; which led him to reply, that something had been done in this way for the relict of John Nicholson, the "Airedale Poet." I forbore the obvious suggestion of an almost entire want of resemblance in the cases: it was not a moment for balancing nicely the uncertainties of the experiment, in a pecuniary point of view, against a willingness to undertake it, under the circumstances: I therefore at once promised to do the best I could in the matter. He had yet another request—would I attend his funeral? I assured him I would do that. His last earthly anxiety was, that he might not be buried as a pauper! On this point too, his mind was set at ease. My brother then knelt at the bedside, prayed, and affectionately talked with him about his prospects of, and preparation for eternity, and was, as well as the Rev. W. Mercer,

of St. George's Church, who we learnt had repeatedly visited and relieved him, much pleased with the evidences of a solid Christian hope in the sinking sufferer. Such was my last interview with this worthy and ingenious man. How different the external aspect of his own dwelling, to one in which his pen has described a dying scene—

“ But Death is even bent, within the cot
Around whose humble walls the blushing rose,
And fragrant jasmine shed their sweet perfume.”

To external appearances alone, however, was the discrepancy between poor Newsam's humble lines, and his own humbler circumstances confined; for the following description was literally realized in his own chamber :—

“ A humble Saint prepares to wing his flight
To realms above, where bliss eternal reigns.
No pomp is here, no gilded canopy,
Nor bed of down : stretch'd on a pallet, he
Awaits the summons to his Saviour's arms.
The partner of his life stands mournful by,
Anxious with soothing care to ease his pain.
His children stand around in silent grief;
Though tears bedim each eye, hope fills the soul—
They look beyond the transitory scene
Of mingled grief and want, to worlds above,
Where they shall meet again, no more to part.”

I called the following noon, and found that he was only just dead. It was Midsummer day, hot and sultry; and as I left the scene of death, I could not help contrasting, in imagination, the open, breezy hills of Craven, amidst which poor Newsam had drawn his first breath, with the closeness of the little room in the obscure depth of a large town, in which he had just breathed his last! On the following Thursday we buried him with decent solemnity in St. George's Church-yard, the Rev. W. Mercer officiating on the occasion. I say *we*, for the purpose of mentioning that I found a coadjutor in paying this tribute, in the person of a

worthy *pawnbroker*, who, with a degree of kindness and feeling, to the indulgence of which his vocation is not usually considered the most favourable, had been drawn, through a painful knowledge of the distresses of the poor man's family, to pay him a large amount of consoling attention.

Such is a faithful account, more prolix than I intended it, of the life and death of William Cartwright Newsam—such the affecting circumstances which devolved upon me the arrangement, and risque of publishing these Biographical notices of the “Poets of Yorkshire.”

It is painful enough thus to chronicle the forebodings and evidences of distress in such a case—how much more so to have been their victim!—for that the last illness of the poor but worthy man whose brief history I am writing, was greatly aggravated, if not actually occasioned by a want of the commonest necessaries of life, is the melancholy conviction of others besides myself.

I must now say a few words in more immediate relation to the volume before the reader, for of the mass of its contents, so small a proportion—not more, perhaps, than one-fourth even of the leading names, had been collected by the deceased,—that I must be regarded as mainly responsible for the execution of the design in its present form. In the compilation of a work like the present, two obvious difficulties are encountered—in the obtaining information; and in making a selection. To the first, may be attributed, in part, the melancholy circumstance, that want and sickness overtook the original collector of these notices, more rapidly than he could lay his hands upon even precognised materials. And, if I were expected to delay the issuing of the book until I had reason to believe that it included memorials of *all* who have a claim to be considered YORKSHIRE POETS, death would, I am afraid, find the editor, as it found the author, with an anxious task still unfinished. Under the circumstances, therefore, what could be done promptly, appeared most eligible for present aim.

As to the second and less serious difficulty—selection, it turned mainly upon the question, who were to be considered

Poets? And here, the only convenient rule—subject, of course, to some exceptions—which could be laid down, was to recognise as coming within the scope of the work, the name of any person in connexion with a known published *volume* of verse—leaving to those who may choose it, the ungracious and unprofitable attempt to discover the debatable line between the domains of genius and commonplace,—between the productions of the Poet and Poetaster.

The duty of the biographer, whose object is to collect the memorials of local genius, is very different from that of the critic, who professes to sit in judgment, and pronounce sentence upon an author, simply according to his merits. The latter—especially if his standard of excellence be elevated, and his conduct impartial, will have to dismiss as unentitled, if not to notice, at least to respect, many names, which the former must faithfully, if not fondly, gather into his lists; just, indeed, as the professed florist would reject from his garden beds, many a wild flower, which, if it was as rare as it is common, would be highly prized: nay, even the graceful and valuable grasses, and the purple and luscious clover of the agriculturist, would be uprooted as intruders from the “gay parterre;” so the botanist, who knows nothing of “weeds,” assigns to its class and its order every vegetable production alike, not seldom describing as most curious in structure or habit, those, which, to an ordinary observer, appear less attractive in every respect. And, it need scarcely be added, that as in a “*Local Flora*,” so in a *Local Biography*, objects, sometimes of small importance absolutely, become relatively interesting from their connection with a particular “habitat.”

Prolix as this Preface has become already, I cannot forego the opportunity of at once acknowledging the kindness of friends, and of adverting to a point of delicacy, if not of difficulty—I allude to the introduction of notices of a number of living individuals. On this subject I can only say—and I say it with a sensitive participation of the feeling in reference to which this remark is made—that although I could not, in justice to myself and this work, omit the name

of any known poet or poetess coming within my rule of recognition, I have not consciously, in a single instance, trespassed upon the hallowed privacy of personal character. Into some mistakes I shall most likely have fallen; but these must rather be attributed to the deferential distance at which I have, in most instances, been content to stand, while sketching an outline of the personal history of my contemporaries, than to an eagerness to tell all, or more than I knew of them: I have felt, indeed, for the most part, that in reference to the individuals alluded to, I was rather indulging the privileges of poetical friendship in a vantage position, than aiming to tell all that might be learned of the parties; hence, to many readers, the leniency of the few critical remarks in which I have indulged, will, probably, be as little entertaining, as the absence of a more penetrating exposure of individual characteristics. Less satisfactory, I am afraid, as previously hinted, may be my apology for an opposite and much more involuntary fault—if fault it must be considered—I mean the mention of names only where notices and extracts might be desired; and still more, the absence of all allusion to individuals with whose works, it will be presumed, the compiler or editor of a volume like that now in the reader's hand, ought, as a matter of course, to have been acquainted. How far this memorial of the Yorkshire Poets is creditable or otherwise to my connexion with it, the reader must decide; but it would indicate something worse than bad taste in one whose name inevitably appears in the body of the work, either to feel or affect indifference to the names and productions of those "Children of Song," in admiring or emulating which so many of his happiest hours have been spent.

As in the advertisement of this work, first issued by Mr. Newsam himself, something was promised in the form of an "Introductory Essay on the Literary character of this County," it seems proper that I should account for the non-appearance of such Essay. The fact is, it was never written. There exists, indeed, an earnest of the author's intention,

in six or eight pages of manuscript on this subject—the following are two of the introductory paragraphs :—

“ It is a fact worthy of being recorded to the honour of Yorkshire, that its inhabitants were amongst the first, if, indeed, they were not the very first in this country, to commence the prosecution of literary labours; and it is not saying too much, to assert that the distinguished position which they, at an early period, took in the great race of intellectuality, has been hitherto maintained. As we proceed, we shall endeavour to shew that this opinion is not the fruit of an overweening attachment to the place of our birth, but a conviction which recorded evidence of undoubted authority must force upon the mind of any observant reader.

“ Poetry, appears in this, as well as other nations, to have taken precedence of Prose, in the earlier attempts to give permanency to mental impressions arising from natural phenomena, the transactions of life, or mere intellectual operations. This fact may be thus accounted for; poetry, in its essence, if not in its ordinary forms, and an appreciation of the beautiful and sublime in nature and art, are irrevocably united in the mind of man. There is scarcely an individual possessing an ordinary share of talent, who has not, at some period of his life, felt the indulgence of some class of thoughts, the admiration of some object or other, kindle emotions in his breast, similar to those described by the Psalmist, when he says, ‘ while I was musing the fire burned; then spake I with my tongue;’ and which may, probably, have eventually compelled him to give utterance to his feelings in poetic language, although he might be totally ignorant of all the rules of the rhyming art. This principle, operating on the minds of men becoming acquainted for the first time with the attributes of the Supreme Being, as set forth in the Christian Theology, would, of course, lead to the composition of devotional poetry. Again, poetry, be it rhyme or mere rhythmical cadence, is, by its form of expression, more easy to be remembered than prose, and, therefore, it would, when the memory was the principal depository for the records of bygone circumstances, naturally be chosen as a vehicle for the transmission of the remembrance of those facts to persons who could not be witnesses of their occurrence, either on account of their being resident in a different locality, or in

consequence of the lapse of time. Accordingly, we find that the earliest poetical productions were either devotional effusions or historical narratives."

I close this record of the somewhat singular conjuncture of circumstances which made me the Editor—and as I have already intimated, in great part the compiler of these biographical notices, with only one regret—namely, that the expense of printing so much more matter than Mr. Newsam at all contemplated when he fixed that price, by which, in honour, I have considered myself bound, prevents me from indulging the gratification I should have had in being able, if the list of subscribers had covered,—as surely it ought to have done—the small edition of two hundred and fifty copies, to present to his destitute widow, something beyond the merest trifle towards a temporary alleviation of the necessities of herself and three small children.

J. H.

Sheffield, Jan. 1, 1845.

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THE POETS OF YORKSHIRE.



"I love thee, Yorkshire! where mine infant sight
Caught the first beams of animating light;
Thy Saxon tongue, to polish'd ears uncouth,
In guile unpractised, but allied to truth;
Thy hardy sons, who know with equal pride
To chase the shuttle, or the plough to guide;
Thy thrifty wives, thy daughters ever dear,
Thy hearty welcome to their simple cheer;
Thy hills all white with Britain's silver fleece,
Thy dales all vocal with the song of peace:
Thy cottages, where the meek virtues dwell;
Yorkshire! whate'er thou art, I love thee well!"

POETS OF YORKSHIRE.

CÆDMON.

It has been said by one well qualified to judge, that "the proper study of mankind is man." This is an observation full of truth and meaning, and derives one of its most significant illustrations from Biography, which, if fairly and impartially written, is at once entertaining and instructive; since by our knowing in what points of their conduct certain eminent individuals erred, and what constituted their claims to eminence, we receive lessons of caution, as well as incentives to emulation. Unfortunately in too many cases, those persons who were deserving of the highest esteem and admiration, have been allowed to pass through life unnoticed or uncared for; and it has not been until after their removal by death that their worth has been appreciated. But this seems to be a failing inherent in human nature—the good we possess we prize not—the good we have lost we most highly value: or it may, and no doubt does sometimes arise from the natural difficulty of deciding upon the full value of any character till placed beyond the contingencies of erring mortality. This proneness to despise living worth, and to render homage and award fame to departed genius, renders the task of a Biographer one of no small difficulty; for, to say nothing of character, even in events of recent occurrence, a confusion of dates, circumstances, &c., sometimes exists, more than sufficient to exercise the patience and ingenuity of any but an enthusiast in this particular branch of Literature.

To Yorkshire belongs the honour of having produced the first person who attained any celebrity by his compositions in the Anglo-Saxon language. For some centuries during

the infancy of our literature, no educated writer composed in his vernacular tongue, and Latin was deemed by learned men the only proper vehicle for conveying their ideas to others. Cædmon, a monk of Streanshall, or Whitby, who flourished about the latter end of the seventh, or the beginning of the eighth century, broke the trammels of prejudice and custom, sang in his native tones and idiom, and, by the strength of his intellect, placed himself at the head of the class to which he belongs. To his want of education, in all probability, may be attributed the circumstance of his writing in the common language of his country, and his consequent popularity. We are told that he at one time acted in the capacity of a cowherd, and that he was so much less instructed than most of his equals, that he had not even learnt any poetry. The circumstances under which his talents were first developed, are narrated by Bede, with a strong cast of the marvellous, amidst which it is possible, however, to trace an indication of natural truth. One of the customs of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors was that during supper, each person in the hall should in his turn sing to the harp some verses either of his own composition or others that he had learnt. These were times of great trial to Cædmon, and we are told that he was frequently obliged to retire in order to hide his shame; indeed his lot was almost literally that of "no song, no supper." On one of these occasions, it happened to be our embryo Poet's turn to keep guard at the stable during the night, and overcome with vexation, he quitted the social group and retired to his post of duty, where, laying himself down, he fell into a sound slumber; in the midst of which a stranger appeared to him, and, saluting him by his name, said, "Cædmon, sing me something." Cædmon answered, "I know nothing to sing; for my incapacity in this respect was the cause of my leaving the hall to come hither." "Nay," said the stranger, "but thou hast something to sing." "What must I sing?" said Cædmon. "Sing the Creation," was the reply, and thereupon Cædmon began to sing verses "which he had never heard before," and which are said to have been as follows:—

Nu we sceolan herian
 heofon-rices weard,
 metodes mihte,
 and his mod-ge-thonc,
 wera wuldor fæder!
 swa he wundra ge-hwæs,

Now we shall praise
 the guardian of heaven,
 the might of the creator,
 and his counsel,
 the glory-father of men!
 how he of all wonders,

ece dryhten,
 oord onstealde
 He ærest ge-scéop
 ylða bearnum
 heofon to hrófe,
 halig scyppend!
 tha middan-geard
 mon-cynnes weard,
 ece dryhten,
 æfter teode,
 firum foldan,
 frea ælmihtig!

the eternal lord,
 formed the beginning.
 He first created
 for the children of men
 heaven as a roof,
 the holy creator!
 then the world
 the guardian of mankind,
 the eternal lord,
 produced afterwards,
 the earth for men,
 the almighty master!

Cædmon then awoke; and he was not only able to repeat the lines which he had made in his sleep, but he continued them in a strain of admirable versification. In the morning, he hastened to the town-reeve, or bailiff, of Whitby, who carried him before the Abbess Hilda; and there, in the presence of some of the learned men of the place, he told his story, and they were all of opinion that he had received the gift of song from heaven. They then expounded to him in his mother tongue a portion of Scripture, which he was required to repeat in verse. Cædmon went home with his task, and the next morning he produced a poem which excelled in beauty all that they were accustomed to hear. He afterwards yielded to the earnest solicitations of the Abbess Hilda, and became a monk of her house; and she ordered him to transfer into verse the whole of the sacred history. We are told that he was continually occupied in repeating to himself what he heard, and, "like a clean animal, ruminating it, he turned it into most sweet verse." Cædmon thus composed many poems on the Bible histories, and on miscellaneous religious subjects, and some of these have been preserved.

The specimen of Cædmon above given in the original language may serve as a general one of Anglo-Saxon poetry. It will be observed that it is neither in measured feet, like Latin verse, nor rhymed, but that the sole peculiarity which distinguishes it from prose is what Mr. Wright, in his interesting life of Cædmon (in *Biog. Britt. Literaria*,) calls a very regular *alliteration*, so arranged, that in every couplet there should be two principal words in the line beginning with the same letter, which letter must also be the initial of the first word on which the stress of the voice falls in the second line.

ALCUIN.

ALCUIN, Alcuinus, or Flaccus Albinus, the next of the series of Yorkshire poets, appears to have been born in the ancient and honourable City of York, about the commentement of the eighth century. As is often the case with respect to eminent individuals, various places have contended for the right of being named as his birth place, but after a careful examination of the different accounts given of him, I am inclined to believe that this distinction belongs to York; indeed we have something like evidence from his own words, that such was the case,—at least, that his early years were spent there under the care of the Fathers of the Church. In a letter which he sent to them from France, he says:—"You did cherish with maternal affection my tenderest years of infancy; and the follies of my youth did bear with patience; with fatherly correction you brought me up to man's estate, and strengthened me with the doctrine of sacred writers;"—and in an historical account of the Archbishops of York down to Egbert, written by Alcuin in Latin verse, he plainly hints that York was the place of his nativity:—

"——— *Patriæ quoniam mens dicere laudes;
Et veteres cunas properat proferre parumper,
Euboricæ gratis præclaræ versibus urbis.*"

"——— Since the mind is anxious to sing the praises of its country,

And to set forth for a little while in pleasant verses,
The ancient nests of the famed city Euborica.——"

With respect to the exact date of his birth, I have not been able to obtain satisfactory information; of two recent authorities, one gives A.D. 732, the other A.D. 735 as probable. Neither of those agree with the circumstance which is so particularly mentioned by Drake, of his writing a letter from France to Egbert King of Northumberland, in 740. Perhaps Drake may be wrong; for in a life of Alcuin inserted at the end of his ponderous *Eboracum*, he says that he died in 710. He is said to have been educated under the care of the Venerable Bede, and Bishop Egbert; and also to have been a contemporary pupil with Aldhelm, afterwards Bishop of Sherburn, under the monks Theodore and Adrian, at Canterbury. From his teachers he acquired

a knowledge of the Latin language, and some acquaintance with Greek and Hebrew. After the death of Bede, he is said by Bale to have taught the liberal sciences at Cambridge, and afterwards at York, where probably Egbert, then raised to the Archiepiscopal dignity, had founded a University, and established a "wonderful library." This library was placed in the cathedral, and Alcuin was appointed to the charge of it. The following lines, translated from one of his poems are curious, as presenting to us, if not the oldest catalogue in the annals of literature, certainly the oldest in England:—

"Here duly placed on consecrated ground, -
 The studied works of many an age are found;
 The ancient FATHERS' reverend remains;
 The ROMAN LAWS which freed a world from chains,
 Whate'er of lore passed from immortal *Greece*
 To *Latian lands*, and gained a rich increase.
 All that *blest Israel* drank in showers from heaven,
 Or *Afric* sheds soft as the dew of even,
Jerome the father; 'mong a thousand sons,
 And *Hilary*—whose sense profusely runs;
Ambrose, who nobly guides both church and state;
Augustin—good and eminently great;
 And holy *Athanasius*—sacred name!
 All that proclaims *Orosius*' learned fame.
 Whate'er the lofty *Gregory* hath taught,
 Or *Leo* pontiff—good without a fault,
 With all that shines illustrious in the page,
 Of *Basil* eloquent—*Fulgentius* sage;
 And *Cassiodorus* with a consul's power,
 Yet eager to improve the studious hour;
 And *Chrysostom*, whose fame immortal flies,
 Whose style, whose sentiment, demand the prize;
 All that *Adhelmus* wrote, and all that flows
 From *Beda's* fruitful mind in verse and prose.
 Lo! *Victorinus*, and *Boetius*, hold
 A place for sage philosophy of old.
 Here sober *HISTORY* tells her ancient tale,
Pompey to charm, and *Pliny* never stale,
 The *Stagyrite* unfolds his searching page
 And *Tully* flames, the glory of his age.
 Here you may listen to *IDULIAN* strains
 And sweet *Juvencus*' lays delight the plains.
Alciun, *Paulinus*, *Prosperi*, sing or shew,
 With *Clemens* and *Arator*, all they know;
 What *Fortunatus* and *Lactantius* wrote,
 What *Virgil* pours in many a pleasing note,

Statius and *Lucan* and the polished sage
 Whose *Art of Grammar* guides a barbarous age ;
 In fine, whate'er the immortal masters taught
 In all their rich variety of thought.
 And as the names sound from the roll of fame,
Donatus, *Focas*, *Priscian*, *Probus* claim
 An honoured place—and *Servius* joins the band,
 While also move, with mien formed to command,
Euticius, *Pompey*, and *Comenius*, wise
 In all the lore antiquity supplies.
 Here the pleased reader cannot fail to find
 Other famed masters of the arts refined,
 Whose numerous works penned in a beauteous style
 Delight the student and all ears beguile ;
 Whose names a lengthened and illustrious throng
 I wave at present and conclude my song."

In the great scarcity of books which at that time, and for some centuries afterwards prevailed, this library was deemed of great importance, and excited interest, not only on account of the number, but the nature of the works contained in it. William, of Malmsbury, mentions it in his history, and styles it "*Omniū liberalium artium armorium nobilissimam bibliothecam*," and Leland says it was replenished with a variety of Latin and Greek books. In a Latin Epistle from Alcuin to Charlemagne, he thus speaks of the charge committed to his keeping.—"Send me from France some learned treatises of equal excellence with those which I preserve here in England under my custody, collected by the industry of my master Ecbert, and I will send to you some of my youths, who shall carry with them the flowers of Britain into France. So that there shall not only be an *enclosed garden* at York, but also at Tours some plants of Paradise," &c. This repository remained till the reign of Stephen, when it was destroyed by fire, with a great part of the City of York. Alcuin was also ordained Deacon of the Cathedral at York, and some time afterwards he was made Abbot of St. Augustine's, in Canterbury. Having been sent by Elbert's successor Enbalde to Rome to procure for him the pallium, Alcuin, on his return, passed through Parma, and it was there that he became acquainted with Charlemagne. At the invitation of the Emperor, he consented as soon as he should have executed his mission to go to France, and accordingly, in 780 or 782, he proceeded thither. Soon after his arrival his patron bestowed on him the Abbeyes of Ferrieres, in the Gâtinois, and of St. Loup, at

Troyes, as well as the little Monastery of St. Josse, in Ponthieu, in all of which he exerted himself to diffuse a knowledge of the sciences. Fuller, in his quaint manner, observes, that "howsoever the French may brag to the contrary and slight our nation, their learning was "*lumen a lumine nostra*—a taper lighted at our torch," and it appears that most of the schools in France were either founded or improved by Alcuin; indeed, his example and exertions were, "undoubtedly, mainly instrumental in rekindling in the country of his adoption the extinguished light of science and literature. While in France the principal occupation of Alcuin was that of a public teacher, of what was then called the *totum scibile*, or entire circle of human learning. To secure the benefit of his instructions, Charlemagne established at his Court at Aix-la-Chapelle, a school called Palatina, which is generally considered by French Antiquaries to be the germ from which the University of Paris sprung. In his capacity of public teacher, he was frequently honoured with the attendance at his lessons of the Emperor, his children, and the Lords of the Court, and what Aristotle was to Alexander, our Alcuin was to Charles the First Emperor, who took the name of Great, not from his conquests, but for being made great, in all arts and learning, by his tutor's instructions. He was also the master of Rabanus Maurus, who afterwards became the governor and preceptor of the great Abbey of Fulda, in Germany, one of the most flourishing seminaries in Europe, which was founded by Charlemagne, and inhabited by two hundred and seventy monks. Alcuin was likewise employed by Charlemagne to regulate the lectures and discipline of the University, which that munificent and prudent potentate had newly constituted.

On the death of Ithier, Abbot of St. Martin's, of Tours, the Emperor gave Alcuin that abbey also, and he, in 796, founded there a school after the plan of the school at York, and instructed a great number of scholars, who afterwards spread the light of learning through the empire of the Franks. In 801, having obtained leave to retire from court, he took up his residence at the Abbey of St. Martin, but kept up a constant correspondence with Charlemagne to the time of his death. Much of Alcuin's time previous to and after his retirement from court was occupied in theological controversy and other labours connected with the clerical calling. He also copied with his own hand the whole of

the Old and New Testaments, introducing numerous corrections as he proceeded. This edition came to be looked upon as a standard, and many transcripts were made from it. On the 1st of December, 801, he presented Charlemagne with a magnificent folio Bible, bound in velvet, the leaves were of vellum, and written in double columns, and it contains 449 leaves. Prefixed is a richly ornamented frontispiece in gold and colours. It is enriched with four large paintings, exhibiting the state of art at that early period; there are, moreover, thirty-four large initial letters painted in gold and colours, and containing seals, historical allusions, and emblematical devices, besides some smaller painted capitals.*

Alcuin died on the 19th of May, 804, and was buried in the Church of St. Martin, of Tours. Over his remains was inscribed on a plate of copper an epitaph composed by himself, of which the following are two of the lines:—

“Quod nunc es, fueram, famosus in orbe, viator
Et quod nunc ego sum, tuque futuris eris.”

Which may be thus freely translated:—

“What now thou art, traveller renowned in the world, I was;
And what now I am, thou also shalt be hereafter.”

In forming our estimate of the character and abilities of this man, allowance must be made for the times in which he lived. The minds of men in his age had not received the genial warmth of the sun of science, but the mental horizon was rather in that uncertain state of twilight which shews “men as trees walking.” Numerous authors, contemporary and otherwise, have borne honourable testimony to the extent and variety of Alcuin’s acquirements.

He appears to have taken an active part in the polity of the church to which he was attached, although he did not conform to all her tenets. We find him attending Charlemagne to the Council of Frankfort—and it is said that “he gained much honour by his opposition to the Canons of the Nicene Council, wherein the superstitious adoration of images was enjoined.” The following description of the trade, riches, and noble situation of York is from the pen of Alcuin, and shews us what was its condition in his days. Perhaps some little allowance may

* This celebrated Bible was sold by Mr. Evans, of Pall Mall, London, on the 27th of April, 1836, for £1500. It was in a good state of preservation.

be made for the partiality which our author undoubtedly felt for the place of his nativity, but all accounts concur in asserting it to have been a City of great splendour and eminence. After styling it

——— Emporium terrae commune marisque
The common Mart of Sea and Land.

Alcuin thus proceeds :—

Esset ab extremo venientibus hospita portu
Navibus oceano, longo sua prora remulco,
Navita qua properans ut sistat ab aequore fessus.
Hanc piscosa suis undis interluit Usa,*
Florigeros ripis praetendens undique campos.
Collibus et silvis tellus hinc inde decora,
Nobilibusque locis habitatio pulchra, salubris,
Fertilitate sui multos habitam colonos.
Quo variis populis et regnis undique lecti
Spe lucri veniunt, quærentes divite terra
Divitias, sedem sibimet, lucrumque laremque, &c.

(Thus Imitated.)

From the most distant Lands Ships did arrive,
And safe in Port lay there, tow'd up to Shore ;
Where, after Hardships of a toilsome Voyage,
The Sailor finds a safe retreat from Sea.
By flowery Meads, on each side of its Banks,
The Ouse, well stor'd with Fish, runs thro' the Town.
With Hills and Woods the Country, finely graced,
Adorn'd with noble Seats, an healthful Soil,
By its Fertility invites the Carls
T^r inhabit,———
Hither for Gain, from various foreign Parts,
Come various People, seeking Opulence,
And a secure abode in wealthy Land.

PETER DE LANGTOFT.

OF Peter de Langtoft, little is known : he is supposed to have derived his name and birth from a parish in the West Riding of Yorkshire. He flourished in the reigns of Edward I. and Edward II., about 1318, was an Augustine Canon of Bridlington, and wrote a Chronicle of England in French, and translated Herbert Boscam's Latin life of Thomas a

* Scil. Urbem.

Becket into French rhymes. The following description of the presents received by King Athelstane from the King of France, is from the Canon of Robert Mannyng de Brunne's version of *Langtoft's Chronicle*.

At the feste of oure lady the Assumpcion,
 Went the King fro London to Abindon.
 Thider out of France, fro Charles Kyng of fame,
 Come the Lord of Boloyne, Adulphus was his name,
 And the Duke of Burgoyn Edmonde sonne Reynere.
 The brouht Kyng Athelstane present withouten pere :
 Fro Charles Kyng sanz faile thei brouht a gonfa noun*
 That saynt Morice in batayle before the legioun;
 And scharp lance that thrilled Jhesu syde;
 And a suerd of golde, in the hilte did men hyde;
 Tuo of tho nayles that war thorn Jhesu fete;
 Tached† on the croys, the blode thei out lete;
 And som of the thornes that don were on his heved,
 And a fair pece that of the croys leved,‡
 That saynt Heleyn sonne at the batayle won
 Of the soudan of Ascalone his name was Madan.
 Than blew the trumpets full loud and full schrille,
 The Kyng com in to the halle that hardy was of wille:
 Than spak Reynere Edmunde sonne, for he was messengere,
 "Athelstane, my Lord the grete, Charles that has no pere;
 He sends the this present, and sais, he wille hymn bynde
 To the thorn§ Ilde thi sistere, and till alle thi kynde."
 Befor the messengers was the maiden brouht,
 Of body so gentill was non in erthe wrouht;
 No non so faire of face, of speech so lusty,
 Scho granted befor tham all to Charles hir body.
 And so did the Kyng, and all the Baronage,
 Mikelle was the riches thei purveied in hir passage.

The following extract from *Langtoft's Chronicle* (translated by an unknown hand) describes the state of the Northumbrian Kingdom, after the siege of York (1069) by William the Norman.

Now dwellis William efte, full bare vas money wone,
 Of Gode men er none lefte, but slayn er ilk one.
 Grete sin did William, that swilk wo did werk
 So grete vengeance he nam, of men of holy kirk,
 That did no wem till him, ne no trespass.
 Fro York unto Durham no wrongyng stede was,
 Nien yere, says my buke, lasted so grete sorrow,
 The Bishop's clerks tuke their lives for two borrowe.

* Banner. † Tacked, fastened. ‡ Remained. § Thee Through.

RICHARD ROLLE, OF HAMPOLE.

FEW persons who have written so much have left such scanty memorials of themselves as Richard Rolle. The place of his birth; the seat of his education; the scenes in which he passed the active parts of his life; and the places in which he witnessed that luxury and extravagance which he so much deplores, are unknown. It is conjectured that he was born in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, and received his education in the Carmelite convent of that town. All that appears to be certainly known respecting him is, that some time about the beginning of the reign of Edw. III., Richard withdrew from a world with whose manners he was disgusted, and devoted himself to a life of austerity and divine meditation in a cell near the monastery of Hampole, four miles from Doncaster. He died in 1349, and was buried in the Priory of St. Mary of Hampole, where it is probable a shrine was consecrated to his honour. Dodsworth informs us that persons came in devout pilgrimage to a place consecrated by the remains of one so self-denying and so holy. Rolle, or as he was frequently called, Hampole, was an eremite of the order of St. Augustine, and a doctor of divinity. More might, perhaps, be recovered respecting him, if we had the *Officium de Sancto Ricardo Hermitâ*, for he was admitted among the Sancti Confessores of the Church. This office, of which there was a copy in the volume of his works, *Tiberius XV.*, of the Cotton Library, destroyed in the fire by which that noble collection suffered so much, contained some particulars *de ipsius vita et miraculis*.

His works were very numerous. They are for the most part comments on portions of Scripture, and on the offices of the Church, written in Latin; but some are in the vernacular language of the time. They were once very popular, indeed, few of our great libraries are without some of them in manuscript; and the press of Wynkyn de Worde was three times employed upon them.

Leland thinks that our author has in his Latin Theological Tracts displayed more erudition than eloquence; and Warton, after enumerating the following, which he says are his principal pieces of English rhyme, viz., a Paraphrase of part of the book of Job, of the Lord's Prayer, of the Seven Penitential Psalms, and the Pricke of Conscience, gives

some specimens of the last-mentioned piece, and then passes on to another subject, with the sweeping but inconclusive condemnation, that he had transcribed from the poem, and probably was the last person who would do so. There appears some doubt whether the *Pricke of Conscience* was composed in English by Rolle, or not, some supposing that in its present form, it is a translation from a Latin original written by him: the following is a passage from it in the old spelling:—

WHAT IS IN HEAVEN.

Ther is lyf withoute ony deth,
 And ther is youthe without ony elde; (age)
 And ther is alle manner welthe to welde:
 And ther is rest without any travaille;
 And ther is pees without ony strife,
 And ther is all manner lykinge of lyf:—
 And ther is bright somer ever to se,
 And ther is nevere wynter in that countrie:—
 And ther is more worshipe and honour,
 Then evere had kyng eith er emperour.
 And ther is grete melodie of aungeles songe,
 And ther is preysing hem amonge.
 And ther is alle manner frendshipe that may be,
 And ther is evere perfect love and charite;
 And ther is wisdom without folye,
 And ther is honeste without vileneye.
 Al these a man may joyes of hevene call:
 And yatte the most sovereyn joye of alle
 Is the sighte of Goddes bright face,
 In wham resteth alle mannere grace.

I may here mention that Robert Perkyngs or Parkin, one of the chaplains to the ladies of Hampole Nunnery, wrote in English verse “a History of the Blessed Jesus from the Evangelists and Ancient Doctors.” The manuscript was once in the library of Thoresby, the Leeds antiquary, from whence it passed into that of the late Mr. Heber, and was sold with the rest of the books of this celebrated collector.

JOHN GOWER.

THE place, as well as the date of Gower's birth, is involved in obscurity. Leland was informed that he was of the ancient family of Gower, of Stitenham, in Yorkshire;

Weever says he was of Kentish origin; and Caxton, who printed his works, that he was born in Wales. Amidst this uncertainty, a Yorkshire biographer may be allowed to regard as preponderating, the generally received evidence in favour of his own native county.

John Gower, "the moral Gower," as Chaucer calls him, was born about 1320, and was in his day, and for some time after his death, highly esteemed for his talents, and his poetical productions were read with pleasure,—

"But age has rusted what the poet writ;
Worn out his language, and obscured his wit;
In vain he jests in his unpolished strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain."

Gower attached himself to the study of the law, and became a member of the Society of Lincoln's Inn. He was afterwards eminent as a professor of the law in the Inner Temple, and is supposed to have been Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. Early in life he became acquainted with Geoffrey Chaucer, and this acquaintance soon ripened into intimate friendship. Leland tells us that Gower "used to submit his lucubrations to his (Chaucer's) judgment, as Chaucer did his *Loves of Troilus* to the censure and correction of Gower and Strode." Political differences, however, it has been said, at length put an end to the friendship subsisting between the two poets: Gower having attached himself to Thomas of Woodstock, and Chaucer to John of Gaunt, uncles to Richard II. This circumstance, which has formed a theme of doubt and regret with most of the biographers of the bard, has been shewn by a recent writer to be very insufficiently, if at all substantiated in fact. It appears that the poet lived in affluent circumstances, being possessed of a considerable amount of property in land, in the counties of Nottingham and Suffolk; and Leland says that "he was of the Knightly order," which assertion would appear to be confirmed by the collar of SS. round the neck of his effigy, which lies upon his tomb in the church of St. Mary Overie, in Southwark. In 1399 Gower became blind, a misfortune which he laments in one of his Latin poems. He rebuilt a great part, if not the whole of the above named church. His death, on the 15th of October, has been referred to 1400 and 1402,* but without sufficient authority. His will was

* Ritson in his *Bibliographica Poetica*.

signed at the priory in Southwark, August 15th; 1408; he died on the 17th, and administration of his goods was allowed to Agnes, his widow, on the 7th day of November, in the same year. He was buried in the Church of St. Mary Overie, and his tomb, which was magnificently and curiously ornamented, still remains, but has been repaired in latter times.

"Gower compiled three famous books. The *first* in Latine, *Vox Clamantis*; the *second* in Frenche, *Speculum Meditantis*; the *thirde* in Englishe, *Confessio Amantis*, which is in prynte." Of the *Speculum Meditantis*, which consists of ten books, there are two copies in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.—*Vox Clamantis*, in seven books of Latin verse, is preserved in the same Library, and in that of All-Souls' College. It is a chronicle of the insurrection of the Commons in the reign of Richard II. The following lines, translated from this poem by Andrews, may serve to give the reader an idea of its character:—

Wat cries, *Tom* flies, nor *Symkins* stays aside,
And *Batt* and *Gibb*, and *Hyke*, they summon loud,
Codlin and *Bob* combustibles provide,
While *Will* the mischief forwards in the crowd.
Greg bawls, *Bob* hauls, and *Davy* joins the cry,
With *Lary* not the least among the throng;
Hodge drubs, *Jude* scrubs, while *Tib* stands grinning by,
And *Jack* with sword and firebrand madly strides along, &c.

Confessio Amantis, the only piece written in English, first appeared in 1483, from the press of Caxton, and has been re-printed at various times. It is a grave discussion of the morals and metaphysics of Love, interspersed with a variety of moral tales, and is valuable rather as illustrating the modes of thinking and expression at the period of its date, than on any other account. There are likewise several historical tracts in MS., written by our author, which are to be found in different Libraries; also some short pieces printed in Chaucer's works.

Mr. Warton has happily selected a few passages from Gower, which convey a lively expression of natural feeling, and give a favourable impression of the author. Speaking of the gratification which his passion receives from the sense of hearing, he says, that to hear his lady speak is more delicious than to feast on all the dainties that could be compounded by a cook of Lombardy. They are not so restorative

As bin the wordes of hir mouth ; •
 For as the wyndes of the south
 Ben most of all debonnaire,
 So when her list* to speak faire
 The vertue of her goodly speeche
 Is verrily mine hartes leche.†

He adds (I modernise the spelling)—

Full oft time it falleth so
 Mine ear with a good pittance‡
 Is fed, with reading of romance
 Of Isodyne and Amadas,
 That whilom were in my case ;
 And eke of other many a score,
 That loved long ere I was bore ;
 For when I of their loves read :
 Mine ear with the tale I feed ;
 And with the lust of their histoire
 Sometime I draw into memoire,
 How sorrow may not ever last,
 And so hope cometh in at last.

* * *

That when her list on nights wake,§
 In chamber, as to carol and dance,
 Methink I may me more avance,
 If I may gone upon her hond,
 Than if I win a king's lond.
 For when I may her hand beclip,
 With such gladness I dance and skip,
 Methinketh I touch not the floor ;
 The roe which runneth on the moor,
 Is then nought so light as I.

The following is the Episode of Rosiphele, Princess of Armenia, a lady of surpassing beauty, but insensible to the power of love, is represented by the poet as reduced to an obedience to Cupid, by a vision which befell her on a May-day ramble. The opening of this Episode is as follows:—

When come was the month of May,
 She would walk upon a day,
 And that was ere the sun arist,
 Of women but a few it wist ;*
 And forth she went privily,
 Unto a park was fast by,

* When she chooses. † Physician. ‡ A dainty dish.

§ When she chooses to sit up a night in her chamber.

! Few of her women knew of it.

All soft walkand on the grass,
 Till she came there the land was,
 Through which ran a great river,
 It thought her fair; and said here
 I will abide under the shaw;*
 And bade her women to withdraw:
 And there she stood alone still,
 To think what was in her will,
 She saw the sweet flowers spring,
 She heard glad fowls sing,
 She saw beasts in their kind,
 The buck, the doe, the hart, the hind,
 The males go with the female;
 And so began there a quarrel
 Between love and her own heart,
 Fro which she could not astart.
 And as she cast her eye about,
 She saw clad in one suit, a rout
 Of ladies, where they comen ride
 Along under the woode side;
 On fair ambulant horse they set,
 That were all white, fair, and great;
 And everich one ride on side.
 The saddles were of such a pride,
 So rich saw she never none;
 With pearls and gold so well begone,
 In kirtles and in copes rich
 They were clothed all alich,
 Departed even of white and blue,
 With all lusts that she knew,
 They were embroidered over all:
 Their bodies weren long and small,
 The beauty of their fair face
 There may none earthly thing deface:
 Crowns on their heads they bare,
 As each of them a queen were;
 That all the gold of Cræsus' hall
 The least coronal of all
 Might not have bought, after the worth:
 Thus comen they ridand forth.

In the rear of this splendid troop of ladies, the Princess beheld one, mounted on a miserable steed, wretchedly adorned in everything excepting the bridle. On questioning this straggler why she was so unlike her companions, the visionary lady replied that the latter were receiving the bright reward of having loved faithfully, and that she her-

* A grove.

self was suffering punishment for cruelty to her admirers. The reason that the bridle alone resembled those of her companions was, that for the last fortnight she had been sincerely in love, and a change for the better was in consequence beginning to show itself in her accoutrements. The parting words of the dame are—

Now have ye heard mine answer;
To God, madam, I you betake,
And warneth all for my sake,
Of love that they be not idle.
And bid them think of my bridle.

JOHN WALTON.

JOHANNES CAPELLANUS, or John the Chaplain, as he is usually denominated, was a Canon of Oseney, and died Sub-Dean of York. Very scanty memorials are left to guide the biographer in his notice of this individual; and it is entirely to Warton that I am indebted for this account of him. In proof that he was a native of Yorkshire, no evidence can be adduced; but he was connected with our ancient Cathedral establishment, and, therefore, entitled to a place in a work professedly treating of those persons who have had a share in the advancement of Poetic Literature in this county. He translated into English verse, the treatise *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, of Boethius. A correct MS. on parchment of this translation is in the British Museum. The margin is filled throughout with the Latin text, written by Thomas Chaundler, who, it has been supposed, was his patron. There is also another less elegant MS. in the same collection, but at the end is this note:—"Explicit liber Bœcij de Consolatione Philosophie de Latino in Anglicum, translatus AD. 1410, per Capellannum Joannem." This is the beginning of the prologue. "In suffisaunce of cunnyng and witte," and of the translation, "Alas I wretch that whilom was in welth." Dr. Bliss, however, says, that Walton rendered Boethius into English at the request of Elizabeth Berkeley; that it was printed; and that one copy of this rare work is in the Bodleian Library. The following few lines may serve to shew the nature of the translation:—

"Qua uis fluente diues. Phīa loquitur.
Al wer hyt that the ryche couetous

C

Had al of gold ful rennyng a ryuer,
 And also fele of stones precyous,
 As in hys necke he myght him selfen bere :
 And oxen on fylde hys landes for to eyre,
 Hys besynesse yet, tyl that he shal dey
 He wyl not leue, ne when he lyeth on bere,
 Al hys ryches ne shal hym not conuey."

Walton held among other preferments, those of Dean of the King's Chapel and of Hereford Cathedral. He was also Chancellor of Wells, and successively Warden of Wykeham's two Colleges at Winchester and Oxford. He is described by Ant. Wood as an able critic in polite literature, and by Leland as a rare example of a Doctor in Theology, who graced scholastic disputation with the flowers of a pure latinity.

THOMAS STANLEY.

THOMAS STANLEY, who had received his education at Oxford, was instituted, when young, to the rectory of Badsworth, in Yorkshire, March 4, 1512—13, on the presentation of Sir Edward Stanley, afterwards Lord Monteagle, whose natural son he is supposed to have been; he had other rich parsonages given to him, and ultimately became Bishop of Man. Wood says, "he had the character, when young, of a tolerable poet of his time." Mr. Hunter, who, in his account of the parish of Felkirk, has published a long extract from our poet, tells us that a metrical history of the house of Stanley, written by him, is among the Cole MSS. at the Museum, and another copy among the Harleian MSS., of which some account, with specimens, may be found in an elegant little tract, entitled "The Earls of Derby and the Verse-writers and Poets of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," by Thomas Heywood, Esq., the gentleman who printed the curious ballad entitled "The most pleasant song of Lady Bessie," probably written by Stanley. The following lines, descriptive of the musical accomplishments of Sir Edward Stanley, are a portion of the curious metrical extract above mentioned.

His second soone Edward was married to an heire
 Of a thousand markes a yere, of good land and faire.
 His playing on instruments was a good noyse,
 His singing as excellent with a sweete voice :

His countenance comelie, with visage demure,
 Not moving, ne streininge. but stedfast and sure.
 He would shoue in a single recorde pype
 As many partes as any in a bagpype.
 When the king of Castell wer driven hether,
 By foarce and violence of wyndie wether,
 He brought with him that were thought good musitions,
 There was none better in their opinions;
 The king of Castell saide, their actes were so able;
 They were gentlemen of howses notable.
 "I have," quoth the Henerie the Seventh, "a knight, my servant,
 One of the greatest earles soones in all my land,
 Hee playeth on all instruments, none comes amisse,
 Called sir Edward Stanley; loo, where he is.

WILLIAM OF NASSINGTON, AND JOHN OF WALDENBY.

WARTON mentions these two persons, both connected as authors, but probably neither of them by birth with this county. William of Nassington, was a proctor or advocate in the Ecclesiastical Court, at York, and translated, as is supposed, about the year 1480, into English rhyme, a theological tract, entitled "A Treatise on the Trinity and Unity, with a declaration of God's Works, and of the Passion of Jesus Christ," written by John of Waldenby, an Augustine Friar, of Yorkshire, and a student in the convent of his order, at Oxford; and of which he afterwards became the provincial, distinguishing himself as an opposer of the doctrines of Wickliffe. Warton says he once saw a manuscript of Nassington's translation, in the Library of Lincoln Cathedral, from the prologue of which he transcribed the following lines, which convey some idea of the poet's character, and at the same time afford an allusion to the popular romances and modes of public amusement in vogue at the time when he wrote.

I warne you firste at the begynnynge,
 That I will make no vayne carpynge,
 Of dedes of armes, ne of amours,
 As does *mynstrellis* and *gestours*,
 That maketh carpynge in many a place
 Of *Octoviane* and *Isenbrace*,
 And of many other *gestes*,
 And namely when they come to festes;

Ne of the lyf of *Bevys of Hamptoune*,
 That was a Knyght of grete renoune :
 Ne of *Syr Gye of Warwyke*, &c.

SIR GEORGE RIPLEY.

I HAVE not been able to ascertain satisfactorily where this indefatigable philosopher was born, neither the year of his birth. He is usually said to have been a native of Yorkshire, and, as there is a place in that county called Ripley, his surname may have been thence derived. In the reign of Henry the Seventh, about 1488, Ripley was a canon in the Priory of Bridlington, where, in conformity with the notions of the day, he, like many other learned men, addressed himself to the study of alchemy. In most of the larger monasteries were to be found men who, occasionally at least, not only amused themselves with the composition of rhyming chronicles, legends, or scriptural precepts; but sometimes they aspired to more recondite studies, as at Bolton Abbey, where alchemy appears to have been a favourite pursuit. Whitaker, in the History of Craven, gives an illustration of this fact, both in his account of Henry Lord Clifford, "the Shepherd" as he was called, and elsewhere. He says "the reader would smile were I to dignify these good men [the canons of Bolton] with the name of Poets, Chemists, or Astronomers; but I shall prove, at least, that they made verses, practised alchemy, and observed the stars," early in the 15th century. The following are the closing lines of Mercury's exhortation to a poor man to the pursuit of alchemy:—

Now God, in whom all goodnes ys,
 And gyffs ev'ry mane aftur hys wyll,
 Hee grant hus grace that we dow nott mysse,
 And after this lyffe to eu. hyme tyll.
 Soo that by hys grace he may obteyne,
 And the pfect' ones that wee may see,
 That ffor uns one the crosse was scleyne.
 Amene, Jesus, ffor charyte.

Ripley's enthusiasm was considerable: for not content with searching for the philosopher's stone in the monastic institution of which he was a member, the zealous Knight soon after his assumption of the religious habit, and his election

as a canon, quitted England, and spent several years in Italy, evidently in his favourite pursuit: for, as the Rev. M. Prickett, the historian of Bridlington Priory, says, "at Rome, Ripley obtained a dispensation from the Pope, to exempt him from attending the devotional services, and other religious ceremonies observed by the rest of his brethren in the monastery, and this leave was granted, in order to enable him to give his whole time and attention to scientific pursuits. On his return, however, he found the canons unwilling to allow one of their number to partake of the emoluments of office, while he was at the same time exempted from the discipline and duties required of each member, by the laws of the society. He, therefore, resigned his canonry, and retired to Boston, in Lincolnshire, where he ended his days, as an anchorite of the order of the Carmelites, about 1490.

It was formerly deemed essential in the cure of diseases to be acquainted with astronomy, and even with an element of practice of a very different character, and which, although at present mostly confined to the lowest class of quacks, was not deemed beneath the dignity of the professional status by the celebrated Dr. Thomas Browne, of Norwich; hence, Sir George Ripley, in his "Compound of Alchimie," tells us that—

"A good phisytian who so intendeth to be,
Our lower astronomy him nedeth well to knowe;
And after that to lerne, well, urine in a glass to see,
And if it need to be chafed the fyre to blowe,
Then wyttily it, by divers wayes to throwe,
And after the cause to make a medicine blive,
Truly telling the ynfirmities all on a rowe;
Who thus can doe by his phyicke is like to thriue."

Old Elias Ashmole, who styles himself *Mercuriophilus Anglicus*, has collected together, in a strange work, called "Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum," many curious poetical pieces on alchemy, including those of Ripley, whose "Compound," a very curious work certainly, was written in 1471, and printed in 1591; it is thus introduced:—

Heare beginneth the compounde of alchemye,
Made by a Chanon of Bridlington after his lerning in Italy,
The which Chanon Sr. George Rypley hight,
Exempt from claustral observance,
For whom we pray both dai and night,
Sith he laboured us to aduance;
He torned darkness into light, &c.

The author's reason for selecting rhymed compositions is thus given:—"To prefer prose before poetry is no other or better than to let a rough-hewn clowne take the wall of a rich-clad lady of honour, or to hang a presence chamber with tarpalin instead of tapestry."

WILFRED HOLME.

In the year 1536, occurred that memorable insurrectionary movement against the progress of the Reformation, known in our annals as the "Pilgrimage of Grace," or as it is called, in the old ballad published by Percy, "The Rising in the North," from the scene of its outbreak and suppression in Yorkshire. An army under the united direction of the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Exeter, and the Earl of Shrewsbury, arrived in the neighbourhood of Doncaster about the time when the rebels, having left Pontefract, were encamped on Scawsby Lees.

A little beside Doncaster they came to Scauseby Leys
And furnished their battell and set forth their vaward
They were xxv. m. of able menne's bodies
Well horsed and harnessed.

These, says Mr. Hunter, from whom I derive this notice, are the words of Wilfrid Holme, a gentleman of Huntington near York, who compiled a metrical account of these proceedings in the very year in which they occurred. His work was afterwards published under the title of "The fall and evill successe of Rebellion." Holme is a poor writer, whether he is regarded as an historian or a poet; but as a trait of sentiment and manners of the times, we owe him thanks that he has preserved the fact that the following lines were often recited in the host, as an ambiguous prophecy concerning the expedition in which they were engaged:

Foordth shall come a worme, an Aske with one eye,
He shall be the chiefe of the mainye:
He shall gather of chivalrie a full faire flocke
Half capon and halfe cocke
The chicken shall the capon slay
And after that shall be no May.

They seem to be a part of that mass of absurdity called Merlin's Prophecies, undoubtedly of high antiquity, and

which in the middle ages of our history were resorted to on every popular movement and every violent disturbance of the natural course of sovereignty.

JOHN PULLAIN.

It is generally allowed that John Pullain was a native of Yorkshire; though neither the place nor date of his birth is exactly known: the latter is assigned to 1517. He was admitted a senior student of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1547, when about 30 years of age. In 1552, he became Rector of St. Peter's, Cornhill, London; but favouring the Reformation, he was deprived in 1555, and became an exile, withdrawing to Geneva, in order to avoid being condemned to death. Whilst abroad, he took a share in that translation of the Bible usually called the Geneva Bible. On Queen Mary's decease, he returned to England, but was soon imprisoned for preaching contrary to the prohibition of Elizabeth. He was presented to the Rectory of Capford, in Essex, in 1559, and about the end of the same year was made Archdeacon of Colchester. He died July, 1565. Brook, in his *Lives of the Puritans*, calls him "a truly pious man, a constant preacher, a learned divine, a thorough puritan, and an admired English and Latin poet." He contributed two metrical Psalms (the 148th and 149th) to the "Old Version;" but neither of them have been retained; indeed, Bliss (in *Athen. Oxon.*, vol. i., col. 346) says "*none* of his poetical productions seem to have escaped the ravages of time and accident," but in John Holland's "*Psalmists of Britain*," the following is given as Pullain's version of

PSALM CXLIX.

Sing vnto the Lord with heartie accord
 A new ioyful song:
 His praises resounde in euerie grounde,
 His saintes all among.
 Let Israel reioice and praise eke with voyce,
 His Maker louing;
 The sonnes of Sion let them eurie one
 Be glad in their King.
 Let all them advance his name in the dance,
 Bothe now and alwayes;

With harpe and tabret, euen so likewise let
 Them vtter his prayes.
 The Lord's pleasure is, in them that are his,
 Not willing to start;
 But all meanes do seke, to succour the meke
 And humble in heart.
 The saints more and lesse, his praise shall expresse,
 As is good and right;
 Rejoicing, I saye, both now and for aye,
 In their beds at night.
 Their throte shall braste out, in euerie rout
 In praise of their Lord;
 And as men most bolde, in hand they shall holde
 A two-edged sworde;
 Auenged to be in eurie degree
 The heathen vpon:
 And for to reprove, as them doth behoue,
 The people echone;
 To bind strange Kings fast in chains that will last;
 Their nobles also;
 In hard yron bands, as well fete as hands,
 To their grief and wo;
 That they may indeede giue sentence with spede,
 On them to their paine;
 As is writ. Alwayes such honour and prayes,
 His saints shall obtaine.

MILES COVERDALE.

THIS worthy prelate was a native of Yorkshire, where he was born, perhaps at the place bearing his name—about 1486. He was educated at Cambridge, and became an Augustine Monk. On account of his having embraced the principles of the Reformation, he became an exile, but was permitted to return to England, when he was made almoner to Catharine Parr, the last Queen of Henry VIII. During the brief reign of Edward VI, he was promoted to the Bishopric of Exeter; but on the change of Religion, in Mary's reign, he was deprived of his see, and thrown into prison, out of which he was released at the earnest request of Christian III., King of Denmark, and as a very great favour permitted to depart out of the kingdom. Soon after Elizabeth's accession to the throne he returned to this country, but would not accept of his Bishopric, in consequence of his attachment to the principles of the Puritans.

Grindal, Bishop of London, gave him the small living of St. Magnus, near London Bridge, but not falling in with the terms of conformity then required, he was deprived of his living, became obnoxious to Government, and died in indigence, May 20th, 1567-8, aged 81. He was buried under the Communion Table in the Parish Church of St. Bartholomew, by the Exchange, London, as appears by the register in that Parish. Coverdale is best known to most readers, by his translation of the whole Bible, into the English language, published October 4th, 1535; but he is also worthy of notice as a writer of Sacred Poetry, having composed "Goastly Psalmes and Spirituall Songes, drawen out of the Holy Scripture, for the comfort and consolation of soch as loue to rejoyse in God and his worde." The only copy known of this curious book, is a thin 12mo., in Black Letter, bound up with some other rare Tracts, in the Library of Queen's College, Oxford. This Book, which contains the only specimens of Coverdale's Poetry extant, was examined by the author of "The Psalmists of Britain," who gives the following account of it:—"After various mottoes, &c. "Myles Coverdale unto the Christian reader," says, among other things, "wolde God that our mynstrrels had none other thyng to play upon, neither our carters and plowmen other thyng to whistle upon, save Psalmes, Hymns, and soch Godly Songs as David is occupied with all. And yf women syttyng at their rockes, or spynnyng at the wheles, had none other Songes to pass theyr tyme withall rhan soch as Moses sister, Elchanahs wife, Debora, and Mary the Mother of Christ, have songe before them, they shuld be better occupied then with *hey nony nony, hey trolly loly*, and soch lyke fantasies. Therefore, to geve oure youth of Englonde some occasion to change theyr foul and corrupte balettes into swete Songs and spirituall Hymnes of God's honoure, and for theyr owne consolacion in hym, I have here (good reader) set out certayne comfortable Songes grounded on God's worde, and taken some out of the Holy Scripture, specyally out of the Psalms of David, at who, wolde to God that our musicians wolde lerne to make theyr Songs." From a passage in Fox's Book of Martyrs, Coverdale's Book appears to have been one of those which, in 1539, the people were by Royal authority forbidden to read. Thirteen of the Psalms were versified by Coverdale

Whitaker, in his History of Richmondshire, has associated the old confessor's name with a few lines which, although

of very doubtful authority, were so singularly brought to light, that I venture to quote them in preference to the Psalm cited by Mr. Holland, which is long. In the chancel of the church at Eastby, near Richmond, in Yorkshire, there hung an old wooden frame, much like the frame of a common oblong country looking-glass; indeed precisely the same, substituting only for the glass plate a thin plate of wood. Upon the back of this frame it had been customary, from time immemorial, to cut the sacramental bread. One day, either from being loosened by age, or the loss of a peg, or some such accident, one of the sides of the frame gave way; in consequence of which, the upper plate of wood, having no longer any thing to keep it in its place, dropped out, and disclosed epitaphs in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English, on Richard Swale, Gent., who died April 23, 1538. Whitaker, who supposes the lines may have been written by Coverdale, was probably not aware of the existence of the volume above mentioned. The following are the English lines on the death of Swale:—

What Nature sows, that Death shall reape at last,
 And mortall men are subject to the grave,
 For flesh is grasse, his glorie but a blast,
 The time will come, when Death his due must have.
 Both witt and welth, yes strength and all be wayne,
 Then haste to lyve, and die to lyve agane.
 Lo Richard Swale, who here intombed lyes,
 In life sometime a lantern to the rest,
 A gentleman both gentle, just, and wise,
 In Christian trueth as zealous as the best,
 By Death at last is lodged in the dust,
 Whose soule enjoyes a portion with the just.
 Let his good deedes to us that now do lyve,
 And closed are within this wretched vayle,
 So meete and fitt, and dailie paterne gyve,
 To flee and shunne all vice with open sayle,
 That by like course, and almes to the poore,
 Find ope wee maye at last the heavenlie doore.

RICHARD ROBINSON.

RICHARD ROBINSON, "seruant in housholde to the right-honorable earle of Shrowsbury" dates from "Sheffield castle 19 Maie 1574" the preface to a metrical work entitled "The Rewarde of Wickednesse, discoursing the sundry monstrous

abuses of wicked and ungodly worldlings : in suche sort set downe and written as the same have beene dyversly practised in the persones of popes, harlots, proude princes, tyrauntes, Romish bishoppes and others. With a lively description of their severall faltes and finall destruction. Verye profitable for all sorte of estates to reade and looke upon. Newly compiled by &c. A dreame most pitiful and to be dreaded :

‘ Of things that be straunge
Who loueth to reede
In this booke let him raunge
His fancie to feede.”

This prolix title ushers us to a work not unlike the “ Mirror for Magistrates ;” the author feigns that in a dream, after a Christmas revel, he is conducted to the realms of Pluto, and admitted to witness the sufferings of the damned, several of whom he names ; and he finds preparations making for the reception of Bishop Bonner ! A more particular account of this author and his work will be found in the “ British Bibliographer,” “ Censura Literaria,” 2nd Edit., and in Hunter’s “ Hallamshire,” p.59. It appears from the preface to Robinson’s rare volume, that the author was one of the domestic centinels who were employed at Sheffield Castle to guard the ill-fated Queen of Scots, and that his night watches produced this metrical composition. Mr. Hunter, indeed, suggests a doubt on this point. “ It may be submitted” says he “ to the collectors of the biography of early English poets, whether his employment as a centinel be fatal to the supposition that the author of the *Rewarde of Wickednesse* was a Doctor Robinson, who about the period in question was tutor to the earle of Shrewsbury’s two younger sons Edward and Henry, and who was afterwards recommended by the earl to succeed Wickham in the deanery of Lincoln. The work shows an extent and variety of reading that can hardly be expected from one of the ordinary servants of the earl ; it has commendatory verses addressed to the author by his friend Richard Smith a clerk ; and it exhibits throughout, strong symptoms of the *odium theologicum*, e. g.

‘ Then after a while upon a stage full hye
An yll faste yoman a blacke trumpet blewe :
And when silence was made, hee proclaymed a crye
In the name of Pluto for tydings most true.
(Quoth he) Bloodie Boner the butcher comes here,
That hath furnisht our kitchin this many a yere.

Moreover (quoth he) it is Pluto's high pleasure
 That all men prepare in the best sort they can,
 Sith he is to Pluto and Proserpine such treasure,
 To receyve him amonge us as becomes such a man :
 You know what his service has bene heretofore,
 Looke to your dueties, what needes any more ?"

HENRY CONSTABLE.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, says Wood, "lived one Henry Constable, a noted English poet—who was born, or at least, descended from a family of that name, in Yorkshire: he spent some time among the Oxonian Muses; was a great master of the English tongue; and there was no gentleman of our nation, had a more pure, quick, and higher delivery of conceit than he; witness among all others, that sonnet of his before the poetical translation, called *The Furies*, by King James, the First of England, while he was King of Scotland." Dr. Bliss adds that Constable was a member of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A., 1579. It seems he afterwards fled the country on account of his attachment to the Popish religion, and on his return to England was imprisoned in the Tower, whence he was released in 1504. His name and sonnets often occur in the bibliography of our elder poets, one of whom tells us that

"Sweet Constable doth take the wondring ear,
 And lays it up in willing prisoument."

The following lines are taken from the collection called *England's Helicon* :—

Feede on my flocks securely,
 Your shepheard watched surely;
 Runne about, my little lambs,
 Skip and wanton with your dammes,
 Your loving heard with care will tend ye ;—
 Sport on, faire flocks, at pleasure,
 Nip Væstae's flowring treasure,
 I my selfe will duely harke
 When my watchfull dogge doth barke,
 From wolfe and foxe I will defend ye.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

I AM indebted to the kindness of a friend for the sight of the rare reprint (forty copies only) of the "Epigrams and Satyres made by Richard Middleton, of Yorke, Gentleman," 1608, also "Time's Metamorphosis," same date. The only copy of the original edition of the lucubrations of this poetical and, it must be added, licentious Yorkshireman, known to exist, is among the curious collection of books presented by the poet Drummond to the University of Edinburgh. Of the history of the author nothing beyond what is contained in these forty-five pages is known; there have been various old families of the name of Middleton at York. It would seem from the following lines in "Time's Metamorphosis," that old *Ebor* had a contemporary poet, whose beard is here plucked by the coarse satyrist with little ceremony:—

Barbato, I salute thee, how dost, man?
 What, silent, mute, or sullen? do I scan,
 Thine addle-headed braine is studying
 About preciseness, or else versifying.
 Why dost thou weare this beard? each common iade
 Can iest at it; sh' art I do thinke t'was made
 To stop the entrals of some empty cushion,
 Therefore snap't off, t'is cleane worn out of fashion;
 But thou dost thinke it shewes thy grauity,
 And actuates thy skill in poetry.
 A poet, said I? I have heard it often,
 That thou didst scandalize some gentlewomen;
 Making a catalogue to describe their natures,
 And dim the virtues of those choicest creatures.
 How fare our London poets? thou wast there,
 But smallest profit came vnto thy share:
 Thou couldst not frame the leuel of thy sense
 To architect their verse; therefore from thence
 Thou camst to Yorke, and livest as thou was,
 A self-conceited foole, a silly asse,
 Th' art chang'd with time, and I may iudge with it,
 The grauest beardmen haue the greatest wit.

CHRISTOPHER BROOKE.

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES (in Cens. Lit. x. 210) says, this individual was a Yorkshireman, who, after having left the University—but whether Oxford or Cambridge is not known—studied the law in Lincoln's Inn, where he became acquainted with the wits of the day; especially after he had published, in 1613, "An Eligy to the Memory of Henry Prince of Wales." In the year following, he became a benchler, and summer reader of his house, when he wrote "Ecclogues," dedicated to "his much-loved friend, Mr. William Browne," the author of "Britannia's Pastorals," who in that work compliments

"——— Brooke, whose polish'd lines,
Are fittest to accomplish high designs."

The following graceful Sonnet is addressed to Browne, on his really "sweet and elegant" Britannia's Pastorals, a poem to which even Milton is said to have been indebted.

This plant is knotlesse that puts forth these leaves,
Upon whose branches I his praise doe sing:
Fruitful the ground, whose verdure it receives
From fertile Nature and the learned spring.
In zeale to good; knowne, but unpractiz'd ill,
Chaste in his thoughts, though in his youthful prime,
He writes of past'ral love, with nectar'd quill,
And offers up his first fruits unto time.
Receive them (Time) and in thy border place them
Among the various flowers of poesie;
No envy blast, nor ignorance deface them,
But keep them fresh in fayrest memory!
And when from Daphne's tree he plucks more baies,
His shepherd's pipe may chant more heavenly laies.

 JOHN ASHMORE.

I HAVE before me the rare and curious volume of Ashmore, the Ripon Poet, printed in 1621. It contains "Certain selected Odes of Horace, Englished; and their arguments annexed: with Poems, ancient and modern, of divers subjects, translated; whereunto are added, both in Latin and English, sundry new Epigrams, Anagrams, and

"Epitaphs" The translations are the best part of the Book ; the Epitaphs are mostly on Ripon people ; particularly the Mallories, on the death of one of whom there is a lugubrious dialogue in Latin and English verse, between the rivers Ure and Skell. James the First was regarded as the "restorer" of the Collegiate Church of Ripon ; and on the arrival of the King at Ripon, on the 15th of April, 1617, on his progress northward, the following speech, composed by Ashmore, was delivered to his Majesty, "in the person of Mercurie:" another copy of verses was likewise presented to the Royal visitor, and "by him most graciously accepted;" as were also a pair of "Ripon spurs."

High *Iove* with all the gods together met,
 To see (great King) thy comming to this town,
 The casements large of Heaven have open set,
 And from their stare-paved floors have sent me down,
 Thee in their name to welcome to this place ;
 Which both thy Bountie and thy Presence grace.
 Young *Phæbus*, from his bright and radiant haire,
 Such joyful light abroad here never shed,
 Since good King *Adlestone* of yorre did rear
 These stately piles with gold embellished ;
 Which after-times (miss-led) did rend asunder,
 And at the last (alas !) were fired with thunder.
 What *Iliads* of grief ! what doleful teen !
 What out-cries then were heard of young and old !
 What lamentations in the streets were seen,
 As in this fearful case they did behold
 These holy things doom'd to the fire a prey,
 But at a trice the Heaven his rage did stay.
 For in the Dest'nies rowles, that open were,
 (Thrice sacred King of men) they found that there
 These wofull ruines should again up reare,
 And Royal gifts for age on it bestowe :
 Nor can we thinke how better they deserve
 That build, than they from down-fals that perzerve.
 No marvaile then, if every field and tree,
 The windows and the tops of houses too
 With people of all sorts replenisht be,
 And where thou go'st if nymphs sweet flowers do strowe ;
 From every place (good King) see how they run,
 To feast their eyes ; and cry HEE's com, HEE's com.

EDWARD FAIRFAX.

THE date of Fairfax's birth is unknown. He was a natural son of Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, in Yorkshire, and spent his life at Fyystone, in the forest of Knaresborough, in the enjoyment of many blessings which rarely befall the poetical race—competence, ease, rural scenes, and an ample command of the means of study. He wrote a work on Demonology, which is still in manuscript, and in the preface to it he states, that in religion he was “neither a fantastic Puritan, nor a superstitious Papist.” He also wrote a series of Eclogues, (one of which was published in 1741, in Cooper's Muses' Library,) and died in 1632: Fairfax was of the same distinguished family as the parliamentary general who is also said to have indulged a taste for versification, and having an estate of his own, and the greater advantages of leisure and genius, passed his days in the bosom of his family, and in the cultivation of poetry. It has been justly remarked, that “he flourished just at the close of that golden period, that height and strong summer-time of our poetry, when language, wisdom, and imagination, were alike at their noblest, and thoughts were poured forth as profusely as words have been since. He was inclined to the music of verse; and the age was full of music, of every species;—he was of a romantic, and, most probably, superstitious turn of mind; and popular superstitions were still more in favour, than during the preceding era;—he had perhaps, something of the indolence of a man of fortune; and, in the course of his Italian luxuries, he met with a poet, whose tendencies were like his own, and who was great enough to render the task of translation honourable as well as delightful.”

He accordingly produced a version of Tasso, which, if not equal to the original, or exempt from those errors which a future translator (always provided he is a poet too) may avoid; has nevertheless been pronounced to be the completest of any that has yet appeared. This work was executed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and dedicated to that Princess, who was proud of patronising learning, but not very lavish in its support. The poetical beauty and freedom of Fairfax's version have been the theme of almost universal praise. Collins has bestowed on it a high and

merited eulogy, in his Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands. Speaking of Tasso, he says—

“ How have I sat, when piped the pensive wind,
To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung,
Prevailing poet ! whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders which he sung.”

Waller, who appears to have known Italian, and Dryden, who undoubtedly did so, were both great admirers of Fairfax, and are believed to have derived something of the “ harmony of their numbers” from him ; but his greatest title to regard, on the score of authority, comes from Milton, who, when he borrowed from Tasso, took care to look at Fairfax also, and to add now and then something from him by the way.

DESCRIPTION OF ARMIDA AND HER ENCHANTED GIRDLE.

And with that word she smiled, and ne'ertheless
Her love-toys still she used, and pleasures bold :
Her hair (that done) she twisted up in tress,
And looser locks in silken laces roll'd ;
Her curls, garland-wise, she did up dress,
Wherein, like rich enamel laid on gold,
The twisted flowerets smiled, and her white breast
The lilies there that spring with roses drest.
The jolly peacock spreads not half so fair
The eyed feathers of his pompous train ;
Nor golden Iris so bends in the air
Her twenty-colour'd bow, through clouds of rain :
Yet all her ornaments, strange, rich, and rare,
Her girdle did in price and beauty stain ;
Not that, with scorn, which Tuscan Guilla lost,
Nor Venus' cestus could match this for cost.
Of mild denays, of tender scorns, of sweet
Repulses, war, peace, hope, despair, joy, fear ;
Of smiles, jests, mirth, woe, grief, and sad regret ;
Sighs, sorrows, tears, embracements, kisses dear,
That, mixed first, by weight and measures meet ;
Then, at an easy fire, attemper'd were ;
This wondrous girdle did Armida frame,
And, when she would be loved, wore the same.

FRANCIS WORTLEY.

FRANCIS, son of Sir Richard Wortley, was born in 1581, at the residence of that ancient and knightly family, about

seven miles north-west of the town of Sheffield. At the age of 17, in 1608, he became a commoner of Magdalen College, Oxford; in 1610 he was knighted, and in the year following was made a Baronet. He is described by Wood, as "an ingenious gentleman. Afterwards settling on his patrimony, he trod in the steps of his worthy ancestors in hospitality, charity, and good neighbourhood." In 1639, Taylor, the celebrated Water Poet, visited Wortley, and enjoyed at the residence of the worthy Knight, that reception and entertainment which he has so gratefully, but quaintly described in his "News from Hell, Hull, and Halifax," &c. In the unhappy struggle between Charles the First and his Parliament, Sir Francis took the side of the King, raised a troop of horse for his Majesty, was made a Colonel, and fortifying his house at Wortley, did good service to his Sovereign, who much valued him. When the royal cause declined, he was committed to the Tower, and lost most of his estates "for his generous loyalty." To divert the melancholy thoughts of imprisonment, he wrote "Characters and Elegies," the former in prose; the latter in verse. Hunter, in his "South Yorkshire," gives specimens of both: they mostly refer to loyalists who lost their lives in the King's service; and "a Loyal Song of the Royal Feast, kept by the Prisoners in the Tower, in Aug., 1647." Besides some polemical and other pieces in prose, which appeared after his imprisonment, he had previously, in 1641, published a short poem, entitled "His duty delivered in his pious pity and Christian commiseration of the sorrows and sufferings of the most virtuous, yet unfortunate Lady, Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia." The following are the opening lines:—

If all the virtues which the critticks call
 Virtues divine, and virtues cardinall,
 If these together mixt with royall blood
 Can scarcely make a claime to merit good;
 If her great merits could not impetrate
 So much, as not to bee unfortunate,
 And in misfortunes to exceed so farre
 As if the worst of all her sexe shée were;
 How light would our best works be in Heav'ns skale,
 If shée thus farre in point of merit faile.
 Had shée beene Rome's, her supererrogation
 Had beene sufficient for the British nation;
 And would have made the papall sea as great
 As Rome, was, when it was Augustus' seate—&c.

The exact date of the death, as of the birth, of Sir Francis Wortley is uncertain. It appears, however, that he was liberated from the Tower, and suffered much, as well from the fines and confiscations as from the imprisonment, to which his loyalty exposed him.

The name and family of our poet have been honourably connected with the muses at later periods. I regret, indeed, that I cannot recognise as natives or residents of this county, either the celebrated Lady Mary Montague Wortley, of whose work a beautiful annotated edition has lately been published by her great grandson, Lord Wharncliffe; or his Lordship's daughter-in-law, the Honourable Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, whose numerous and elegant poetical productions are so well known. I may just mention, however, that the first-named lady, a daughter of Evelyn, Duke of Kingston, was born at Thoresby, in Nottinghamshire, about 1690, and died in 1762: and that the latter is a daughter of the Duke of Rutland.

LORD CLIFFORD.

HENRY, only son of Francis Clifford, fourth Earl of Cumberland, was born in February, 1591, in the ancient Hall of the family, at Londesborough, in the East Riding of Yorkshire. In 1606, he entered Christ Church College, Oxford, and after spending two years in study, and taking the degree of B.A., he married Frances, daughter of Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, and soon afterwards set out on his travels through France and Italy. In 1612, he returned to be present at the marriage of the Earl of Essex, with the Lady Frances Howard, taking, at the command of the King, a leading part in the chivalrous displays usual on such occasions. In 1640, he succeeded to the title, and after shewing his fidelity to Charles I., died at York, December 11, 1663, and was interred in Skipton Church, as there is reason to believe, amidst the clash of Parliamentary Bayonets. This loyal, honourable, and peace-loving Lord of the honour of Skipton in Craven—*meum natale solum*—is thus characterised by his illustrious descendant,—“Sidney's Sister, Pembroke's Mother,”—“He was endued with a good natural wit, was a tall and proper man, a good courtier, a brave horseman, an excellent huntsman; had a good skill in architecture and mathematics, and was much favoured

by King James and King Charles"—to these I may add, the surely not less praiseworthy character of a pious Poet. He wrote—1. Poetical Translations of some Psalms. 2. David's Lamentation over Saul and Jonathan. 3. The Song of Solomon in Meeter. 4. An Historical Meditation upon the Birth, Life, Passion, Resurrection, and Ascention of Christ; and 5. Meditations upon the Holy Days of our Calendar. Of the last-noticed work, the following lines are a fair specimen:—

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Time's fullnes come, a spotless virgin beares
Her maker and the world's, soe long fortold;
Great God himselfe abaseth, man vp reares
Himselfe, and doth fraile flesh with God infold
Soe God's deare sonn becoms a woman's child
And God to man, man to God's reconcil'd.

GEORGE SANDYS.

THIS accomplished gentleman, traveller, and poet, a younger son of Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York, was born in the palace at Bishophthorpe, near that city, in 1577. At an early age he was matriculated of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford; on leaving which, at the completion of his studies in 1610, he set out on his travels, and visited Turkey, Greece, Egypt, the Holy Land, and Italy, looking upon the scenery and history of each country with the taste of a scholar and the emotions of a Christian. On his return, he published an account of his travels, which is even yet admired. He afterwards translated Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and *Christus Patiens*, a sacred drama by Grotius, into English. He is, however, best known for his paraphrase of the Psalms, perhaps on the whole the most pleasing and poetical version in the long list of similar attempts. He died in 1643, at Bexley Abbey, the residence of his nephew, Sir Francis Wyat, and was interred in the chancel of the church there, where no memorial points out the grave of one of the most estimable men whose labours are recorded in these pages. The following lines occur at the close of Sandys' "Paraphrase upon the Psalms of David" above mentioned.

DEO. OPT. MAX.

O Thou who All things hast of Nothing made,
Whose Hand the radiant Firmament displai'd,

With such an undiscerned swiftnes hurl'd
About the stedfast centre of the World :

* * * * *

How infinite thy Mercy! which exceeds
The World thou mad'st, as well as our Misdeeds!

* * * * *

O who hath tasted of thy Clemency
In greater measure, or more oft then I!
My grateful Verse thy Goodnes shall display.
O Thou who went'st along in all my way;
To where the Morning with perfumed wings
From the high Mountaines of Panchœa springs,
To that New-found-out World, where sober Night
Takes from th' Antipodes her silent flight;
To those darke Seas, where horrid Winter reignes,
And binds the stubborne Flouds in Icie chaines:
To Libyan Wastes, whose Thirst no showres asswage,
And where swolne Nilus cooles the Lion's rage.
Thy Wonders in the Deepe have I beheld;
Yet all by those on Judah's Hills excell'd:
There where the Virgin's Son his Doctrine taught,
His Miracles, and our Redemption wrought:
Where I by Thee inspir'd his Praises sung;
And on his Sepulchre my Offering hung,
Which way soe're I turne my Face, or Feet,
I see thy Glory, and thy Mercy meet.
Met on the Thracian Shores; when in the strife
Of frantick Simooms thou preserv'dst my life
So when Arabian Thieves belaid vs round,
And when by all abandon'd, Thee I found.
That false Sidonian Wolfe, whose craft put on
A Sheepes soft Fleece, and me Bellerephon
To Ruine by his cruell Letter sent,
Thou didst by thy protecting Hand prevent.
Thou sav'dst me from the bloody Massacres
Of faith-les Indians; from their treacherous Wars;
From raging Feavers, from the sultry breath
Of tainted aire; which cloy'd the jawes of Death.
Preserv'd from swallowing Seas; when tossing Waves
Mixt with the Clouds, and open'd their deepe Graves.
From barbarous Pirats ransom'd; by those taught
Succesfully with Salian Moores we fought;
Then brought'st me Home in safety; that this Earth
Might bury me, which fed me from my Birth:
Blest with a healthfull age; a quiet mind,
Content with little; to this Worke design'd:
Which I at length have finisht by thy aid;
And now my Vowes have at thy Altar paid.

BARNABE BARNES.

THIS old English poet was, according to Wood, a younger son of Richard Barnes, Bishop of Durham, and "a Yorkshireman born," about 1570. At seventeen years of age he became a student in Brazennose College, Oxford; but leaving the University without a degree, he accompanied the Earl of Essex in a military capacity into France, where he remained till 1594. According to the contemporary authority of Nash, the honesty as well as the courage of Barnes, admitted of dispute; for he is accused not only of running away from the enemy, but of stealing "a nobleman's steward's chayne at his lord's installing at Windsore." His works consisted of numerous Sonnets, Madrigals, and other pieces, including "The Devil's Charter," a tragedy containing the life and death of Pope Alexander VI. He is supposed to have died at Coventry, about 1644. His poems are extremely rare: the following lines from the "Parthenophel and Parthenophe," of Barnes, are given with a brief account of that work, in Beloe's "Anecdotes of Literature."

Ah! sweet Content, where is thy mylde abode?
 Is it with shepherds and light harted swaynes
 Which sing upon the dounes, and pype abroade,
 Tending their flockes, and calleth vnto playnes?
 Ah! sweet Content, where dost thou safely rest?
 In heaven with angels, which the praynes sing
 Of him that made, and rules, at his behest,
 The minds and parts of every living thing?
 Ah! sweet Content, where doth thine harbour hold?
 Is it in churches with religious men
 Which please the goddes with prayers manifold,
 And in their studies meditate it then?
 Whether thou dost in heaven or earth appeare,
 Be where thou wilt, thou wilt not harbour here.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAW.

THIS elegant poet was born at Ware Park, in Hertfordshire, in 1607; but the following passage from the curious autobiographical Life of Lady Fanshaw, connects, by as beautiful a link as literature could form, her husband with this

county:—"In March, we went with our three children into Yorkshire, where we lived a harmless country life, minding only country-sports and country affairs. There my husband translated 'The Lusiad' of Camoens." This translation he dedicated to William, Earl of Strafford, from his Lordship's park, of Tankersley, near Barnsley, and he says, that from the hour he began it to the end thereof, he slept not once out of those walls. While here he translated also a Spanish play "*Queror por solo Queror*," to Love only for Love's sake. His lady proceeds—"I found the neighbourhood very civil and very kind upon all occasions; the country plentiful and healthy, and very pleasant; but there was no fruit in it till he planted some: and my Lord Strafford says now, that what we planted is the best fruit in the north. Our house and park at Tankersley were very pleasant and good; and we lived there with great content: but God so ordered it that this should not last; for on the 20th July, 1654, at three o'clock in the afternoon, died our most dearly beloved daughter Ann, whose beauty and wit exceeded all that I ever saw of her age." Sir Richard died at Madrid, June 4, 1666.

Fanshaw's translation, although it is rendered stanza for stanza with, and in the measure of the original, and is not without passages of thrilling force and beauty, is, on the whole, too much defaced by the quaint conceits and low allusions of many of the poets of his age, to be compared advantageously with Mickle's later and well-known version. A single stanza will, to some extent, illustrate the character thus given—it is the striking description of Mars, in the first book of the Lusiad.

Lifting a little up his Helmet-sight
 ('Twas adamant) with confidence enough,
 To give his vote himself he placed right
 Before the throne of Love, arm'd, valient, tough:
 And (giving with the butt-end of his pyke
 A great thumpe on the floor of purest stuffe)
 The heavens did tremble, and Apollo's light
 It went and come, like colour in a fright.

BISHOP EARLE.

JOHN EARLE was born at York, about the year 1601. After completing his studies at Merton College, Oxford, he

took holy orders, and obtained various valuable pieces of preferment; but was afterwards deprived of all he had for adhering to Charles I. He afterwards suffered exile with Charles II., whom, after his defeat at Worcester, he saluted at Rouen, in Normandy, and thereupon was made his Chaplain and Clerk of the Closet. Upon the King's return, Dr. Earle was made Dean of Westminster, and afterwards Bishop of Worcester, and at last he was translated to the See of Salisbury. He is said to have been "a very genteel man, a contemner of the world, religious, and most worthy the office of a Bishop." He has written, besides other things, an Elegy on Mr. Francis Beaumont, the poet. *Microcosmography*, or, a Piece of the World characterised in Essays and Characters, published under the name of Edw. Blount; translations out of English into Latin of *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*, and also of Hooker's "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity." Dr. Earle being esteemed a witty man, whilst he continued in the University, "several copies of his ingenuity and poetry were greedily gathered up," some of which Wood had seen; particularly the Latin Poem, styled *Hortus Mertonensis*; the beginning of which is "*Hortus deliciæ Domus politæ*," &c. He died on the 17th of Nov., 1665, he was buried near the high Altar in Merton College Church, being accompanied to his grave, from the public Schools, by an Herald at Arms, and the principal persons of the Court and University. A highly laudatory epitaph was inscribed to his memory.

The following lines may serve as a specimen of Dr. Earle's poetry; they are from his "Elegy upon Mr. Francis Beaumont," and form about one-third of the whole, which is throughout, fully as plain and conceited as the specimen.

Beaumont lies here, and where now shall we have
 A Muse, like his, to sigh upon his grave?
 Ah! none to weep this with a worthy teare,
 But he that cannot, Beaumont, that lies here;
 Who now shall pay this tomb with such a verse,
 As thou that ladie's didst, fair Rutland's herse?
 A monument that will then lasting be,
 When all her marble is more dust than she:
 In thee all's lost, a sudden dearth and want
 Hath seiz'd on wit, good epitaphs are scant:
 We dare not write thy Elegy, for each fears
 He ne'er shall match a copy of thy tears;
 Scarce yet in age a poet, and yet he

Scarce lives the third part of his age to see ;
 But quickly taken off, and only known,
 Is in a minute shut as soon as blown.
 Why should weake nature tyre herself in vaine,
 In such a piece, and cast it straight againe ?
 Why should she take such worke beyond her skill,
 And when she cannot perfect, she must kill ;
 Alas, what is't to temper slime and mire ?
 Then nature pussel'd when the work's intire :
 Great brains, like bright glass, crackle straight, while those
 Of stone and wood hold out and feare no blows ;
 And we their ancient hoary heads can see,
 Whose wit was never their mortality.

Besides the Elegy on Beaumont, Dr. Earle wrote " Lines on the Death of Sir John Burroughs ;" " On the Death of the Earl of Pembroke ;" and " On the return of the Prince from Spain."

GEORGE TONSTALL.

HE was son of Tobias Tonstall, of Cleasby, in Yorkshire, and was born in the same county, about 1617. He studied at Oxford with reference to the Ministry, but on the breaking out of the great civil war, he turned to the study, and adopted the practice of Physic. Whatever Tonstall may have been as a Doctor, he was, to adopt the words of Dr. Bliss, " a minor, very minor Poet," as the reader may perceive, by the following lines copied from six pages of rhyme at the end of his " Scarborough Spaw Spaggorically Anatomised," 1670.

Say, wise mythologist, whence did it rise
 That cocks were Æsculapius' sacrifice ?
 Was't that his genuine sons might only claim
 Right to the pit, and be cocks of the game :
 And fight for victory they car'd not how,
 So laurel might adorn their curled brow ?
 Then let'm take't. Here's one, whose wit's too brave
 To be employ'd in calling fool and knave—&c.

FRANCIS ROBERTS.

FRANCIS, son of Henry Roberts, of Alslake, in Yorkshire, is supposed to have been born there about 1609. Having studied and taken the degree of A.M. at Trinity College, Oxford, he entered into Holy Orders, and was presented to the Rectory of Wrington, in Somersetshire, which he continued to retain by a somewhat tractable conformity to the changes of the times; though he was, doubtless, as Wood says, "Puritanically affected." He attained the title of D.D., and died at the latter end of 1675, leaving behind him several Treatises of Practical Divinity; and amongst them one in verse, entitled "Clavis Bibliorum. The Key of the Bible, unlocking the richest treasury of the Holy Scriptures, whereby the 1, Order; 2, Names; 3, Times; 4, Penmen; 5, Occasion; 6, Scope; and 7, principle parts of the books are opened." In this dry, but elaborate exposition, "The Scripture Songs dispersed here and there in the Old and New Testament, (including the whole Book of Psalms) are metrically translated out of the Hebrew." The "Blessed Virgin Mary's Song of Praise," is here given as a specimen of the metrical performance of Dr. Roberts.

My Soul the Lord doth magnifie,
 My spirit exulteth joyfully
 In God my Saviour no lesse :
 That on his Hand-maids' state-so-low
 He-look't; For lo, *ev'en* from this now,
 All generations shall me blesse.
 For unto me the mighty one,
Most graciously great-things hath done :
 And I his name *shall* Holy call,
 His mercy also *doth appear*
 On them that him *sincerely* fear.
Even unto generations all.
 He with his arm *great* strength hath shewd,
 He hath quite scattered the proud,
 In their own hearts' imaginings,
 Hath put down Potentates from Thrones :
 And hath exalted lowly-ones.
 Hath fill'd the hungry with good-things :
 Hath empty sent the rich away,
 He mindful of his mercy *ay*,
 Hath help his servant Israel,
 As to our Fathers he *decreed*
 And spake, to Abraham and his seed
 For ever, as *the Prophets* tell.

ANDREW MARVELL.

ANDREW MARVELL was born at Winestead, in Holderness, on the 15th of Nov., 1620. His father, whose name was also Andrew was a native of Cambridge, and M. A. of Emanuel College. Having taken orders, he obtained the rectory of Winestead; he was afterwards elected master of the grammar school at Hull; and in 1624 became lecturer of Trinity Church in that town. He appears to have been a man of some wit and the most inflexible integrity; one who would pursue the straight path of duty, no matter what might be the consequences.

After obtaining the rudiments of education at the Grammar School of Hull, our poet, who evinced in early youth a decided taste for the acquisition of letters, was at the age of fifteen, or, as some assert, thirteen years of age, admitted a student of Trinity College, Cambridge. He had not, however, been long there before he was enticed from his studies by the Jesuits and taken to London. The disciples of Loyola were at that time actively engaged in making proselytes among the youth of the Universities; and no doubt the talents of Marvell made the prospect of his conversion to their principles, a desirable object. Fortunately his father got early intelligence of this seduction; and finding him in a bookseller's shop, persuaded him to return to college. On the 13th of December, 1638, Andrew was re-admitted at College, where he applied to his studies again with great assiduity, and took the degree of B.A., when little more than eighteen years of age; but continued at the University until the death of his father, in 1640.

The circumstances attending the death of the elder Marvell are of so melancholy and romantic a character, but at the same time so characteristic of the man, that the reader will pardon our breaking for a few moments the thread of our narrative of the son's career in order to relate the particulars:—"On the shore of the Humber, opposite to Kingston-upon-Hull, lived a lady of exemplary virtue and good sense, between whom and Mr. Marvell, the father, a close friendship subsisted; and this lady had an only daughter, the emblem of her mother, for every laudable accomplishment, which made her so fond of this darling child, that she could scarcely bear to let her go out of her sight. Yet, upon the earnest request of her friend, Mr. Marvell, she permitted her to go to Kingston to stand godmother to one of his

children, though she knew she must be absent at least one night. The next day, when the young lady came down to the waterside, in order to return home, she found the wind very high, and the passage so dangerous, that the watermen earnestly dissuaded her from crossing. But she, having never willingly disobliged her mother, and knowing that she would be miserable till she saw her again, resolved to hazard her life rather than prolong the anxiety of a fond parent; upon which, Mr. Marvell, having with difficulty prevailed on some watermen to attempt the passage, accompanied the young lady; and just as they put off, apprehensive of the consequence, he flung his gold-headed cane on shore, desiring some friends who had attended them, if he perished, to give that cane to his son, and bid him remember his father. His fears were too just; for the boat soon overset, and they both perished. The mother of the young lady was for some time inconsolable; but, when her grief subsided, she reflected on young Marvell's loss, and determining to supply to him the want of a father, made him her heir."

Shortly after the death of his father, young Marvell left College to indulge his inclination for travelling. His first satirical Poem, "Flecknoe, an English Priest at Rome," was written in the "Eternal City;" and here it was that Marvell first met Milton, and an acquaintance was then formed between these illustrious men, which soon ripened into friendship. In 1652, ten years after Marvell's return to England, Milton wrote for him a letter of recommendation to President Bradshaw, in which he speaks of the patriotic Poet as a person well fitted to assist himself in his office of Latin Secretary, being a good scholar, lately engaged by General Fairfax, to give instruction in the languages to his daughter; and "a man of singular desert for the State to make use of." This letter, however, failed to procure an immediate appointment; although it no doubt paved the way to Cromwell's engaging him in 1653, as preceptor to his nephew, a young gentleman of the name of Dutton. In 1654, when Milton's famous defence of the people of England, in reply to Salmasius, appeared, Marvell was commissioned to present the Book to the Protector; and in 1657, when Milton was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, he was appointed Assistant Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth.

On the death of the Protector, our Poet was elected a Member of the Parliament, which met April 25th, 1660, took his seat as Representative of his native town, and

commenced that career which has so often been described with applause. Our business, however, is rather with his literary than with his political character.

During the whole of Marvell's Parliamentary career, he appears to have regularly corresponded with his constituents, and his letters are preserved in the Archives of the Corporation and the Trinity House at Hull. As a specimen of his epistolary style, when pouring out his thoughts in unrestrained freedom, we give the following passage from a letter written to console a friend in affliction:—"I know the contagion of grief, and infection of tears; and especially when it runs in a blood. And I myself could sooner imitate than blame those innocent relentings of nature, so that they spring from tenderness only, and humanity, not from an implacable sorrow. The tears of a family may flow together like those little drops that compact the rainbow, and, if they be placed with the same advantage towards Heaven, as those are to the sun, they, too, have their splendour; and like that bow, while they unbend into seasonable showers, yet they promise that there shall not be a second flood."

In the year 1667, Milton's "Paradise Lost" appeared, accompanied by some commendatory lines from Marvell's pen; and in 1672 our Poet again took occasion in his "Rehearsal Transposed," to vindicate the fair fame of Milton; who, he says, "was and is a man of as great learning and sharpness of wit as any man." These incidents shew the friendship subsisting between two illustrious men, who, perhaps, at the time, little foresaw that their names would not only descend together to posterity, but be placed at the head of two classes of individuals who have at all times commanded the admiration of mankind—the incorruptible Patriot and the true Poet.

It is greatly to be lamented that the times in which Marvell lived, should have, by their leading events, tended to foster that satirical spirit which animates the whole of his prose writings, and some portions also of his poetry. The history of his controversial tracts belongs not to this work: indeed, a catalogue of their titles cannot be given. Perhaps, on the whole, Marvell, as a politician, has had rather more: as a poet, somewhat less than his due meed of praise. He died suddenly, in London, August 16, 1678, at a crisis of violent party strife, and "not," say some of his biographers, "without suspicion of poison." He was buried at St. Giles in the Fields. Who would imagine that the

following gentle verses were the outpourings of a mind schooled in the obstreperous din of political activity?

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN.

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays :
And their incessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-verged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid ;
While all the flowers, and trees, do close,
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear ?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow.
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name.
Little, alas, they know or heed,
How far these beauties her exceed !
Fair trees ! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

What wond'rous life is this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine.
The nectarine, and envious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach ;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnares with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness ;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas ;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

There at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,

Casting the body's vest aside,
 My soul into the boughs does glide ;
 There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
 Then whets and claps its silver wings,
 And, till prepared for longer flight,
 Waves in its plumes the various light.

DR. WITTIE.

ROBERT WITTIE, M.D., the friend of Marvell, although not a native of Hull, resided in that town as a medical practitioner for at least eighteen years, of the seventeenth century. He was the author of several works connected with his profession ; and of a volume printed in 1681, and entitled "*Οὐρανολογία*, or a Survey of the Heavens," &c. Dr. Wittie appears to have died at a ripe age, some time after 1694—5, as he was then living, having published his first work more than fifty years previously. At the end of the "Survey of the Heavens," is printed "The Gout Raptures, Augmented and Improved. *ΑΣΤΡΟΜΑΧΙΑ*: or, an Historical Fiction of a War among the Stars. In English, Latine and Greek Lyrick Verse. Useful for Schools, and such as would apply themselves to the Study of Astronomy, and the Celestial Globe."

In an "Address to the Reader," the poet says "I was in a fit of the gout when I first projected the following Ode, and being not able to handle a pen, or turn over the leaves of a book, I happened to fall into a contemplation of the celestial bodies, with the modern opinions of wise men concerning their motions, aspects, and other accidents ; * * * and the subject running much in my mind, I fancied it might be pleasant to make a historical fiction of a war among the stars, and not improperly, seeing all astronomers do agree that there are inimicitious aspects among them sometimes, as well as amicable." Accordingly, all the constellations are marshalled and brought into conflict—we have "a standing army of fixed stars," and "a flying army of planets"—indeed, the stellar zodiac in a state of belligerency ! A few verses will be sufficient to shew the style of these poetical "Gout-Raptures :"—

I Sing of horrid tumults
 As the Gout permits to do it ;
 I stretch my throat in a triple note
 That all the World may know it.

To Poetry I pretend not,
 And pain disturbs invention ;
 Yet the matter's high, transcends the Skie,
 And calls for strict attention.

Urania, here's thy Subject !
 Now lend me too thy fancy ;
 Of all the Nine thou shalt be mine,
 I'll to the Stars advance thee.

I saw the *Sun* once setting,
 Down to the North descending,
 When all the Stars fell into jars
 About the Rule contending.

The *Hemisphere* was darkened ;
 The Age securely snorting ;
 Long was the Night, and sharp the Fight ;
 As I am now reporting.

In *Capricorn* old *Saturn*,
 The worst of all the Seven,
 Design'd the Night to rule in spite
 Of all the Stars in Heaven.

His quarrel was at *Luna*,
 Declaring his Opinion ;
 None could but vex the Female Sex
 Should hold so large Dominion.

She lowest of the Planets
 The other *Tropick* claimed !
 But down she shall, and catch a *Fall* ;
 And thus a War's proclaimed.

He fret that *Cassiopeia*
 In a *Chair* of state was placed ;
Ariadne's Crown he'll have pull'd down,
Andromeda debased.

Nor will he suffer Children,
The Twins he'll tear asunder ;
 Nor will he spare *Berenice's Hair*,
 But thus he spake in Thunder.

What! Women so to lord it !
 Both Gods and Men despise them ;
 They shall obey, and I will sway
 Nights Scepter, and chastise them.

In this strain he goes on through 134 verses, which are
 repeated in Latin and Greek.

HENRY PARKE.

THIS individual who, says Mr. Hunter, "spent but an unhappy and discreditable life," was born about 1660, and studied at Christ's College, Cambridge, where, according to the published list of graduates, he took a Bachelor's degree in 1682. In May 1690, he was presented to the perpetual curacy of Wentworth, where he died, and was buried in the Chapel under a stone close to the reading-desk, which bears this inscription :

"Here lieth a penitent sinner: the earthly remains of that reverend divine Mr. Henry Parke, 14 years and a half minister of this chapel: buried here the 10th of November 1704.

Divine and poet, take thy rest:

Thy soul we hope is with the blest.

Thou shalt not pass without a line:

Sweet was thy verse, thy preaching fine."

His widow became housekeeper in the Wentworth family.

Mr. Parke published a sheet entitled "Lachrymæ Sacerdotis: a Pindarick poem, occasioned by the death of that most excellent Princess, our late gracious sovereign Lady Mary the Second, of glorious memory."

Besides this, Mr. Hunter has printed a long passage from a poetical "letter to a friend in London," written by this Henry Parkes, and probably never published. Speaking of his patron, the Honourable Mr. Wentworth, he says—

"A gentleman of noble race

Woodhouse and Wentworth both does grace:

Believe me without artifice

He's just and affable and wise,

Discreet, accessible, and good;

Who never knew how to be proud:

In any business when concern'd,

Ingenious too he is and learn'd;

The best of all the *Nobis coram*

For law and sense is not before him."

GILES MORRINGTON.

Of this individual, all that I have been able to ascertain is, that he was of Northallerton, but whether a native of the

town or only a resident there, is uncertain. He wrote a poem in "Praise of Yorkshire Ale," for the brewing of which potent liquor, Northallerton, Easingwold, Sutton, and Thirsk, were in his days famous. His poem was published at York, 1697, in 12mo, and from it the following lines are extracted, not on account of their poetical merit, certainly, but as illustrative of a curiosity unknown to most readers.

PRAISE OF YORKSHIRE ALE.

Bacchus having call'd a parliament of late,
 For to consult about some things of State,
 Nearly concerning the honour of his court,
 To th' Sun behind th' Exchange they did resort;
 Where being met and many things that time
 Concerning the adulterating wine,
 And other liquors; selling of ale in mugs;
 Silver tankards, black pots, and little jugs;
 Strong beer in rabbits and cheating penny cans,
 Three pipes for two-pence and such like trepans:
 And many other things were then debated,
 And bills past upon the cases stated;
 And all things ready for adjournment, then
 Stood up one of the northern country men,
 A boon good fellow and a lover of strong ale,
 Whose tongue well steep'd in sack, begun his tale:
 My bully rocks, I've been experienc'd long
 In most of liquors that are counted strong—

(Divers of which he here enumerates)

And several others, but none do I find
 Like humming *northern ale* to please my mind;
 It is pleasant to the taste, strong and mellow,
 He that affects it not is no boon fellow.

Having asserted some other virtues of ale, of which even persons who may not be members of Temperance Societies, would be sceptical, the poet proceeds—

Where may we find this nectar, I thee pray?
 The boon good fellow answer'd I can tell,
 Northallerton, in Yorkshire does excell
 All England, nay all Europe, for strong ale,
 If thither we adjourn, we shall not fail
 To taste such humming stuff, as I dare say,
 Your highness never tasted to this day.
 They hearing this, the house agreed upon,
 All for adjournment to Northallerton;
 Madam Bradley's was the chief house then nam'd,
 There they must taste this noble ale so fam'd,

And nois'd abroad in each place far and near,
 Nay, take it Bradley for strong ale and beer,
 Thou hast it loose, there's none can do so well
 In brewing ale thou dost all else excell.
 Adjournment day being come, there did appear
 A brave full house, Bacchus himself was there.
 This nectar was brought in, each had his cup,
 But at the first they did but sipple up
 This rare ambrosia, but finding that
 'Twas grateful to the taste and made them chat,
 And laugh and talk, O then when all was out,
 They call'd for more, and drank full cans about.

He then proceeds to describe, at some length, the strange
 and various effects produced by this famous liquor, upon
 the several members of the court; till at last

Off went their perriwigs, coats and rapers,
 Out went the candles, noses for tapers
 Serv'd to give light, whilst they did dance around,
 Drinking full healths with caps upon the ground;
 And still as they did dance their roundelays,
 They all did cry this drink deserves the bays
 Above all liquors we have ever tasted;
 It's a pity that a drop of it were wasted.
 These antick sights made Bacchus to admire,
 And then he did begin for to enquire
 What privileges were bestowed upon
 This famous ale town of Northallerton;
 The answer was, that it was known
 To have four fairs i' th' year, a borough-town,
 One market every week and that was all:
 This mov'd Bacchus presently to call
 For a great jug, which held about five quarts—

Which the company having emptied, it was agreed that—

To Easingwold they then away would pass;
 With Nanny Driffeld there to drink a glass;
 Then they to famous York would haste away,
 For thither they'd adjourn the court that day:
 When they to York were come, they rov'd about
 From house to house to find such nectar out
 As they had tasted last; at length they heard
 Of Parker's Coffee-house i' th' Minster-yard:
 The several sorts of strong ale there they'd find,
 Some of which ale would surely please their mind:
 Unto this place they went and crowded in;
 Come, wench, said they, with strong ale we'll begin:

Sirs, said the girl, we've ale that's strong and old,
 Both from Northallerton and Easingwold,
 From Sutton, Thirske, likewise Rascal town,
 We've ale also that's called knock'em-down :
 Well, bring a tankard of each in, you maid,
 We'll taste them every one, the courtiers said.
 The ale came in, each man a tankard had,
 They tasted all, and swore they were full glad,
 Such stingo, nappy, pure ale they had found ;
 Let's lose no time, said they, but drink around.
 About and about it went full merrily,
 Till some could neither go, stand, sit nor see.
 They call'd and drank till they were all high flown,
 And could not find their way into the town,
 They stagger'd to and fro, had such light heads
 That they were guided all into their beds :
 And in the morning when they did awake,
 They curs'd and swore that all their heads did ache ;
 O Yorkshire, Yorkshire ! thy ale it is so strong,
 That it will kill us all if we stay long.
 So they agreed a journey for to make
 Into the south, some respite there to take,
 But in short space again, they said, they'd come
 And taste some more of this said Yorkshire hum :
 It is so pleasant, mellow too, and fine,
 That Bacchus swore he'd never more drink wine.

THOMAS RYMER.

THOMAS RYMER, who is more generally known as an Anti-
 quarian Collector and Historiographer, than as a poet, was
 born in the little village of Kirby Wiske, in the North
 Riding of Yorkshire, and educated at the Grammar School
 of Northallerton, from which place Kirby is distant but
 three or four miles. After quitting the University, he
 became a member of Gray's Inn, and in 1678 wrote "The
 English Monarch," an heroic tragedy. Besides several
 other pieces, and illustrations in verse, he published, in
 folio, "A Poem on the Arrival of Queen Mary, February
 12th, 1689." Nichols, in his Collection of "Select Poets,"
 says truly enough, that on Mr. Rymer's poetry "much com-
 mendation cannot be bestowed, but he was an excellent
 Antiquary and Historian." On the death of Shadwell, in
 1692, Rymer was appointed Historiographer Royal to William
 III.; he formed an immense collection of public acts,

treaties, convocations, and state letters, published in London under the title of *Fœdera*, in 17 vols., folio; an edition was also printed at the Hague subsequently, in 10 vols.; the work was afterwards, by Sanderson's additions, extended to 20 vols., it has latterly been reprinted under the direction of the Record Commission. Rymer was also the author of "The Tragedies of the last age considered and examined by the practice of the antients, and by the common sense of all ages. In a letter to Fleetwood Shepheard, Esq., Part 1." (a second edition of this work appeared), and also "A Short view of Tragedy; its original, excellency, and corruption. With some reflections on Shakespeare and other practitioners for the stage. Both by Mr. Rymer, servant to their Majesties:" this work provoked several severe animadversions on the author. The author of the *Biographia Dramatica*, in noticing Rymer's neglected tragedy of *Edgar*, says of the author, "The severities which he has exerted, in his view of the tragedies of the last age, against the inimitable Shakspeare, are scarcely to be forgiven, and must surely be considered as a kind of sacrilege committed on the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of the Muses." Rymer died December 14th, 1713.

He appears to have been the enthusiastic admirer, and, probably, the friend of Edmund Waller, the poet, whose death he thus laments:—

Waller is dead; and lofty number's lost;
 Now English verse (with nothing left to boast) }
 May hobble on, and vex good Pindar's ghost.
 What was it *three* and *eighty* years to live?
 Short is this boon to what the Muses give:
 They so insur'd his immortality,
 That scarce he knew, in any kind, to die.
Two ages he the sacred garland bore;
 Peerless in this, and prince of that before.
 Rare genius, his; alike their glory made,
 In glittering courts, and in the country shade.
 There, by *four* kings belov'd, how high he shone!
 Inseparable jewel of the crown;
 Yet thence no borrow'd heat or lustre got,
 Warm of himself; and sun he wanted not.
 And if the diamond stood hard fortune's shock,
 Thanks to his *old* hereditary rock.
 For all the court, for all the Muse's snares;
 Our journals also tell his public cares.
 From James to James, they count him o'er and o'er,
 In *four* successive reigns, a senator.

On him, amidst the legislative throng,
Their eyes, and ears, and every heart, they hung ;
Within *those walls* if we Apollo knew,
Less could he warm, nor throw a shaft so true.
What life, what lightning, blanch'd around the chair ?
(It was no house if Waller was not there :)
And that respect still to his speech, or nods,
As he had come from Councils of the gods.
How would he tune their contradicting notes !
With ready wit facilitate the votes !
And in his verse, so every where display
An air of something great, and something gay ?
And like Amphion, when he form'd a town,
Put life in every stock, and every stone ?
Oh ! had he liv'd one meeting more to sit,
How would the *times* his generous mind have hit !
What he so long contested for, in vain,
Let loose from all ecclesiastic chain,
With transport he would find religion free,
And now no longer a *monopoly*.

SAMUEL GARTH.

SAMUEL GARTH was descended from a good family in Yorkshire, in which county he is by all the biographers said to have been born—though neither the time nor place of his birth has been ascertained. Having been instructed in classical learning at some school in his native county, he became a scholar of Peterhouse College, Cambridge, where he prosecuted his studies till he took the degree of M.D. in 1691. Leaving college, he settled in London, with the intention of following his profession, and was admitted a Fellow of the College of Physicians on the 26th of July, 1692. By the elegance of his manners, and the attraction of his conversation, he acquired so great a degree of personal esteem, as to obtain a very extensive practice, and, as it is recorded in a pamphlet of those times, had the favour and confidence of the Whigs during the reign of William III., as Radcliffe (another Yorkshireman) had of the other party. Garth was universally respected as a man of exemplary benevolence, which, doubtless, disposed him to concur with the majority of the college, in adopting a proposition for a subscription among the members, to accommodate the poor with medicines at prime cost, by preparing them in a proper

dispensatory for that purpose. To the dispute which this proposition occasioned between the physicians and apothecaries the world is indebted for "the Dispensary," a mock-heroic poem, in which the poet strongly advocates the cause of benevolence. The Dispensary was published in 1697, it was dedicated to Anthony Henley, Esq., and had commendatory verses prefixed to it, by Charles Boyle, afterwards Earl of Orrery, and others, and went through three impressions in the course of a few months. It is interesting to add, in illustration of the history of a practice, common in our times, that after a contest, which was protracted from July, 1687, to 1696, the physicians, still persisting in their determination to supply the poor with advice gratuitously, and medicine at a reduced price, raised a subscription amongst themselves, for the purpose of carrying this determination into effect, according to an agreement, which was signed by the President, Censor, most of the Elects, senior Fellows, Candidates, &c., of the College. The copy of this instrument, which is prefixed to the poem of the "Dispensary," has fifty-three signatures attached to it, and amongst them occur the names of Hans Sloane and Sam. Garth. About the time of the subscription, in 1696, begins the action of the "Dispensary." The poem, as its subjects were present and popular, co-operated with passions and prejudices then prevalent, and with such auxiliaries to its intrinsic merit, was universally and liberally applauded. In 1697, our author spake the Harveian Oration before the College in Warwick-lane, London, "to the great satisfaction of the auditors, and his own honour," as is expressed in the register of the College. In this oration he introduced an animated apostrophe to King William, and an eloquent encomium on the blessings of the Revolution; the applause which the College bestowed on this production was fully confirmed by the public. On the death of Dryden, in 1701, he is recorded to have performed a memorable act of generosity and tenderness, in securing a suitable interment for the great poet. Garth, who was a zealous defender of the revolution, and a friend of the Whigs, enjoyed, with great moderation, the sunshine of court favour, during the administration of Lord Godolphin; and in 1710, when the reins of Government fell into other hands, he addressed to his patron the following poem:—

TO THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN.

Whilst weeping Europe bends beneath her ills,
And, where the sword destroys not, famine kills,

Our isle enjoys, by your successful care,
 The pomp of peace, amid the woes of war.
 So much the public to your prudence owes,
 You think no labours long for our repose :
 Such conduct, such integrity, are shewn,
 There are no coffers empty but your own.

From mean dependence merit you retrieve,
 Unask'd you offer, and unseen you give ;
 Your favour, like the Nile, increase bestows,
 And yet conceals the source from whence it flows.
 No pomp, or grand appearance, you approve :
 A people at their ease is what you love :
 To lessen taxes, and a nation save,
 Are all the grants your services would have.
 Thus far the state-machine wants no repair,
 But moves in matchless order by your care ;
 Free from confusion, settled and serene ;
 And, like the universe, by springs unseen.

But now some star, sinister to our prayers,
 Contrives new schemes, and calls you from affairs ;
 No anguish in your looks, or cares appear,
 But how to teach th' unpractis'd crew to steer.
 Thus, like a victim, no constraint you need,
 To expiate their offence by whom you bleed.

Ingratitude's a weed of every clime,
 It thrives too fast at first, but fades in time.
 The god of day, and your own lot's the same ;
 The vapours you have rais'd, obscure your flame :
 But though you suffer, and awhile retreat,
 Your globe of light looks larger as you set.

In 1715, he published a poem entitled "Claremont," addressed to the Earl of Clare, afterwards Duke of Newcastle, on his giving that name to his beautiful and magnificent villa near Esher, in Surrey, a spot to which the lamented death of the Princess Charlotte, in 1817, has given a deeper and more enduring interest than it received from Garth's praises. He then undertook an edition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, to be translated by several hands, to which he contributed a version of the fourteenth book, and prefixed a critical and commendatory preface. This was his last work. His health visibly declined, and he died January 18th, (28th) 1717-18 (1719), and was interred in the Church of Harrow-on-the-Hill.

HONOURABLE MRS. MONK.

MARY, daughter of Robert, Viscount Molesworth, was, probably, born at Edlington, near Doncaster. She was married to Colonel Monk, and died February 7, 1715-6—though at what age does not appear from her monument in Edlington Church. In 1716, the father of this excellent lady, himself a lover of literature and science, published a volume of her remains, under the title of “*MARINDA. Poems and Translations upon several occasions. Tentavit quoque rem si dignè vertere posset. Hor.*” For a sight of this rare volume, I am indebted to the courtesy of W. B. Wrightson, Esq., of Cusworth, the present owner of Edlington. It was printed by Tonson, 160 pages. A very long dedication to “Her Royal Highness Carolina, Princess of Wales,” signed “R. Molesworth,” opens with deploring the adulatory strain of modern dedications, and then runs out into an elaborate essay of that class. Of the Poems themselves, the parental editor says—“Most of them are the product of the leisure hours of a young gentlewoman lately dead, who, in a remote country retirement, without any assistance but that of a good library, and without omitting the daily care due to a large family, not only perfectly acquired the several languages here made use of, but the good morals and principles contained in those books so as to put them in practice, as well during her life and languishing sickness, as at the hour of her death; in short, she died not only like a *Christian*, but a *Roman* lady, and so became at once the object of the *grief* and *comfort* of her relations.” The poems consist mostly of translations from the Spanish and Italian; including, however, several original pieces: and in the copy before me, (once Lord Molesworth’s), there is a copy in the handwriting of that nobleman, of some lines, addressed by Mrs. Monk, “to her brother in Italy, upon his sending, and dedicating to her his translation of Tasso’s *Amintas*.” The following is on the Dog, whose elegant monument in Edlington Wood, has often been noticed—the lines seem to anticipate Lord Byron’s well-known poem on a similar subject:—

AN ELEGY ON A FAVOURITE DOG. TO HER FATHER.

Who can forbid the muse’s tears to flow?
 On such a subject to indulge her woe?
 Where’er Fidelity and love are join’d,
 They claim the tribute of a grateful mind.

Birds have had funeral rites; and with swol'n eyes
 Fair *Lesbia* graced her Sparrow's obsequies;
 His warlike Steed young *Ammon* did lament,
 And raised a city for his monument.
 That bright celestial Dog, that decks the skies,
 Did by his merit to that honour rise :
 And all the Virtues by which men renown'd
 To heavenly seats have climb'd, in dogs are found.
 None dare in glorious dangers farther go ;
 None are more watchful to repel the foe ;
 Nor are those tend'rer qualities of mind
 That most endear us, strangers in this kind :
 In human race, alas ! we seldom prove
 So firm a friendship, so unfeign'd a love.
 —Can any then, your grateful labours blame,
 Or wonder you should to your favourite's name
 The last just honours pay ? It were not fit
 So bright a merit should in darkness set,
 That he who so distinguish'd lived, should die,
 And in the common herd forgotten lye :
 No ; let a monumental marble tell
 How dear he lived, and how bewail'd he fell.
 —Press gently on him, Earth, and all around,
 Ye flowers spring up, and deck th' enamel'd ground ;
 Breathe forth your choicest odours, and perfume
 With all your fragrant sweets his little tomb.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

CONGREVE was born in 1670, at Bardsa Grange, near Leeds, in a house still existing, as I am informed by a friend who lately slept in the room in which the dramatist first saw the light. How long he remained in Yorkshire, does not appear ; but he was educated, first at Kilkenny, and afterwards in Dublin, his father having some military employment that stationed him in Ireland : at the early age of sixteen, he became a student in the Middle Temple. His first literary work was a novel called "Incognita," and soon after, appeared his successful comedy, "The Old Bachelor"—more places than one, as Dr. Johnson remarks, being shewn in groves and gardens, where he is related to have written it, and amongst the rest, a rocky recess in the pleasure ground at Ilam Hall, in Staffordshire, from which county, the Congreves are said originally to have descended, of a very ancient stock. This play obtained for its author the patron-

age of the celebrated Lord Halifax. He presently afterwards produced three other dramatic pieces, "The Double Dealer," "Love for Love," and "The Mourning Bride;" the last a tragedy of considerable poetic power. He likewise published a volume of Miscellaneous Poems, none of which have passed into our popular collections; nor do they indeed deserve any praise. Congreve died January 29, 1728-9, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where there is a monument to his memory. His plays were censured, and not unjustly, by Collier, in his *Strictures on the Stage*: and we have the testimony of Dr. Johnson to the fact, that the perusal of Congreve's works will make no man better; and that their ultimate effect is to represent pleasure in alliance with vice, and to relax those obligations by which life ought to be regulated—a sad estimate of the labours of a literary life! The same high authority, however, says, "if I were required to select from the whole mass of English poetry, the most poetical paragraph, I know not what I could prefer to an exclamation in *The Mourning Bride*:"—

Almeria. It was a fancied noise; for all is hush'd.

Leonora. It bore the accent of a human voice.

Almeria. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted isle; "
We'll listen—

Leonora. Hark!

Almeria. No, all is hush'd, and still as death.—'Tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile;
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

LAWRENCE EUSDEN.

YORKSHIRE supplied one name to the list of Poets Laureate, in the subject of this notice, who was the son of Dr. Eusden, Rector of Spalsworth. After going through the usual routine of what is generally termed a grammatical education,

he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, and entering into orders, became chaplain to Richard Lord Willoughby De Broke, which situation he held for a considerable time. During the period of Eusden's residence in the University, he was generally considered to be a young man of promise; his natural abilities were far from mean, his classical acquirements respectable, and he was allowed by most judges to excel in Latin versification. Of this latter accomplishment he gave a specimen in his translation of the poem on the Battle of the Boyne, written by Lord Halifax. This production, as might be expected, was the means of introducing the poet to his Lordship, who, pleased with the compliment paid him, professed himself the patron of the poet, and thus made him more extensively known in the literary circle. Eusden himself was not backward in seizing every opportunity for displaying what talents he possessed, and thus seconded the intentions of his patron. He wrote various papers for the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, as well as some laudatory verses on the Cato of Addison; and on the marriage of the Duke of Newcastle with Lady Henrietta Godolphin, he produced an Epithalamium for the occasion, which induced his Grace, when Lord Chamberlain, to confer on him, in 1718, the office of Poet Laureate, vacant by the death of Rowe. The appointment of Eusden to this post was the signal for a general attack upon the unfortunate poet and his patron. Oldmixon, in his "Art of Logic and Rhetoric," thus ironically expresses himself on the subject—"the putting the laurel on the head of one who writ such verses will give futurity a very lively idea of the judgment and justice of those who bestowed it." Cooke, in his "Battle of the Poets," declares that

Eusden, a laurell'd bard, by fortune rais'd
By very few was read, by fewer prais'd. .

The Duke of Buckingham thus introduces him in his "Session of the Poets":

In rush'd Eusden, and cry'd, Who shall have it,
But I, the true Laureate, to whom the King gave it?
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name.

And Pope, when speaking of his rivals, says of the Goddess of Dulness, that—

She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line.

But Nichols, who has inserted several of Eusden's pieces in his "Select Collection of Poems," gives what we should consider the true reason for our poet's elevation to the Laureateship, and justifies the Duke of Newcastle. These are his words: "that he" (Eusden) "was no inconsiderable versifier, the specimens here selected will evince; and as his moral character appears to have been respectable, his Grace acted a generous part in providing for a man who had conferred an obligation on him. The first-rate poets were either of principles very different from the government, or thought themselves too distinguished to undergo the drudgery of an annual Ode." It appears, indeed, most reasonable to believe that the abuse which was poured on Eusden on this occasion, may, and indeed ought to be, attributed rather to the splenetic feelings of disappointed expectants of the laureate's pension, than to the insignificance of the Laureate's poetical abilities. Eusden held the Laureateship twelve years, and during that time he translated, but never published, the *Jerusalem Delivered* of Tasso. Drake, in his "Essays illustrative of *The Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*," says that "towards the close of his life, he" (Eusden) "became addicted to habits of intoxication," probably this piece of information was taken from the following note, signed R., and appended to Nichols' Notice of Eusden, in the "Select Collection of Poems:" "In some old book, which I cannot recollect, I have seen it observed, that Eusden set out well in life, but afterwards turned out a drunkard, and besotted his faculties away"—but surely it is not right or justifiable to accuse a man of habitual drunkenness on such indefinite and anonymous testimony as this; and I have thus alluded to the charge, merely to shew the slender foundation on which it seems to be based, and with the hope of removing, if possible, some portion of the misrepresentation which has been used in order to defame an apparently unoffending, and perhaps innocent man. Eusden died at his Rectory of Coningsby, in Lincolnshire, Sept. 27th, 1730. In the "*Spectator*" there are two letters of our author:—one in No. 54, descriptive of the University Loungers, and one in No. 87, on Idols. In the "*Guardian*," three communications are ascribed to him—the first a letter in No. 124, under the title of "More Roarings of the Lion;" the second, "A Version of the Court of Venus, from Claudian, in No. 127; and the third is No. 164, and contains a translation from the same poet of "The Speech of Pluto to Proserpine." The following

lines are from one of about a dozen of his poetical pieces, inserted in Nichols' "Select Collection of Poems:"—

To Mr. ———,

You ask, my friend, how I can Delia prize,
When Myra's shape I view, or Cynthia's eyes :
'No tedious answer shall create you pain,
For beauty, if but beauty, I disdain ;
'Tis not a mien that can my will control,
A speaking body with a silent soul ;
The loveliest face to me not lovely shows,
From the sweet lips if melting nonsense flows.

RICHARD BENTLEY, D.D.

ALTHOUGH coming but very slightly within the denomination of a "Yorkshire poet," as applied to the design of this work, I should be loth to omit all mention of a name which stands among the most eminent of his age for poetical criticism and editorship, as well as for classical erudition and general learning. Richard Bentley, the illustrious descendant of an old Yorkshire family, was born at Oulton, near Wakefield, January 27, 1662. The rudiments of his education were communicated in a school near home; and at a very early age he was admitted at St. John's College, Cambridge. Having in due course entered into holy orders, he was the first who preached the lecture founded by Mr. Boyle; his eight powerful discourses on Atheism being justly celebrated. He was afterwards presented to the Mastership of Trinity College, and filled various other stations of importance in the University, including that of Regius Professor of Divinity: his learning, however, being, in many respects, more conspicuous than his urbanity. Besides works in divinity, and editions of or disquisitions on Latin and Greek authors, all characterised by the scholar-like acumen which distinguished the opponent of Boyle on the genuineness of the Epistles of Phalaris, he published an edition of Milton, with notes. It is in reference to his bold and arbitrary opinions on the text of "Paradise Lost," especially, as well as for the generally trenchant style of his criticisms, that Pope has bestowed on him the enduring appellation of "Slashing Bentley." This celebrated scholar and critic died in 1742; a highly interesting memoir of his life and writings appeared in 1833, from the pen of Dr.

Monk, Bishop of Gloucester. It is to that work I am indebted for the following extract:—"I am not aware," says Dr. Monk, "that any of Bentley's Latin verses written at this period, (i. e. during his residence at St. John's College), have been preserved; but we have little cause to regret their loss, as he was not endowed with a poetical vein, and it is evident from his subsequent productions of that kind, that he never acquired facility or elegance in their composition; an accomplishment, indeed, hardly to be expected from a boy who quits school at the age of fourteen. The only specimen which I possess of his College exercises, is an English Ode "On the Papists' Conspiracy of Gunpowder," written in a stanzas of ten lines; it is principally curious, as showing that a taste still prevailed for the forced conceits and far fetched quibbles which mark the poetical school of Cowley. The following is a specimen of the style in which he combines his wit and learning:—

"Such *devilish* deeds to *Angli* done!
 Such *black* designs on *Albion*!
 Transmarine fruit; sure 't could not grow
 From soil quite contrary, and people too.
 He that its history doth tell,
 Must not have goose but Harpy's quill;
 No Heliconian aid must wish,
 But th' iron whip of Nemesis;
 'Tis that must now make Pegasus to go,
 And scorn St. Peter's church at Rome below."

And he thus compares the operations of the Papists with the persecutions of the Christians under Nero:—

"'Tis true, the Christians they did tear,
 Sewed in the skins of wolf and bear;
 But now ye butcher all the rest
 Like wolves in shape of Christians drest.
 We do not wish that you should bear
 Our kings in splendid triumph here,
 Elijah-like, the skies to pass;
 No Phaëthon in Britain was.
 Our sins are not so foul as to require
 The Roman purgatory fire,
 To make the senate-house a pile,
 And senate a burnt off'ring for the isle."

DR. DERING.

For the following article I am indebted to the Rev. Joseph Hunter; it forms, indeed, but a portion of what I owe directly or indirectly to that gentleman, even in the compass of these pages; but who that has anything to do with investigations illustrative of the literature of this county, but must incur some obligations to the learned and elegant historian of "South Yorkshire?" Having in his "Hallamshire" cited Drayton's lines in reference to the Don, which flows in the vicinity of Sheffield, this most delightful of topographers proceeds to mention another tribute from the muses which was paid to this river, in a Latin poem, entitled "Reliquiæ Eboracenses." The author of this work was Dr. Henage Dering, Dean of Ripon, who died April 8th, 1750, aged 86. What is published is only part of what the ingenious author designed, which was nothing less than to present the principal events in the history of Yorkshire, and to celebrate the principal places within its circuit, in Latin hexameters. He desisted from his undertaking, when he had completed three books, which relate to Roman affairs.

"The Don is made to relate the great war which the Brigantes waged with the invaders; and in conformity with Camden's description, he is depicted

Cinctus arundinibus crinem, et frondibus alni.

[With sedges girdled and with alder crowned.]

"Sheffield is feigned with due regard to historic probability to be the place from which the Brigantes were supplied with arms: and her industrious artizans are represented hanging up before them armour taken from the foe, as patterns by which to fabricate their own.

*'Mille ardet Saphiræa focus. Fornace liquescit
Montibus effusi vicini massa metalli;
Et longe resonat glomeratis ictibus incus;
Nec limæ aut cotis cessat labor. Insuper arma
Ante oculos fabri ponunt Romana; notantque
Mutandum siquid; seu sint exempla sequenda.'*

[Where busy Sheffield dims the vale below,
A thousand hearths at once intensely glow;
Drawn from the bowels of the hills around,
Huge piles of ironstone press the caverned ground;
By these the roaring furnace is supplied,
Till from rich ores the molten currents glide:

Next, aided by the slowly labouring wheel,
 They on the ringing anvil vex the steel;
 Each ponderous hammer while the mass it beats,
 Awakening Echo in her lone retreats.
 Nor less the file, and grindstone swift, demand
 The skilful pliance of each active hand.
 Meanwhile, the smiths, ingenious to discern
 Vulcanian artistry, and prompt to learn,
 Before their eyes old Roman armour place,
 Mark its fit fashion, its firm substance trace;
 With such rare patterns, joined to long-tried skill,
 Brigantian artists their bold task fulfil;
 The breastplate shines—the spear is tempered well,
 Andround the glittering arms proud martial bosoms swell.]

"When Father Don," adds Mr. Hunter, "has concluded his narrative, he invites the hero of the poem and his companions to an entertainment he is about to give in his hall to his brother rivers: and much of a poetic imagination is discovered in the description of the hall and its icy ornaments.—What principally engaged the attention of the visitors were certain vases of crystal, each containing the perfect image of some celebrated personage who had been born or had lived upon the river's banks. They recognize the founders of the nobility of Wentworth and Osborne, and a more eminent character of earlier time—

'Gallorum terror, Scephilæus heros.'

[Sheffield's hero—terror of the Gaul!]

the great John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury.

"This work is little known. The classical reader will find that he needs not the aid of local attachment to receive much pleasure from its perusal."

EUGENE ARAM.

ONE of the most extraordinary names which have passed from the annals of convicted criminality to our popular records of remarkable characters, is that of Eugene Aram; and although it is now exactly one hundred years since the occurrence of the transactions in which he was fatally implicated, took place, his case is still one of sufficient interest to tempt the poet, the novelist, and even the biographer to endeavour to varnish the memory of the malefactor with the reputation of the scholar.

Eugene Aram was born at a place called Ramsgill, in the neighbourhood of Knaresborough, in 1704; his father was

a gardener. Manifesting an early taste for study, he ultimately made extraordinary proficiency in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Celtic, the mathematics, heraldry, botany, &c. For many years he acted as usher in respectable seminaries; and in 1758 was received into the grammar school at Lynn, in Norfolk, where he employed his leisure hours in composing a "Comparison between the ancient and modern languages;" he had made some progress in this work when he was arrested on suspicion of being the murderer of Daniel Clark, shoemaker, of Knaresborough, who had disappeared thirteen years before. He was tried at York on the 3rd of August, 1759, found guilty, on the evidence of an accomplice, of the murder of Clark; and after attempting suicide, and leaving in his cell a justification of self destruction, he was executed three days afterward, and his body hung in chains on Knaresborough forest. The long and ingenious paper on the inconclusiveness of certain kinds of evidence in cases of trial for murder, which he read, by way of defence on his trial, has often been noticed and reprinted; it is remarkable that Aram no where, in this singular document, directly asserts his innocence; and there can be little doubt that the impression made by the delivery of such an elaborate essay on the finding of apocryphal skeletons, by a man who was on trial for his life, on a charge of murder, was directly the reverse of what the writer intended. As a proof of the interest which has been excited by the fate of this man, of whose guilty, if not acknowledged, participation in the murder imputed to him, there exists no doubt, may be mentioned—Hargrove's long-popular account of the trial, &c.; Hood's ballad, "The Dream of Eugene Aram;" Bulwer's romance to which his name gives the title; and lastly, but not the least curious, Norrisson Scatcherd's "Memoirs of the celebrated Eugene Aram." No apology can be necessary for introducing into this work a brief notice, and a specimen of the poetry of so noted an individual—in other words, of that "great man," whose "high and philosophic mind," not only "placed him among the first of England's sons," but who, according to his last biographer, was "perhaps the wisest among the sons of men." I might also quote in self-justification, the following passage from a private letter:—"In spite of all his disadvantages, I assert that few men of his times have given fairer promises of what he might have done, had not his genius led him to 'follow *pleasure* through a *thousand fields*,' after it became abstracted from 'the beauties of

lines and numbers : ' taking, however, the specimens from Hargrove, if you do not rank Aram among the best poets that Yorkshire has produced, your work will be very defective." On the reader's judgment between this dictum and the subjoined lines, my own opinion may be safely suspended.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN ARMITAGE, BART., OF KIRKLEES, WHO WAS SLAIN AT ST. CAS, SEPT. 1758.

Strike, strike the bosom, touch the vocal string,
Bring funeral yew, the funeral cypress bring :
'The strain be mournful ; let the feet move slow ;
The numbers ling'ring with their weight of woe.

Not with more grief great Maro's breast did swell,
When glorious, with his legions, Varus fell ;
Not Troy felt more resentment, more of pain,
When Troy beheld her matchless Hector slain,
Than feels thy country. Tell us, was thy fate
Or more illustrious, or unfortunate ?

Thy arms almost alone the foes impeach ;
Thou stoodst like Scæva in the dangerous breach,
Slain, but not vanquish'd ; fallen, but not fled :
That ground thou kept alive, thou kept when dead.

Hast thou obtain'd thy laurels with the pall ?
Didst thou more bravely dare, or greatly fall ?
Calder with sadder murmurs rolls her floods,
And deeper gloom invests thy Kirklees' woods.
France too, deplores thee little less than we,
And Britain's genius gave a sigh for thee.

What, though no wife's, though no fond mother's eyes
Grow dim with grief, whose transports pierce the skies ;
What, though no pomp, no pious dirge, no friend
Wait thee with tears, no solemn priest attend :

O ! yet be happy, thy sad sisters here
Bewail thy loss with sorrows too sincere ;
And falls in silence the fraternal tear. }

Sleep, much lamented ; while thy country pays,
Mingled with sighs, the tribute of her praise,

Remorseless war ! how fatal to the brave !
Wild as rough seas, voracious as the grave !
Blind, when thou strikes ; deaf, when distress complains :
What tears can whiten thy empurpled stains ?
Waste waits thy step, as southern breezes show'rs ;
Like floods thou rages, and like floods devours.
Fear flies before thee—thou relentless hears
The virgin's pray'r, and sees the mother's tears.
Sink down, be chain'd, thrice execrable war,
Extinct thy torch, or flame from Britain far.

Breathe, we where bliss in flowery vales is found;
 Soft spring, glow near me; rural sweets be round;
 Perennial waters, which the rock distils;
 The shaded villa, and the sunny hills:
 Long wandering shores, the voice of falling floods;
 The gale of odours, and the night of woods.

These lost to thee, for these accept of fame,
 Thy Kirklees smiles—she yet can boast the name:
 Rank'd with the great thy fragrant name shall be;
 Rome had her Decius, the BRIGANTES Thee.

JAMES CAWTHORNE.

THE following particulars are mostly derived from a life of the poet compiled by Mr. Chalmers, who acknowledges as his chief sources of information the last edition of Johnson's English Poets, and a letter published in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1791, from the pen of the Rev. Edward Goodwin, of Sheffield, who had married Cawthorne's sister, and, as appears from Holland's "Psalmists of Britain" left behind him in MS. a poetical version of the Psalms. James, the son of Thomas and Mary Cawthorne, was born at Sheffield, Nov. 4, 1719, a day and month, which it will be remarked, coincide with the nativity half a century afterwards, of a poet, destined to confer a more lasting celebrity on that ancient emporium of the cutlery trade; I mean, of course, James Montgomery. Cawthorne was educated at the ancient Grammar School in Sheffield; and there, he not only made considerable proficiency in the ordinary branches of learning, but evinced a taste for literature, which developed itself in the publication of a fugitive local periodical called "The Tea Table." At seventeen years of age he was removed to the Grammar School of Kirby Lonsdale, where, if he did not first commence, he sedulously cultivated an acquaintance with the Muses. In 1736, he published in his native town a poem entitled "The Perjured Lover," the subject having been suggested to him by the popular story of "Inkle and Yarico." In 1738, he was matriculated of Clare Hall, Cambridge, from whence he removed, apparently without taking a degree, to London, and became assistant to Mr. Clare, in an academy in Soho-square. Here he married his master's daughter, and having taken orders, was elected in 1743, head master of Tunbridge School, in Kent. In

this situation he wrote the poetical exercises, which were spoken by the young gentlemen, on the annual visitations of the Company of Skinners, who are the patrons of the school. These pieces form a considerable, and, perhaps, the best part of his printed works. He is said to have been, with little skill in horsemanship, fond of riding; and his death was occasioned by a fall from his horse in 1761. He was interred in Tunbridge Church, where the following inscription over his grave indicates at once the date of the poet's death, and the affectionate regard of his sister, Mrs. Goodwin :—

Hic situs est
 Jacobus Cawthorne, A.M.
 Scholæ Tunbrigensis Magister
 Qui juventuti tum moribus tum literis instituenda
 Operam magno non sine honore dedit.
 Opibus, quas largâ manu distribuit,
 Fruitur, et in æternum fruetur.
 Obiit, heu citius! Aprilis 15, 1761.
 Ætatis 40.*

Soror mæsta esse grato animo hoc posuit.

The "Cambridge Review" for October, 1824, observes, "among those (in Sheffield) who merit attention in connection with poetry, Cawthorne stands first in the order of time, and is pre-eminent as a poet," and adds, "the acquired knowledge of Cawthorne is allowed to have been considerable, but his literary talents, it is said, bore but an insignificant proportion to his moral excellence." The copy of his works from which we have taken our extracts, is entitled "Poems by the Rev. Mr. Cawthorne, late master of Tunbridge School." It was printed in 4to., by W. Woodfall, London, 1771, ten years after Mr. Cawthorne's death, and is inscribed "to the Worshipful Company of Skinners, the worthy patrons of Tunbridge School," "by their most obliged and obedient humble servant, the Editor." To particularise its contents would occupy too much space, but it has rarely fallen to our lot to meet with a volume of poetry from whose first perusal we received more pleasure, although its somewhat bulky,

* It will be seen that there is a discrepancy between the date of Mr. Cawthorne's birth, and his age at the time of his death as recorded on his monument, which none of his previous biographers appear to have noticed; Chalmers in his *Lives of the Poets*, and Hunter, the *Historian of "Hallamshire,"* both citing the inscription as above given, without remark. That the mistake is in the assigned age and not the date of his birth, is evident from the entry in the baptismal register of St. Peter's Church, Sheffield, from which it appears he was christened Dec. 2, 1719, hence he died in the 42d year of his age.

and outworn appearance might rather have damped the ardour we felt at the discovering the existence of a Yorkshire poet of such ability as Mr. Cawthorne. As illustrating the precocity of Cawthorne's genius, we give the two following specimens of his poetical composition, written respectively in the 14th and 15th years of his age: and the reader will recollect that he published his poem of "The Perjured Lovers," when only 17.

FROM THE 130TH PSALM.—ÆTAT 14.

If mounted on my towering thoughts, I climb
 Into the heav'n of heav'ns; I there behold
 The blaze of thy unclouded majesty.
 In the pure empyrean thee I view
 High-thron'd above all height—thy radiant shrine
 Throng'd with the prostrate seraphs, who receive
 Beatitude past utterance. If I plunge
 Down to the gloomy mansions of the damn'd,
 I find thee there, and read thee in the scenes
 Of complicated wrath. I see thee clad
 In all the majesty of darkness there.
 If, on the ruddy morning's purple wings
 Upborne, with indefatigable course,
 I seek the glowing borders of the east,
 Where the bright sun, emerging from the deeps
 With his first glories gilds the sparkling seas,
 And trembles o'er the waves: e'en there thy hand
 Shall thro' the wat'ry desert guide my course,
 And o'er the broken surges pave my way;
 While on the dreadful whirls I hang secure,
 And mock the warring ocean. If, with hopes,
 As fond as false, the darkness I expect
 To hide and wrap me in its mantling shade
 Vain were the thought; far thy unbounded ken
 Darts thro' the thick'ning gloom, and pries thro' all
 The palpable obscure. Before thine eyes
 The vanquish'd night throws off of her dusky shroud
 And kindles into day. The shade and light,
 To man still various, but to thee the same.

POVERTY AND POETRY.—A SATIRE.—ÆTAT 15.

'Twas sung of old how one Amphion
 Could, by his verses, tame a lion,
 And, by his strange enchanting tunes,
 Make bears and wolves dance rigadoons:
 His songs could call the timber down,
 And form it into house or town.

But it is plain that in these times,
No house is rais'd by poet's rhymes.
They for themselves can only rear
A few wild castles in the air.

Poor are the brethren of the bays
Down from high strains to "ekes" and "ayes."
The Muses too are virgins yet,
And may be, till they portions get;
Yet still the doating rhymers dreams,
And sings of Helicon's bright streams;
But Helicon, for all his chatter,
Yields nothing but inspired water.
Yet, ev'n athirst, he sweetly sings
Of nectar, and elysian springs.

The grave physician, who, by physick,
Like death, dispatches him that is sick;
Pursues a sure and thriving trade:
Tho' patients die, the doctor's paid;
Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace,
For what another mounts a gallows.

In shady groves the Muses play,
And love in flow'ry meads to stray:
Pleas'd with a bleak and barren ground,
Where rip'ning fruits are never found.
But then some say you purchase fame,
And gain a never-dying name;
Great recompence for real trouble!
To be rewarded with a bubble.

Thus soldiers who, in many battles,
Get bangs, and blows, and God knows what else,
Are paid with fame, and wooden leg,
And gain a pass with leave to beg.

REV. MARK FOSTER.

Of this gentleman, whose very pleasing and elegant poem, on the most celebrated watering place in the North of England, is so justly admired, I am sorry not to have been able to obtain any very satisfactory particulars. I am kindly informed by the Rev. M. H. Miller, vicar of Scarborough, that Mr. Foster is believed to have been born at Thornton, near Pickering; and that when young he came, in some way, under the notice of Dr. John Garnet, Bishop of Clogher,

and obtained, it is said, some small preferment, but where, is not stated. In 1765, he published the elegant work which entitles him to respectful notice in these pages, viz., "Scarborough," a Poem, in three cantos. The following is our poet's description of the pier at Scarborough :—

————— Shooting thro' the deep
The mole immense expands its massy arms
And forms a spacious haven. Loud the winds
Murmur around, impatient of controul,
And lash and foam and thunder. Vain their rage,
Compacted by its hugeness, every stone
With central firmness rests.

The view of Scarborough from the sea is thus sketched :—

The gazing seaman here entranced stands,
Whilst fair unfolding from her concave slope,
He Scarborough views. The sandy pediment
First gently rais'd above the wat'ry plain,
Embraces wide the waves, the lower domes
Next lift their heads; then swiftly roof o'er roof,
With many a weary step the streets arise,
Testudinous, till half o'ercome the cliff,
A swelling fabric,* dear to heaven, aspires
Majestic even in ruin.

CUTHBERT SHAW.

THE brief record of this man's life, is one of the many instances which prove that the possession of genius and talent is not always accompanied with prudence in the management of the concerns of every-day life; but it also serves as an example to shew that the circumstances of humble birth and obscure station cannot repress, much less smother the flame of genius when once kindled in the breast. Cuthbert Shaw was the son of shoemaker, in low circumstances, at Ravensworth, near Richmond, in Yorkshire, where the poet was born in 1738. After having for some time held the situation of usher to the Grammar School at Darlington, where he published his first poem, entitled "Liberty:" it appears that he betook himself to the profession of an actor. Possessing a handsome figure, he, perhaps, supposed the stage would be an eligible place for

* St. Mary's Church.

the display of it, whilst, at the same time, as an actor, he might obtain that introduction to society, from which, as an humble usher, he would be excluded; but after trying London and other places, he discovered that a good personal appearance, though an essential adjunct, is not the only qualification necessary to ensure success in the walk he had chosen; he, therefore, soon abandoned it and became a writer for subsistence. There is, perhaps, no situation in life more deplorable than that of a person compelled to write for *bread*. Literary pursuits, when followed as a relaxation from other duties and cares, are certainly among the most innocent, pleasing, and rational, that can engage the attention; but when they *must*, under every variety of temperament, health, and circumstances, be followed in order to obtain the means of living, there is surely no drudgery so intolerable as that of literary composition—acting hardly excepted! This, poor Shaw found out to his cost. In 1762, he wrote a satire entitled the “Four Farthing Candles.” Its object was to ridicule Coleman, Churchill, Lloyd, and Shirley, and he next made the author of the *Rosciad* (Churchill) the exclusive subject of a mock-heroic poem called the “Race, by Mercurius Spur, with notes by Faustinus Scriblerus.” He had for some time the care of instructing an infant son of the celebrated Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, in the first rudiments of learning. His principal claim to the title of a poet rests on his “Monody to the Memory of Emma.” This lady was his wife; a woman of superior connections, who, for his sake, forfeited the countenance of her family, and by uniting herself to a man dependent upon his pen for their mutual support, gave a convincing proof of the strength of her love, however such an act may militate against her claim to prudence. She died shortly after giving birth to an infant, which did not long survive her; and the afflicted poet, parent, and husband, poured out his griefs and feelings in the affecting composition before alluded to. The same sad theme is also touchingly pursued in an “Evening Address to the Nightingale.” George Lord Lyttleton, on reading the verses, in which a sorrow similar to that which inspired his own celebrated “Monody,” was so feelingly expressed, desired the acquaintance of Shaw, and distinguished him by his praise, but rendered him no assistance of a more permanent and tangible kind. Shaw also wrote a satire on political corruption, and several articles from his pen

appeared in the *Freeholder's Magazine*. Judging from the following lines in the *Monody*:—

“Come Theban drug, the wretch's only aid
To my torn heart its former peace restore ; &c.”

We should suppose the poet gave himself up to dissipated habits, and sought in the use of opium and intoxicating liquors, to drown the remembrance of his troubles. As might be expected, these deceitful palliatives soon wrought their usual effects, and he died in 1771, in the prime of life, but not before disease had left irretrievable marks of its ravages upon his countenance. As the pieces above mentioned, are each too long for quotation entire, and would suffer from partial extracts, I copy the subjoined :—

INVITATION TO EMMA, AFTER MARRIAGE, TO LIVE IN THE
COUNTRY.

Come, my dear girl, let's seek the peaceful vale,
Where honour, truth, and innocence prevail ;
Let's fly this cursed town—a nest of slaves—
Where fortune smiles not but on fools or knaves,
Who merit claim proportion'd to their gold,
And truth and innocence are bought and sold.
An humble competence we have in store,
Mere food and raiment—kings can have no more !
A glorious patriarchal life we'll lead,
See the fruits ripen, and the lambkins feed ;
Frequent observe the labours of the spade,
And joy to see each yearly toil repaid ;
In some sequester'd spot a bower shall stand,
The favourite task of thy lov'd Damon's hand,
Where the sweet woodbine clasps the curling vine,
Emblem of faithful love, like your's and mine !
Here will we sit when evening shades prevail,
And hear the night-bird tell its plaintive tale,
Till nature's voice shall summon us away,
To gather spirits for the' approaching day ;
Then on thy breast I'll lay my weary head,
A pillow softer than a monarch's bed !

THOMAS BRIDGES.

It does not appear that either Mr. Frost, or Baker, the author of the “*Biographia Dramatica*,” were aware of the birth-place of Mr. Bridges, who was a banker and a wine-

merchant in Hull, and brother to Dr. Bridges, formerly of that town. He was the author of a humourous travestie of Homer, in two volumes, under the facetious title of "A New Translation of Homer's Iliad, adapted to the capacity of honest English Roast Beef and Plum Pudding Eaters; by Caustic Barebones, a broken apothecary. 1762." He was also the author of some other light and entertaining compositions. Prefixed to the work above-named, and which appeared after the failure of Mr. Bridges and his partners in business, there is a humourous description of the author, under his assumed name of "Barebones." As a specimen of his rhyme may be given the account of the interposition of Pallas between Agamemnon and Achilles, in the first book of the Iliad, which is thus comically translated :

Had you but seen Achilles fret it,
 I think you never could forget it.
 A sight so dreadful ne'er was seen,
 He sweat for very rage and spleen ;
 Long was he balanced at both ends,
 When reason mounted, rage descends ;
 The last commanded, Sword lug out ;
 The first advis'd him not to do't.
 With half-drawn weapon fierce he stood,
 Eager to let the General blood ;
 When Pallas, swift descending down,
 Hit him a knock upon the crown :
 Then roared as loud as she could yelp,
 Lugging his ears : 'Tis I, you whelp !
 Pelides wondered who could be
 So bold, and turned about to see.
 He knew the brightness of her eyes,
 And loud as he could bawl, he cries,
 Goddess of Wisdom ! pray what weather
 Has blown your goat-skin doublet hither ?
 Howe'er, thou com'st quite opportune,
 To see how basely I'm run down ;
 Thou com'st most *a propos incog*,
 To see how I will trim this dog :
 For by this rusty blade, his life
 Or mine shall end this furious strife.

To whom, reply'd the blue-ey'd Pallas,
 I come to save thee from the gallows ;
 Thou 'rt surely either mad or drunk,
 To threaten murder for a punk :
 Prithee now, let this passion cool,
 For once be guided by a fool :

I flew like lightning from above,
Thy dreadful fury to remove;
For white-armed Juno bid me say,
Let Reason now thy passion sway,
And angry be another day.

FRANCIS FAWKES.

MR. HUNTER, in his History of the Deanery of Doncaster, when describing the very pleasant village of Warmsworth, near that town, says, " In the Cemetery is, not indeed a poet's grave, but the grave of the parents of one, Francis Fawkes, the translator of Anacreon, and of the other Greek poets, with an inscription from his own pen." I find, however, and the fact is now recorded for the first time, that the poet himself, whom all his biographers content themselves with telling us was born in Yorkshire, was a native of Warmsworth, where his father, the Rev. Jeremiah Fawkes, who died in 1744, had been rector 28 years. The present incumbent, the Rev. Alex. Cooke, has favoured me with the following entry from the Register of Baptisms, at Warmsworth: " 1720. April, the 4th, Francis, the son of Jeremiah Fawkes, rector." He received his earliest education in a school at Leeds; and from thence went to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in arts. On entering into orders he settled at Bramham, near Tadcaster, in his native county. He was afterwards curate of Croydon, in Surrey; and it is said that whilst there he obtained the friendship of Archbishop Herring, who collated him to the vicarage of Orpington, in Kent. By the favour of Dr. Plumptre, he exchanged this vicarage for the rectory of Hayes, and he was afterwards made Chaplain to the Princess of Wales. He died at Hayes, in 1777. His poems consist of " Bramham Park," written in 1745, while he was Curate of Bramham, several odes, and sets of verses addressed to individuals, scriptural paraphrases, and translations. It is in connection with the latter, in his versions of the Greek poets Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, and Moschus, Musæus, Theocritus and Appollonius, that Fawkes is perhaps best known; and, indeed, he ranks deservedly higher as a translator, than as an original poet. This version of the Argonautics of Apollonius, was published in 1780. He also lent his name to an edition of the Bible, with notes,

and modernized the description of May and Winter, from Gawin, or Gaven Douglas, a Scotch poet, and Bishop of Dunkeld.

A sociability of disposition, in the sense in which the phrase was too often used of some of the clerical as well as other versifiers of the eighteenth century, seems to have characterized Fawkes, who nevertheless was highly esteemed by his respectable contemporaries, and was on terms of close friendship with Dr. Sam. Johnson, and Thos. Warton, the poet laureate, himself a descendant from a Yorkshire family, the Wartons of Beverley. The following extract from his poem on "Bramham Park," the seat of George Lane Fox, Esq., is given chiefly on account of its local bearing: it was not only his earliest experiment in rhyme, but contains it must be confessed, little, if anything, of scenic identity in the description, beyond the distant glimpse of York Minster:—

If through the glades I turn my raptur'd eyes,
 What various scenes, what lovely landscapes rise ?
 Here a once hospitable mansion stands
 'Midst fruitful plains, and cultivated lands ;
 There russet heaths, with fields of corn between,
 And peaceful cots and hamlets intervene ;
 There far-stretch'd views direct me to admire
 A tower dismantled or a lofty spire,
 Or farm imbosomed in some aged wood,
 Or lowing herds that crop the flowery food ;
 Through these, irriguous vales, and lawns appear,
 And fleecy flocks, and nimble-footed deer :
 Sun-glittering villas, and bright streams are seen,
 Gay meads, rough rocks, hoar hills, and forests green :
 As when Belinda works, with art divine,
 In the rich screen, some curious gay design ;
 Quick as the fair the nimble needle plies,
 Cots, churches, towers, or villages arise ;
 A varied group of flocks, and herds, and swains,
 Groves, fountains, fields, and daisy-painted plains ;
 At Bramham thus, with ravish'd eyes we see
 How order strives with sweet variety :
 Nature, kind goddess, joins the aid of art,
 To plan, to form, to finish every part. * * *
 O ! what descriptive eloquence can tell
 The woods, and winding walks of Boscobel ?*

* A beautiful wood, disposed with elegant taste, and separated from the gardens by the park.

The various vistas and the grassy glades,
 The bowery coverts in sequester'd shades?
 Or where the wondering eye with pleasure sees
 A spacious amphitheatre of trees?
 Or where the differing avenues unite,
 Conducting to more pompous scenes, the sight?
 Lo! what high mounds immense, divide the moor,
 Stretch'd from the southern to the northern shore!
 These are but relics of the Roman way,
 Where the firm legions marched in dread array,
 Where rode the hero in his iron car,
 And big with vengeance, roll'd the mighty war:
 Here oft the curious, coins and arms explore,
 Which future Meads and Pembrokes shall adore;
 To me more pleasing far, yon tranquil dell,
 Where Labour, Health, and sweet Contentment dwell;
 More pleasing far beside yon aged oaks,
 Grotesque and wild the cottage chimney smokes,
 Fair to the view old Ebor's temple stands,
 The work of ages raised by holy hands;
 How firm the venerable pile appears!
 Reverend with age, but not impaired by years.
 O! could I build the heaven-directed rhyme,
 Strong as thy fabric, as thy towers sublime,
 Then would the Muse on bolder pinions rise,
 And make thy turrets emulate the skies.

EDWARD THOMPSON.

"I am the Bard (the *Naso* of my time),
 Born on the *Humber*, famed for luscious rhyme."

CAPTAIN THOMPSON, who is perhaps best known for having given to the world an edition of the works of his townsman, Andrew Marvell, was the son of a merchant at Hull, in which town he was born in 1738. At an early age he went to sea, and made a voyage to the East Indies. He was afterwards pressed on board a man of war, and when only nineteen, was on-board the *Jason* in the engagement of Ushant, between Hawke and Conflans. In the same year (1757) he rose to the rank of Lieutenant. At the end of the war he retired on half pay, and amused himself with writing those pieces, many of which do so much discredit to his memory. His first publication was a very licentious poem called "*The Meretriciad*." This was followed, in 1764, by

"The Soldier," in 4to; in 1765 by "The Courtezan," a poem; by "The Demirep," and in 1767, by the "Sailor's Letters," 2 vols. 12mo. He next, in 1769, produced a laughable account of the jubilee at Stratford-on-Avon, under the title of "Trinculo's Trip to the Jubilee;" and about the same time collected his most licentious performances into two volumes called "The Court of Cupid." In 1773, he brought forward, at Drury-lane Theatre, "The Fair Quaker," a comedy altered from Shadwell. On the breaking out of the American war, Thompson, through the friendship and interest of Garrick, obtained a Captain's commission, and was appointed to the command of the *Hyæna* frigate, in which he had the good fortune to take a French East Indiaman. He was afterwards in Rodney's memorable action off Cape St. Vincent, and brought to England the news of the victory. In 1785 he had the command of the *Grampus*, on board of which he died of fever off the coast of Africa, on the 17th of January, 1786. Captain Thompson was a brother of the Trinity House, at Hull, and considered a brave and skilful commander. The Rev. Richard Warner, in his "Literary Recollections," relates on the authority of an old naval officer, who sailed with him when a Captain, "that his popularity in the service was almost unparalleled, from the sweetness of his temper, and benevolence of his nature." Many young men, since distinguished for naval enterprise, were brought up under his tuition, among whom were his nephew, the late Vice-Admiral Sir Thos. Boulden Thompson, and the late Rear-Admiral Sir Home Popham. Thompson was well known in the navy by the appellation of "Rhyming Thompson." Campbell, who rates his martial much higher than either his literary or moral character, says "a few of his sea songs are entitled to remembrance."

SONG.

Loose every sail to the breeze,
 The course of my vessel improve;
 I've done with the toils of the seas,
 Ye sailors, I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair,
 My griefs I fling all to the wind;
 'Tis a pleasing return for my care,
 My mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all fill'd to my dear;
 What tropic bird swifter can move?
 Who, cruel, shall hold his career
 That returns to the nest of his love?

Hoist every sail to the breeze,
Come, shipmates, and join in the song;
Let's drink, while the ship rolls the seas,
To the gale that may drive her along.

REV. WILLIAM MASON.

THIS individual, one of the most distinguished of the Yorkshire poets, was a native of Hull, with which town his name had been associated for more than one generation. His grandfather, Hugh Mason, was appointed Collector of Customs at that port in 1696; and his father, the Rev. William Mason, was vicar of the Holy Trinity Church, from 1722 to 1753, when he died. Our poet was born in 1725, and received the rudiments of his education in his native place. In 1742 he was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, where, in 1749, he took the degree of M.A., having previously written a "Monody on the death of Pope," and his pieces "*Il Bellicoso*," and "*Il Pacifico*," which were revised by Gray, and laid the foundation of that friendship between the poets which terminated but with life. In 1752 he published "*Elfrida*," and in 1759, "*Caractacus*," both dramatic poems, constructed on the models of the ancients; they were performed at Covent Garden Theatre, but without success; nor, though abounding with fine passages, have they been much more attractive to the general reader. Having taken orders in 1754, he was presented to the rectory of Aston, in Yorkshire, at which place he was generally beloved, and unremitting in the discharge of his clerical duties. In 1765, he married Miss Shearman, of Hull, which lady died two years afterwards at Bristol, where her husband inscribed near her grave those beautiful and well-known lines, concerning which, Chalmers has justly remarked, it would not be easy to discover a poem which conveys more quick sympathy in the whole range of elegiac poetry. In 1772, Mason published the first, and in 1782, the last book of the "*English Garden*," a beautiful didactic poem in blank verse, in the exordium of which, he tells the reader that it was undertaken less "to court the world's applause," than "to soothe that agony of heart, which they alone who best have loved—who best have been beloved, can feel and pity, when the object of their love is no more." His own garden

adjoining the pleasant parsonage at Aston, was beautifully laid out—

“He taught one little acre to command
Each envied happiness of scene and shade.”

Here Gray visited the worthy rector; and the writer of this brief notice can never forget the delight with which many years ago he explored, with a friend, these secluded haunts of the *Musæ Masoni*. Entering the garden, and stepping into a beautiful shrubby walk, continued all round a verdant lawn; our eyes were first arrested by a bust of Milton, on a pedestal, cloistered in the trees; on passing this illustrious janitor, and continuing our walk beneath some fine acacias, we reached a sort of summer-house, built of wood, and closely invested with the tendrils and festoons of the ever-greens and flowering plants which were disposed around it. Over the front, on a tablet, was painted the following stanza from the early editions of Gray's *Elegy* :—

“Here scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found,
The red-breast loves to build and warble here,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.”

This verse perfectly accords with the sweet seclusion of the spot, which is rendered more particularly interesting by having been once honoured with the presence of Gray himself, when he paid Mr. Mason a visit in 1770, a short time before his death. On entering this recess, we at once discovered ourselves in a temple of the Muses: on either hand, the ceiling, displayed embossed medallions of Mason and Gray; on a circular stone was engraven a lyre, and around it the following inscription :—ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ : ΕΥΡΕΤΟΙΣΙ. Upon the floor stood two urns and pedestals, dedicated to the memory of the friendly poets. It was impossible to look on these affecting memorials of departed genius without recurring with ineffable pleasure to those lines which open the third book of the *English Garden* :—

“Closed is that curious eye by death's cold hand,
That mark'd each error of my careless strain
With kind severity; to whom my Muse
Still loved to whisper, what she meant to sing
In louder accent; to whose taste supreme
She first and last appeal'd, nor wish'd for praise,
Save when his smile was herald to her fame.

Yes, thou art gone ; yet Friendship's faltering tongue
 Invokes thee still ; and still, by Fancy soothed,
 Fain would she hope her Gray attends the call.
 Why, then, alas, in this my favourite haunt,
 Place I the urn, the bust, the sculptured lyre,
 Or fix this votive tablet, fair inscribed
 With numbers worthy thee, for they are thine ?
 Why, if thou hear'st me still, these symbols sad
 Of fond memorial ? Oh, my pensive soul !
 He hears me not, nor ever more shall hear
 The theme his candour, not his taste, approved."

Gray died in 1771, the year after his visit to Aston ; and a volume of very pleasing "Memoirs" of him was published in 1775, by his poetical friend and literary executor. Mason was not only a poet, but possessed considerable accomplishments in the sister arts of painting and music, particularly the latter ; for he was Precentor of York Cathedral, and not only composed a *Te Deum* and other pieces for the choir, but an "Essay Historical and Critical on English Church Music." He died April 7, 1797, at Aston, where, as well as in Westminster Abbey, there is an inscription to his memory. As a poet, Mason may be said to have been the last bright link between the eras of Pope and Cowper. Viewed in this position, few modern bards, as Chalmers remarks, deserve a higher rank in lyric and descriptive composition : nor has he given any finished piece to the world from which examples of excellence may not be quoted.

THOMAS GENT.

THOMAS GENT, the old York printer, who died in his native city, in 1778, in the 87th year of his age, may be mentioned for the number, if not the merit, of the rhyming pieces with which he has interspersed the histories of Britain, Rome, York, Ripon, &c. compiled by him. Among other things he has a Pastoral on the death of Charles, Earl of Carlisle, who died May 1, 1738 ; Verses on the death of Queen Caroline ; and a long legendary Ballad, in which 'tis supposed the shade of King Arthur has related his glorious transactions, death, &c , according to poetical license." The following are the closing stanzas :—Arthur, in allusion to his interment, at Glastonbury, is made to say

Full sixteen feet I lie in mould ;
 A truth, my shade now vents in moans ;
 Search near the Abbey, and behold
 A trunk contains my dust and bones :
 A rude inscription tells my name,
 How I of Avalon was King ;
 And near me lies my royal dame,
 Who from true Roman blood did spring.
 And though twelve times I did defeat
 The Saxons, who would us enslave,
 For all my deeds renown'd and great,
 Death has but paid me with a grave !
 But still the King of Terrors' gloom,
 Can ne'er obscure my endless fame :
 For till the latest day of doom,
 Britons will sing King Arthur's fame.

REV. THOMAS BROWNE.

THIS ingenious individual, born in 1771, was the son of a clergyman who resided at Lestringham, near Kirbymoorside, in Yorkshire, and nephew of Mr. Thomas Browne, a bookseller in Hull, and the first curator of the excellent Subscription Library in that town. Mr. Browne was, for a short time, under the tuition of the Rev. Joseph Milner, of Hull, and in 1797, he went to reside in that town, having undertaken the editorship of the *Hull Advertiser*, in which journal appeared many of his prose essays and poetical pieces, under the signature of "Alexis." Mr. Browne obtained Holy Orders ; but he died shortly afterwards, on the 8th day of January, 1798, in the 26th year of his age. His " poems on several occasions," containing some excellent specimens of the Yorkshire dialect, were published, with a Memoir of the author's life, by Mr. John Merritt, of Liverpool, who, previously to Mr. Browne's becoming the editor of the *Hull Advertiser*, had himself filled that situation.

AWD DAISY.—AN ECLOGUE.

Goorgy. Weel met, good Robert, saw ye my awd meer ;
 I've lated her an hoor, i' t' loonin here,
 But, howsumiver, spite of all my care,
 I cannot spy her, nowther head nor hair.
Robert. Whaw, Goorgy, I've to teyl ye dowly news,
 Syke as I'se varra seer will make ye muse ;

- I just this minnet left your poor awd tyke,
Dead as a steean, i' Johnny Dobson's dyke.
- Goorgy.* Whoor! what's that, Robin? tell us owre ageean;
You're joking, or you've mebbly been mistean.
- Robert.* Nay, marry, Goorgy, I seer I can't be wrang,
You kno I've keyn'd awd Daisy now se lang;
Her bread-ratch'd feeace, an' twa white hinder legs,
Preav'd it was hor, as seer as eggs is eggs.
- Goorgy.* Poor thing! what deead then? had she laid there lang?
Whor abouts is she? Robert, will you gang?
- Robert.* I care nut, Goorgy, I han't much te dea,
A good hour's labour, or may happen twea;
Bud as I nivver like to hing behind,
When I can dea a kaundness tiv a frynd,
An' I can help you, wi' my hand or team,
I'll help to skin her, or to bring her heam.
- Goorgy.* Thank ye, good Robert, I can't think belike,
How't poor awd creature tumbled into t'dyke.
- Robert.* Ye maund she'd fun hersen just gaun te dee,
An' sea laid down by t'side, (as seeams to me,)
An' when she felt the pains o'death within,
She kick'd an' struggled, an' se towpled in.
- Goorgy.* Meast lickly; bud—what, was she dead outreet,
When ye furst gat up? when ye gat t' furst seet?
- Robert.* Youse hear; as I was gaun down 't looan I spy'd
A scoore or mair o' crows by t' gutter side;
All se thrang, hoppin in, and hoppin out,
I wonder'd what i' the warld they were about.
I leuks, an' then I sees an awd yode laid,
Gaspin' an' pantin' there, an' ommost dead;
An' as they pick'd its een, and pick'd ageean,
It just cud lift its leg, and give a greean;
But when I fand awd Daisy was their prey,
I wav'd my hat, an' shoo'd em all away.
Poor Dais!—ye maund, she's now woorn fairly out,
She's lang been quite hard sett te trail about.
But yonder, Goorgy, loo' ye whoor she's laid,
An' twea 'r three Nanpies chatt'r'in owre her head.
- Goorgy.* Aye, marry! this I nivver wish'd to see,
She's been se good, se true a frynd te me!
An' is thou cum te this, my poor poor awd meer?
Thou's been a trusty servant monny a year,
An' better treatment thou's deserv'd fra me,
Than thus neglected in a dyke te dee!
Monny a daywork we ha' wrought together,
An' bidden monny a blast o' wind and weather;
Monny a lang dree maule, owre moss an' moor,
An' monny a hill and deaal we've travell'd owre;

But now, weas me ! thou'll nivver trot ne mair,
 Te nowther kirk nor market, spoort nor fair ;
 And now, fort' future, thoff I's awd and leam,
 I mun be foorc'd te walk, or stay at heam ;
 Ne mair thou'l bring me cooals fra' Blackay brow,
 Or sticks fra't wood, or turves fra' Leaf how cow.
 My poor awd Daise ! afoor I dig thy greeave,
 Thy weel-woorn shoon I will for keep-seeakes seeave ;
 Thy hide, poor lass ! I'll hev it taun'd wi' care,
 Twill mak' a cover te my awd airm chair,
 An' pairt an apron for my wife te weear,
 When cardin' woul, or wesh in' t' parlour flier :
 Deep i' t' cawd yearth I will thy carcase pleace,
 'At thy poor beeans may lig, and rist i' peeace ;
 Deep i' t' cawd yearth, 'at dogs mayn't scrat thee out,
 An' rauve thy flesh, an' trail thy beeans about.
 Thou's been se faithful for se lang te me,
 Thou sannut at thy death neglected be ;
 Seyldom a Christian 'at yan now can fynd,
 Wad be mair trusty or mair true a frynd.

JOHN HALL STEVENSON.

PERHAPS one of the most remarkable of the poetical geniuses of this county, was John Hall Stevenson, of Skelton Castle, Cleveland, where he was born, and where he died about 1787. He was the "Eugenius" of Sterne, to whom I believe he was related ; and several of his letters have been published with others, addressed to the sentimental clerk. His works were collected and printed uniformly in 1795 : they comprise "Crazy Tales," Fables for Grown Gentlemen, Lyric Epistles, Pastoral Puke, Pastoral Cordial, Macarony Fables, Lyric Consolations, Moral Tales, Monkish Epistles, &c. The style is bold and fluent, but the sentiment often sadly licentious—as to the former, he appears to have been the prototype of Peter Pindar : in the latter to have emulated the abominations of Rabelais. For the freedom of his expressions in reference to things sacred, he urges the usual apology for profanity—the unmasking of hypocrisy. "Outcries," says he in his preface, "against writings composed with no worse intention than to promote good humour and cheerfulness, by fighting against the *tedium vite*, were reserved for an age of refined hypocrisy. There ought to be a great distinction between

obscenity obviously designed to inflame the passions, and a ludicrous liberty which is frequently necessary to shew the true ridicule of hypocritical characters; which can give offence to none but such as are afraid of everything that has a tendency to unmasking." There is a good account of Stevenson and his works in Mr. Ord's History of Cleveland. The following passage from the Prologue to the "Crazy Tales," exhibits a fair specimen of the peculiarity of his style, with little of its grossness: it is a description of ancient Skelton Castle, built by Robert de Brus, about the reign of King Stephen:—

There is a castle in the north,
Seated on a swampy clay,
At present but of little worth;
In former times it had its day.
This castle is call'd CRAZY,
Whose mouldering walls a moat environs,
Which moat goes heavily and lazy,
Like a poor prisoner in his irons.
Many a time I've stood and thought,
Seeing the boat upon this ditch,
It look'd as if it had been brought,
For the amusement of a witch
To sail amongst applauding frogs,
With water rats, dead cats, and dogs!
The boat so leaky is and old,
That if ye're fanciful and merry,
You may conceive without being told,
That it resembles Charon's wherry.
A turret also you may note,
Its glory vanish'd like a dream,
Transform'd into a pigeon-cote
Nodding beside the sleepy stream:
From whence with steps by moss o'ergrown,
You mount upon a terrace high,
Where stands that heavy pile of stone,
Irregular and all awry.
If many a buttress did not reach
A kind and salutary hand,
Did not encourage and beseech
The terrace and the house to stand—
Left to themselves, and at a loss,
They'd tumble down into the foss.
Over the castle hangs a tower
Threatening destruction every hour,
Where owls, and bats, and the jackdaw
Their Vespers and their Sabbath keep,

All night scream horribly and caw,
 And snore all day in horrid sleep.
 Oft at the quarrels and the noise
 Of scolding maids or idle boys,
 Myriads of rooks rise up and fly
 Like legions of damn'd souls,
 As black as coals,
 That foul and darken all the sky !
 With wood the castle is surrounded,
 Except an opening to a Peak,
 Where the beholder stands confounded,
 At such a scene of mountains bleak ;
 Where nothing goes,
 Except some solitary pewit
 And carrion crows,
 That seem sincerely to rue it,
 That look as if they had been banish'd,
 And had been sentenced to be famish'd.

* * * * *

In this retreat whilom so sweet
 Once Tristram* and his cousin dwelt,
 They talk of Crazy when they meet,
 As if their tender hearts would melt.
 Confounded in Time's common urn,
 With Harlots, Ministers, and Kings,
 O could such scenes again return !
 Like those insipid common things !
 Many a grievous heavy heart
 To Crazy Castle would repair,
 That grew, from dragging like a cart,
 Elastic and as light as air ;
 Some fell to fiddling, some to fluting,
 Some to shooting, some to fishing,
 Others to pishing and disputing,
 Or to computing by vain wishing.
 And in the evening when they met,
 To think o'nt always does me good,
 There never met a jollier set
 Either before, or since the flood.
 As long as Crazy Castle lasts,
 Their tales will never be forgot,
 And Crazy may stand many blasts,
 And better castles go to pot.
 Antony, lord of Crazy Castle,
 Neither a fisher, nor a shooter,

* Lawrence Sterne.

No man's, but any woman's vassal,
 If he could find a way to suit her ;
 'Collected all these tales into a book,
 Which you may see if you go there to look."

THOMAS MAUDE.

Arise, my Muse, fair Wensley's vale display,
 And tune with vocal reed the sylvan lay ;
 Thro' the gay scenes of lovely Bolton rove,
 Its peaceful plains, and each sequester'd grove ;
 Enjoy the solitude, as gently glide
 The lapsing moments of life's wasting tide.

A RELATION of Mr. Maude, who furnished some notice of our author to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1841, says he was born in Downing-street, Westminster, in May, 1718 ; while another writer in that work states that he was born at Harewood, in 1717. As he is said, on his tombstone in Wensley Churchyard, to have " departed this life, Dec. 23, 1798, in the 81st year of his age," the latter account is, perhaps, the more correct. He had been brought up to the medical profession, and was surgeon on board the *Barfleur*, with Capt. Lord Harry Powlett, in Admiral Hawke's squadron. On Capt. Powlett succeeding to the title of Duke of Bolton, on the death of his brother, in 1765, he appointed Mr. Maude steward of his extensive estates in the north ; and till the death of his master, in 1794, he chiefly resided at his Grace's seat, Bolton Hall, in Wensley Dale : but afterwards, on an estate of his own, which is still in the family, at Burley, near Otley. He printed—1. *Wensleydale, or Rural Contemplations*, a poem 4to., 1772. 2. *Verbeia, or Wharfedale*, a poem ; descriptive and didactive, 4to., 1782. 3. *Viator*, a poem ; with notes historical, and topographical : 4to., 1782. 4. *The Invitation, or Urbanity*, a poem : 4to., 1791. 5. *The Reaper, a Collection of Essays*, which appeared originally in the *York Chronicle*, 2 vols., 12mo., never published : besides several topographical and biographical notices ; subjects which he was fond of dilating upon, and which in the form of notes to his poems, constituted no small portion of the interest of his publications. Having a genuine taste for the beauties of nature, and living long amid scenes, and under circumstances favourable

to its indulgence, his poetical pieces are, for the most part, of a pleasing and elegant character.

"Wensley Dale" was first published at York, in 1771, for the benefit of the Leeds General Infirmary, and again in Leeds in the following year for the same object. The six lines given above, form the exordium of the poem; and the author thus describes the cataract of Aysgarth, one of the many picturesque waterfalls on the Eure, near Ripon:—

"But now, O Aysgarth! let my rugged verse,
The wonders of thy cataracts rehearse:—
Long ere the toiling sheets to view appear,
They sound a prelude to the pausing ear;
Now in rough accents by the pendent wood,
Rolls in stern majesty the foaming flood;
Revolting eddies now with raging sway,
To Aysgarth's ample arch incline their way.
Playful and slow the curling circles move,
As when soft breezes fan the waving grove;
Till prone again, with tumults' wildest roar,
Recoil the billows, reels the giddy shore,
Dash'd from its rocky bed, the winnow'd spray
Remounts the regions of the cloudy way."

Among the notes occurs a long notice of Sir Isaac Newton, of whom much less was generally known sixty years ago than at present: the particulars referred to are appended to some lines, describing the rainbow, which often appears, as those who best know Wensley Dale will testify, spanning the romantic scenery with extraordinary beauty. Nor did the poet forget amidst descriptions of beautiful scenery, sometimes to "moralize his song":—

Here far, remov'd from vanity and throng,
Each soft recess the genial fane of song,
We view past toil, exotic scenes run o'er,
And shelter'd hear the rocking tempests roar;
In waving shades poetic converse hold,
And the mild charms of Nature's page unfold;
While the lull'd mind, soft rising with the morn,
Nor knows, nor fears, ambition's chilling scorn;
Delays of office and postponing arts,
Or how the courtier's vow from truth departs;
Each sly evasion nurst in falsehood's arms,
Or how a quibble virtue's claim disarms;
Superior, wrapt in contemplation's themes,
Grateful we walk, and meekly shun extremes;
Resting on truth, as moral Pope exprest
That maxim sure, "whatever is, is best."

RALPH DARLING.

THIS gentleman, an Alderman, and twice Mayor of his native town, was born in Hull, January 17, 1728, where he was for many years a medical practitioner. He turned the English translation of the Holy Evangelists into verse; and died November 21, 1798, aged seventy years. In 1801, his work was published under the title of "A Poetical Version of the Four Gospels."

Mr. Darling's work—a quarto volume of nearly four hundred pages—has nothing to recommend it in a poetical point of view; the author, as he says, having "limited himself to the faithful expression in verse, of what our learned and pious translators of the Scriptures have executed in prose." The following is the opening paragraph of the XXVIII chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, in which Christ's Resurrection is declared by an angel to the women:—

The first morn of the week, ere dawning day
Had chased the dusky shades of night away,
The Marys reach'd the tomb. An earthquake rent
The ground's firm surface, whilst with swift descent
An angel came from heaven, who roll'd the stone
From off the sepulchre, and sat thereon.
His countenance did bright as lightning glow;
White was his raiment as unsullied snow:
Of terror all that look'd on him partook;
The very guards, o'ercome with horror shook,
And like men actually dead appear'd;
The angel then benevolently cheer'd
The women, saying, let your fear subside;
Ye look for Jesus, who was crucified:
He is not here, but risen as he said—
Come view the cavern where the Lord was laid;
To his disciples now with speed repair,
Jesus's resurrection to declare.
Behold! before you into Galilee
He goes, where your loved Master ye shall see.
Lo! I have told you. With exceeding fear,
And equal joy, they left the sepulchre:
But whilst they ran their tidings to convey,
Jesus in person met them on the way,
Saying, all hail! at which endearing word
They clasp'd his feet, and piously adored.

He then admonish'd them to banish fear,
 Adding—this message to my brethren bear—
 Repair to Galilee as ye were told,
 Where all of ye my countenance shall behold.

GEORGE WALLIS, M.D.

GEORGE WALLIS was born at York, in 1740; and after being educated for the medical profession, he took the usual degree of M.D., and practised in the city. He published, in 1773, "The Juveniliad," a Satire, in 4to.; in 1774, "Perjury," a poem; and in 1775 "The Mercantile Lovers," a dramatic satire, which was performed in the York Theatre. He was also the editor of Sydenham's Works, and of the third edition of Motherby's Dictionary; besides which he published several medical tracts, particularly "The Art of Preventing Diseases and Restoring Health." He died in London, January 30th, 1802. The poetical pieces of Dr. Wallis, being mostly of a temporary or local character, are now almost forgotten; but the following from "The Coalitionist," a satire, exhibit a just sentiment, tersely, and vigorously expressed:—

Though Heaven allows all innocent delight,
 'Tis circumstance oft stamps it wrong or right.
 Thro' life, the timorous man, who, unobserv'd,
 Creeps quiet, from no social duty's swerv'd,
 Midst Honor's sons, as proudly as the best,
 May claim his right with private virtue blest;
 Let him write sonnets—trifle with his cat—
 Talk to his parrot, and—no matter what;
 He breaks no law, observes each just decree,
 A harmless member of society.

Not so with Warriors, Heroes, Princes, Kings,
 They e'er should soar on public virtue's wings;
 Launch'd into life, see thousands in their trains,
 Their will alone directs, their power maintains;
 When danger threatens the dependent herd,
 Their general good should only be prefer'd;
 From every heart he banish'd selfish thought,
 Who dares refuse—say—acts he as he ought?

Absorb'd in pleasure every man's a slave;
 'Tis glorious conquest forms the wise and brave—

*Absorb'd in pleasure every man's a fool ;
 When vicious habits make him Passion's tool.
 Left to himself, each man may act alone,
 His virtues and his vices are his own ;
 The pleasure his, whatever joy they bring ;
 The misery his, however sharp the sting ;
 The more extensive then a Prince's trust,
 More has he cause to act minutely just ;
 Think for himself *not first*, but last, of all,
 Rise with his people, for his people fall.
 And shall we say, when millions ask for aid,
 He's just whom Pleasure lures within her shade,
 'Cause private virtue in his bosom's sown,
 Buds in his heart, and blossoms round his throne ?*

REV. W. LIPSCOMB.

MR. LIPSCOMB, was of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where, in 1772, he obtained one of the Chancellor's prizes for his "Verses on the Beneficial Effects of Inoculation." In 1764, he took the degree of M.A., and the same year, published a volume of "Poems on various Subjects." He afterwards became Rector of Welbury, in Yorkshire, and Chaplain to the Earl of Darlington. His most considerable poetical undertaking was the completion and publication, in 1798, of "The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, in a Modern Version." In 1793, "Mr. Lipscomb's beautiful verses on the Beneficial Effects of Inoculation," as they are designated in the records of the Charity, were republished for the benefit of the Small Pox Hospital, and recited at the anniversary meeting of the Governors, at the London Tavern, by Mr. Palmer, of the Haymarket Theatre. The following lines are descriptive of the fatal ravages of the Small Pox on the first appearance of the disorder in the East :—

Those balmy gales, that whilom could dispense
 A thousand odours to the ravish'd sense,
 With fragrant coolness pleasing now no more,
 Spread through the tainted sky their deadly store ;
 With anxious fear the fainting mother press'd
 The smiling infant to her venom'd breast :
 The smiling babe, unconscious of his fate,
 Imbibed with greedy joy the baneful treat ;

Oft as the swain beneath the citron shade
 Pour'd his soft passion to the listening maid,
 Infection's poison hung on every breath,
 And each persuasive sigh was charged with death !

THOMAS WRIGHT.

THOMAS WRIGHT, an inditer of Hudibrastic rhymes, which made him well known in his native place, was born at Moulter-Hall, in Halifax, though in what year I have not learnt. He was brought up by an aunt, who sent him to the Free-school at Bradford; and, when he arrived at manhood, he enjoyed, for a time, a comfortable rural retirement, living on the income of a small estate, which he inherited from his ancestors. But marrying, in succession, two wives, who brought him nearly the patriarchal number of children, and having no profession or employment to which he could look for the maintenance of such a family, his friends procured for him the appointment of inspector of woollen cloths for the district where he resided. He died on the 5th of February, 1801. The work in connexion with which his name is introduced into these pages, is "A Familiar Religious Conversation in Verse," printed first in the author's life time, and again in 1812. It comprises six dialogues, each of considerable length, and in which the author and his interlocutors, discuss with abundant fluency those high themes which engaged Milton's "Stygian Council," as they have often done other and better disputants,

"Providence, fore knowledge, will, and fate,
 Fix'd fate, free will, fore-knowledge absolute;
 And found no end in wandering mazes lost."

It seems, that in the latter part of his life Mr. Wright joined the Methodists, whom he highly praises in one of his dialogues; indeed, the whole drift of his poem is the exposition and advocacy of Arminianism; and we are told that the publication of it "operated like an electric shock on the Calvinistic poetasters and pamphleteers of that day." Instead, however, of exposing myself or my readers to any danger of a shock, by bringing the positive and negative parts of so formidable a polemic battery into contact on my page, I shall merely give the poet's account of the parting of the

chief experimenters, after the crackling and flashing of their arguments in collision through one hundred and fifty pages.

Like brethren they did separate,
 And often have they met of late;
 Nor have they said a wrangling word;
 Nor hath a breath of passion stirr'd;
 Each by his own choice system steers,
 Nor with his neighbours interferes;
 A mutual kindness they display,
 And cheerfully hold on their way.
 I doubt not but at last they'll meet
 With saints around the Saviour's feet.
 Perhaps the Lord of all thinks fit
 These different systems to permit,
 That men at length may God's love prize,
 And true forbearance exercise.
 Oh! quickly may that time arrive,
 When men in Charity shall live.
 When all shall know Jehovah's name,
 And kindly think and speak the same.

REV. THOMAS ZOUCH, D.D.

THIS worthy, learned, and amiable divine, was born in his father's vicarage house at Sandal Magna, near Wakefield, September 12, 1737. The process of his education, commenced under the parental roof, was successfully carried on at the Grammar School of Wakefield, from which he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, of which, in 1763, he was chosen fellow, and seven years afterwards was presented to the rectory of Wycliff, in Yorkshire—the birth-place of the eminent reformer who thence derived his surname. In this retirement he continued until 1793, diligently performing the duties of a parish priest, and, at the same time, augmenting his knowledge of natural history, and cultivating his literary tastes: at that period he was appointed Chaplain to the Master of the Rolls, and rector of Scrayingham. By the death of his eldest brother, the Rev. Henry Zouch, he succeeded to an estate at Sandal, where he resided until his death, not without many conscientious misgivings on the score of non-residence at his living. In 1805, he was presented by Mr. Pitt, with a prebendal stall in the Cathedral of Durham; and in the same year he took the degree of

D.D. It was only by a firm and serious urging of *nolo episcopari* that he was not advanced to the mitre. He died in 1806; and in 1820, a memoir of his life, written with no cold appreciation of his learning and worth, appeared from the elegant pen of Archdeacon Wrangham. The works of Dr. Zouch, to the miscellaneous portion of which this interesting piece of biography is prefixed are, "The Crucifixion," a Seaton prize poem: various other college exercises in Greek, Latin, and English verse; Sermons and Essays on prophetic subjects; memoirs of Sir Philip Sydney, of John Sudbury, Dean of Durham; of Sir George Wheeler, and the Rev. John Clark—the last, was "The good school-master," under which he received in part, his tuition at Wakefield. In the indulgence of a spirit congenial with that of the most amiable of authors, he published editions of Isaac Walton's Love and Truth, and of his Lives, of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert. The following, which has been much admired, forms the conclusion of Dr. Zouch's Poem on "The Crucifixion," which consists of upwards of four hundred lines.

" ————— Dread Judge of all!
 Anointed King! Saviour of fallen man!
 All praise to Thee be given: ere time began
 Thou art, in thy unfathom'd essence veil'd
 Immense. But still Perfection deign'd to bear
 Th' infirmities of man: th' Eternal died,
 Th' Almighty suffer'd woe. All heaven beheld;
 And hymn'd in admiration's loudest notes
 Thee Crucified. Can aught of mortal song
 Equal thy glory whilst on earth? What tongue
 The congregated wonders of thy life
 Can speak? To thee shall wisdom yield her palm
 Of fame: in vain she boasts the letter'd art,
 And all the mazy folly of the schools,
 Socratic knowledge or the Stagyrte's pomp
 Of idle speculation. King of Kings!
 O let thy bright example rouse the soul
 To meek humility! Great Intercessor!
 Pour on thy meanest supplicant the boon
 Of pardon and remission. Wean his mind
 From earth-bred care. When the grim hand of death
 Shall snatch me weary to the darksome grave;
 When the last trumpet's sound shall shake this globe,
 And desolation urn yon disrob'd worlds,
 Oh smile forgiveness. At that awful hour,
 Propitious chase away the fears that fright
 The fluttering soul, nor let thy blood in vain

Drop from the Cross! The while may Reason guide
 My every wish! may true Religion strew
 Life's varied path! 'tis hers to wipe the tear
 From Sorrow's eye, to light the lamp of Hope;
 From Revelation's copious fount to pour
 The streams of comfort, peace, and holy love."

JOSEPH MATHER.

A MAN of a widely different order to the subject of the last article, demands a passing notice, not, indeed, for the merit of his verses, but because hundreds, not to say thousands, of individuals recognised in him the first local poet of Sheffield. Joseph Mather was an itinerant ballad-monger, who composed, and sung his rude, and not always un-smutched rhymes, in the streets, alehouses, and villages; and to this day, many elderly persons identify with their remembrance of the last "Sheffield Races," in 1781, the grotesque appearance of "old Mather," who, mounted on a *cow*, instead of his well-known rosinante, was present singing and selling his doggrel songs. He had, in early life, been a Methodist, but was inveigled into a public house, and the consequent disgrace of his religious profession, by a trick which he describes in one of his compositions; but there was penitence in his latter days, and hope in his death, which took place in June, 1804. Two small fasciculi of his songs—coarse enough, at best, and probably not improved by those persons from whose lips the printer mostly collected them,—were published some years ago. Almost the only one of them, which it is not more or less painful to recal, was written on the gibbeting of Frank Fearn, on a bleak moor, called Loxley-Edge, in March, 1782, for the deliberate murder of Nathan Andrews, a respectable watchmaker of Sheffield.

Last Easter Sunday, with bat-stick and trip,
 To Pitsmoor, Sirs, I did eagerly skip,
 But soon got fast in a quick-set hedge;
 A methodist preacher, good-natured and stout,
 Took hold of my shoulders, and lifted me out,
 And said—young man, take advice from a stranger,
 Permit me with freedom to tell thee thy danger,—
 Thou art on the road to Loxley-Edge.

I found a desire on that point to be clear,
 So I ask'd him how he could make it appear,
 Since I had my face towards Washford Bridge ;
 Says he—I have visited many a cell,
 And heard malefactors repeatedly tell,
 That breaking the Sabbath does often contribute,
 To lead to the gallows,—from thence to the gibbet—
 So thou'rt in the road to Loxley-Edge.

Whilst thou art transgressing the laws of the Lord,
 And murdering the time set apart for His Word,
 Thou may'st be assured thy soul is in pledge,
 Thy heart will grow harder and harder each day,
 Thy light become darkness ; and thou wilt give way
 To Satan's temptations, and subtle seduction,
 Until thou art ripe for the pit of destruction,
 So thou'rt in the way to Loxley-Edge.

If thou wouldst be happy, my council embrace,
 And frequent the means of instruction and grace,
 That I may nothing against thee alledge ;
 Beseech the Almighty to plow up thy heart,
 To take away sin, and his Spirit impart ;
 Had Fearnè ta'en this method, his life had not ended
 At Tyburn, near York ; nor in chains been suspended,
 'Twixt heaven and earth upon Loxley-Edge.

JOHN SMITH.

THIS person, of a genius somewhat kindred with that of Mather, and engaged in some of the Sheffield handicrafts, published in 1821, a little volume of comic songs, hardly superior in any respect, to those last mentioned ; and like them once a good deal sung in alehouses, as well by the author as by other individuals. The following is the first stanza of the most popular of these songs :—

Sam Firth to Rotherham statutes went
 With Grace from Birley Moor ;
 With Rachel Stones and Esther Dent,
 Who ne'er had been before :
 "Where now ?" cried Jonas Bradbury,
 Sam happen'd to turn his back,
 Lid Grub and Dinah Dewsbury,
 Roll'd up with Jacob Slack. &c.

H

I am tempted to name, although to do so, is to "travel out of the record," Mr. Battye, who, for many years used to amuse the "Master Cutler" and his guests at the annual Corporation dinner, with his own compositions in rhyme. Charles, the last Duke of Norfolk but one, who did not consider that a humorous song spoiled the flavour of good wine at a Sheffield "Cutlers' Feast," was occasionally entertained by this successful rival of old Mather. It may be mentioned that hundreds of persons who never listened to the recitations of "Billy Battye" in the Cutlers' Hall, were once witnesses of a more memorable feat on his part—namely, that before the vane-staff was placed on the lofty spire of the Parish Church, then undergoing repair, he climbed by the scaling ladders, and standing on the apex, 180 feet from the ground, there played a tune on the French horn! While on the subject of Sheffield poets, I may here mention that Mr. Hunter in his "South Yorkshire," p. p. 198, 199, gives a very pleasing extract from a poem, entitled, "Thoughts on Happiness," by the Rev. Francis Homfray, formerly of Oriel College, Oxford; and a still longer, but equally sweet specimen of an unpublished piece, written about 1740, by Mr. Godfrey Bosville, of Gunthwaite, and entitled "The Moors"—I wish I had space to copy both pieces. Mr. Homfray thus alludes to the scenes where his earliest years were passed:

Dear to my childhood were the banks of Don;
As year to year succeeding passes on,
And memory still is adding to her store
Of hoarded sweets, she never charms me more
Than when she leads me, or by day or dream,
Through the wild beauties of my native stream:
From Wharnccliffe Wood, where, yet unknown to fame,
The moorland torrent falls without a name;
To where the Loxley, down his shelving bed,
Rolls to the Don, his waters tinged with red. &c.

JOHN NESBITT WHITE.

JOHN NESBITT WHITE, although not a native of Yorkshire, nor even of England, is nevertheless entitled to a passing notice. He was born at Calcutta, August 16th, 1788; at a very early age his parents sent him to London, where he

was placed under the care of his grandfather, J. White, Esq., of Lower Brook-street, Grosvenor square; but this gentleman dying in July, 1795, about two years after young White's arrival in this country, the direction of his education devolved upon his god-father, G. Thompson, Esq., of Penton Lodge, in Hampshire, and at this place—which is repeatedly mentioned in his poems—his summer vacations were spent till his parents arrived in England, in the year 1801.

In May, 1794, when scarcely six years of age, he was sent to the school of Dr. Horne, at Chiswick, where he remained until Midsummer, 1804. After leaving Dr. Horne, to whom the grateful pupil addressed a farewell Elegy, he came to his parents, who then resided in Doncaster. The summer months of this year he employed in visiting his friends, and in October, he was placed under the care of the Rev. R. Evans, of Everton, in Nottinghamshire, preparatory to prosecuting his studies at Cambridge: alarming symptoms of indisposition, however, compelled him to return home. His complaint (phthisis pulmonalis) rendering it advisable to try a change of air, it was determined that he should make a voyage to the Madeiras. With this view, he set off, accompanied by his parents, and reached Matlock, in Derbyshire, on the 5th of August, 1805; when the sudden rupture of a blood vessel on the very evening of his arrival, terminated his life. He was buried in the Church of Adwick-le-Street, about four miles from Doncaster, and a marble tablet inscribed with some beautiful and appropriate lines from Thomson's "Winter," is erected to his memory. A small volume of his poems was printed in 1806, but never circulated beyond the private circle of his family and friends; and the foregoing brief account of Mr. White, is abridged from a biographical sketch prefixed to that work, from the pen of the late Rev. Dr. Inchbald—a name, in other respects, not inappropriately here introduced among those of the *chori vatum* of Yorkshire, as his graphic lines descriptive of the Old Grammar School, at Sheffield, where he was once a pupil, sufficiently testify. The pieces in the volume are about forty in number: a few of them are Latin compositions: others apparently imitations of the style of Gray and Collins: several on passing subjects addressed to "Charlotte;" some, perhaps on the whole the best, are of a patriotic character. Amongst the latter, are the following lines written in 1802, pending that political catastrophe,

which gave birth to Montgomery's celebrated poem, "The Wanderer of Switzerland :"—

AN EXHORTATION TO THE SWISS.

Helvetia hail ! exert thy wonted powers,
 By force of arms defend thy ancient towers ;
 Though Gallia's host thy fertile land invades,
 Though mighty armies tread thy verdant glades,
 And o'er thy mountains dreadful carnage spread,
 Numbering thy bravest subjects with the dead—
 From foreign foes thy ancient rights protect ;
 Maintain thy country's liberty ! reflect !
 For these of old, thy father's scorn'd to yield
 To Roman prowess, in the hostile field ;
 For these, thy TELL, despised base Gessler's pride,
 And all his arts of cruelty defied—
 Resolved his native freedom, and his laws
 To save, or perish in so dear a cause.
 —Will ye their sons to servile yokes succeed ?
 Will ye submit to Gallia's upstart breed ?
 Shall all their toils, their efforts, and their pain,
 Shall all their blood for you be spent in vain ?
 No ! let each true Helvetian rather cry
 "We'll bravely conquer, or we'll nobly die."

NATHANIEL TUCKER, M.D.

DR. TUCKER, who practised as a physician, first at Malton, and afterwards, for twenty-two years, in Hull, was born in Bermuda. Previously to his becoming a medical student at Edinburgh, he wrote a poem called "The Bermudian," which was printed in 1774, and has been complimented in an elegant sonnet, by Dr. Heeley. "This poem breathes throughout that pure spirit of mildness and benevolence which so strikingly characterised the habits and life of its author." In 1776 he published "The Anchoret," a poem. Dr. Tucker died in 1807, aged 57. A second edition of "The Bermudian" was published at Hull, by his widow, in the following year.

"The Bermudian" contains 332 lines in the style of the following passage, which, although like the remainder, smoothly versified, and indicative of an amiable mind, presents nothing beyond, perhaps, a single word, to remind us

that the scene is laid, not in England, but in another zone—in a spot, where, as “tuneful Waller” sings, he found

“So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
None sickly lives, or dies before his time;
Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurs’d,
To shew how all things were created first.”

The author is viewing in retrospect the home of his nativity:—

Beneath my bending eye, serenely neat,
Appears my ever-blest paternal seat,
Far in the front the level lawn extends,
The zephyrs play, the nodding cypress bends;
A little hillock stands on either side,
O’erspread with evergreens, the garden’s pride.
Promiscuous here appears the blushing rose,
The guava flourishes, the myrtle grows,
Upon the surface earth-born woodbines creep,
O’er the green beds painted nasturtians peep,
Their arms aloft triumphant lilacs bear,
And jessamines perfume the ambient air.
The whole is from an eminence display’d,
Where the brown olive lends his pensive shade,
When zephyrs there the noon-tide heat assuage,
Oft have I turn’d the meditative page,
And calmly read the lingering hours away,
Securely shelter’d from the blaze of day.
At eve refresh’d, I trod the mazy walk,
And bade the minutes pass in cheerful talk,
With many a joke my brothers would assail,
Or cheer my sisters with the comic tale;
While both fond parents, pleased, the group survey’d,
Attentive heard, and smiled at all they said.
—Thrice happy seat! here once were centred all
That bind my heart to this terrestrial ball;
The sight of these each gloomy thought destroys,
And ties my soul to sublunary joys!

SAMUEL PARSONS.

I MAY notice, as printed at York, in 1822, a half crown’s worth of “Poetical Trifles, being a collection of songs, and Fugitive Pieces, by S. Parsons, late of the Theatre Royal, York: with a sketch of the life of the author.” It appears from this “sketch” that the author’s father “was a singing

man, and teacher of the boys in Lincoln Minster. I was," adds he, "born on Jan. 18th, 1762: in the course of the next month, it may be in the recollection of some, or according to chronological account, occurred the *great snow*, which lasted for eighteen days." Having from boyhood undergone most of the forms of privation and vicissitude incident to the life of a strolling player, he finally settled in York, where, in his sixtieth year, and to enable him "to keep the wolf from the door," a number of his theatrical friends induced him to publish these "Trifles" by subscription. The preface describes him as "Parsons, late of our Theatre Royal, and for years an itinerant actor and poet of good repute." Upon how frail a basis the editor has rested the latter epithet, will be seen by the following verses:—

THE MAID OF THE WOLD.

Alone, now I range o'er the plains,
 Since she that I love's far away,
 No pastime I find with the swains,
 But pensive and lonely I stray:
 So tedious the day glides along,
 Now I cannot my charmer behold,
 But the theme that shall fill up my song,
 Is the lovely sweet maid of the Wold.

Ye hills and ye dales, catch the sound,
 And bear it away through the air,
 On Zephyr's soft wing float around,
 And whisper the strain to my fair;
 Oh, say how her absence I mourn,
 How I long her dear face to behold,
 With what rapture I'd hail the return
 Of my lovely sweet maid of the Wold.

No pleasure without her I find,
 Her presence made gladsome the day,
 Her looks were so lovely and kind,
 They banish'd all sorrow away;
 To my arms the dear fair one restore,
 Oh! let me her once more behold,
 I would part with my Stella no more,
 My lovely sweet maid of the Wold.

J. TYSON.

IN 1790, a volume appeared, under the title of "The Poetical Works of J. Tyson, Grammarian and Mathematician, Leeds." I have not seen it; but I presume the author was a schoolmaster; he dates his dedication to the Rev. R. Scott, M.A., of Kirby Ravensworth, from "Boar-lane, Leeds." There is a paraphrastic translation by him of Metastasio's Hymn to Venus in *Gents. Mag.* vol. lx., p. 356, beginning:—

"Clothed with splendour from above,
Come, great Venus, Queen of Love;
Gentle Venus, formed to bless—
Gods and men thy power confess, &c.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

OF the time or place of Mr. Elliott's birth, I am not exactly informed, but he was of Scotch extraction. About fifty years ago, he kept a hardware shop, and had a small iron foundry at Rotherham. He attended the Calvinist Chapel in the suburbs of that town; and was always understood to entertain strong doctrinal notions, which, co-existing with a vigorous but peculiar tone of mind, made him to be regarded as an odd man. In 1792, he published a poetical "Paraphrase of the Book of Job, agreeable to the meaning of the sacred text." This work, he tells the reader, is "the product of a few leisure hours, put into his hands, in the providence of God, by the hypocritical conduct and apparent malice of some who pretended to hold the doctrines of the Gospel." At the close of a preface sufficiently querulous, but in which the author distinctly recognises the importance of a "knowledge of Christ according to the Scriptures, for ourselves as the standard or criterion of an interest in his merit and blood," it is asserted that "the Calvinist, Methodist, Quaker, Presbyterian, Independent, or those who on this side the Tweed call themselves Presbyterians, and every other name of deceit, have all their tenets in the greatest perfection in the speeches of those four men, Eliphaz, Bildad, Zophar, and Elihu." Mr. Elliott afterwards attended

the Unitarian Chapel, though he called himself a "Berean." Failing in business, he left Rotherham and went to reside at Smithy-place, near Holmfirth, where he died July 13, 1822, in the 74th year of his age, and was interred at Honley. He had three sons and three daughters, most of whom appeared to inherit more or less of their father's character; one of them—Ebenezer, the celebrated "Corn Law Rhymers," has won for himself a reputation which must render of increasing value even this slight notice of his paternal namesake. The following lines are not discreditable either to the poetry or the piety of the Rotherham hardwareman.

"I know that after mortal life is o'er,
 My flesh shall rest in dust and rise no more.
 Until the heav'ns are dissolv'd, and then
 My flesh shall rise with thee, my God, to reign.
 O that thou would'st my prayer hear, and hide
 Me in the grave, where my flesh shall abide
 And rest secure until thy wrath is past,
 Until I hear the joyful trumpet's blast.
 Yet, eager as I am to quit this state,
 All my appointed time I'll meekly wait,
 Until my FATHER shall appoint my change.
 Tho' you, my friends, perhaps may think it strange,
 To hear me talk of living after death;
 We part not with existence with our breath,
 We only die to live in joy or pain;
 For God will surely raise all flesh again."

BEILBY PORTEUS, D.D.

THIS highly esteemed Bishop of London, was born at York, May 3rd, 1731, and was the youngest but one of nineteen children. His parents were natives of Virginia, in North America, and were respectively descended from good families, who had emigrated from Britain. His father followed no profession, but lived on his estate till 1720, when induced by declining health, and a desire of procuring for his children a good education, he came to England, and took up his abode at York, where he resided for some years, but afterwards removed to Ripon, in which city he died, August 8th, 1757, at the age of 79, and was interred in the Cathedral there. Having attended school, at York, till he was 13

years of age, young Porteus was sent to Ripon, and placed under the care of Mr. Hyde, and from thence he went to Cambridge, where, by the recommendation of his elder brother, Mr. Robert Porteus, he was admitted a sizer at Christ's College. In 1752, he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and obtained the second gold medal instituted by his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, as the reward of eminence in classical literature. In the spring of the same year, he was chosen Fellow of his College, and took up his residence at Cambridge. In 1754 he was summoned into Yorkshire to attend the death-bed of his mother; and on his return to College, he found that, without his knowledge, his friends had solicited and obtained for him the situation of Esquire Beadle. He kept it, however, little more than two years; having determined to make up the deficiency in his income in a way more agreeable to himself, by taking private pupils. Soon after his ordination, Mr. Porteus printed an excellent sermon, in answer to an infidel publication, entitled "The History of the Man after God's own Heart," and about the same period, obtained the Seatonian prize for his celebrated poem on "Death." Early in 1762, Abp. Secker, as a token of his admiration of the sermon just alluded to, made him one of his domestic chaplains. On the 13th of May, 1765, he married Margaret, eldest daughter of Brian Hodgson, Esq., of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, and in the same year was presented to two small livings in Kent, which he soon resigned for the Rectory of Hunston, in the same county, in addition to a Peterborough prebend. In 1767, he obtained also the Rectory of Lambeth, and shortly after took his degree of D.D. In 1768, Abp. Secker died, and Dr. Porteus and Dr. Stinton were left joint executors, with power to publish or otherwise dispose of his MSS. In the faithful discharge of this duty, Dr. Porteus paid his parting tribute of love and reverence to his benefactor in the popular "Review of his Life and Character." In 1769, he was appointed Chaplain to the King (Geo. III.) and soon afterwards Master of the Hospital of St. Cross, near Winchester, where he resided occasionally for some years. At length, without solicitation, or even expectation on his part, he was raised first to the see of Chester, and afterwards, in 1787, to that of London. Bishop Porteus died May 13th, 1809, aged 78 years. His relict survived him about six years, and died in April, 1815. Porteus's poem on "Death" is so well known, as almost to preclude the necessity of giving an extract.

ENVY.

First Envy, eldest born of Hell, embrued
 Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of men
 To make a death which Nature never made,
 And God abhorred, with violence rude to break
 The thread of life, ere half its length was run,
 And rob a wretched brother of his being.
 With joy Ambition saw, and soon improved
 The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
 By subtle fraud to snatch a single life,
 Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
 To sate the lust of power; more horrid still,
 The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
 Became its boast.—One murder made a villain
 Millions a hero.—Princes were privileged
 To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
 Ah! why will kings forget that they are men!
 And men that they are brethren? Why delight
 In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
 Of nature, that should knit their souls together
 In one soft bond of amity and love?
 Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
 Inhumanly ingenious to find out
 New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
 Artificers of Death! Still monarchs dream
 Of universal empire growing up
 From universal ruin.—Blast the design
 Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
 Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!

JOSEPH BLACKET.

JOSEPH BLACKET was born in 1786, at Tunstall, a small village near Riehmood, in Yorkshire, at which place his father was a day labourer. At eleven years of age young Blacket was sent up to London, and placed with his brother, who was a ladies' shoemaker: his lot in this respect resembling that of Robert Bloomfield. When about twelve years old, he was taken by a juvenile companion to see Kemble perform Richard the Third, at Drury-lane Theatre. Previously to this, he had neither read nor seen a play, but henceforth Shakspeare became his idol; speaking of himself he says "I robbed the pillow of its due, and, in the summer season, would read till the sun had far retired, then wait

with anxious expectation for his earliest gleam, to discover to my enraptured fancy the sublime beauties of that great master;" in short, he became irrecoverably a poet, and aspired to shine as a dramatic writer: "his eagerness on this occasion," says Mr. Pratt, his editor and biographer, was pushed to such extremity, that something of the dramatic kind pervades the whole mass of his papers. I have traced it on bills, receipts, on the backs of letters, shoe patterns, slips of paper hanging, grocery wrappers, magazine covers, battalion orders for the volunteer corps of St. Pancras, in which he served, and on various other scraps on which his ink could scarcely be made to retain the impression of his thoughts; yet most of them crowded on both sides, and much interlined." In 1810, a small volume, entitled "Specimens of Mr. Blacket's poetical talents," was printed and circulated amongst persons likely to patronize its interesting author. Amongst those who interested themselves most warmly in his behalf were the Duchess of Leeds, Lady Milbank, the Rev. F. Wrangham, afterwards Archdeacon of Cleveland, and Mr. Pratt, whose name is well known to most readers. The last named gentleman zealously befriended Blacket through life, and after his death published his "Remains," in two vols., 8vo., for the benefit of his orphan child. The list of respectable names attached to the work is honourable to all parties. As a specimen of his poetry, I copy the following verses from "Reason's Address to the Poet," composed when the author was sighing to leave the cobbler's seat for a more congenial situation.

Child of mischance! by fortune's favourites spurn'd,
 At distance from the good, the truly great,
 In broken accents my hard lot I mourn'd,
 In sighs lamented my unhappy fate.

By woes surrounded, and by cares oppress'd,
 The infant products of my pen unknown;
 No friendly voice to soothe my troubled breast,
 All hopes of happiness, of comfort, flown.

Then as my daring pen the task resumed,
 When my proud bosom felt renew'd desire
 To paint distress, and my bold hand presumed
 To touch the chords of the dramatic lyre,

Sudden, a voice arrested my design,
 And, clad in bright effulgence, at my side
 Appear'd a form, majestic and divine;
 'Twas Reason's self! and thus the goddess cried:

'Hold! inconsiderate—tempt the task no more;
 For freezing Indigence, with icy hand,
 Grasps coldly those who dare, like thee, explore
 The scene where fairy-fancy waves her wand.

'Why should ambition prompt thee to pursue
 The dangerous path which leads to laurel'd fame,
 Since sad experience daily brings to view
 The varied perils which attend a name.

'Say, what's the flatt'ring panegyrist's praise,
 Or what the plaudits of the changeful crowd;
 Who with one hand presents a crown of bays,
 And with the other stretches forth a shroud.

'The wreaths Parnassian like meteors fade,
 Tainted by venom'd envy's poisonous breath;
 And soaring merit strives to clasp a shade,
 In life scarce noted, and unknown in death!

Blacket died at Seaham, of a decline, August 23rd, 1810, at the early age of 24. His grave in the Churchyard there, is marked by a plain monument, erected principally under the direction of his friend and patroness, Miss Milbank, the lady who was afterwards the wife of Lord Byron, and bearing the following inscription from one of his own poems:—

“ Shut from the light, 'mid awful gloom,
 Let clay-cold honour rest in state;
 And, from the decorated tomb
 Receive the tributes of the great:
 Let me, when bade with life to part,
 And in my narrow mansion sleep,
 Receive a tribute from the heart,
 Nor bribe one sordid eye to weep.”

BENJAMIN THOMPSON.

THIS celebrated translator of German dramatic literature into English, was the son of Alderman B. B. Thompson, a timber merchant of Hull, where our author was born, March 10, 1774. Having been sent, when about fifteen years of age, to finish his education in Germany, he acquired a critical knowledge of the language of that country, and became especially familiar with the beauties of the unfortunate Kotzebue, whose celebrated play of “The Stranger” he translated soon after his return to England. Being

unsuccessful in his original business, and also in a laudable attempt to naturalize the breed of Merino sheep, he went to London and became an author by profession, publishing besides various other works of a similar class, six volumes of translations, under the title of "The German Theatre." His other productions were not numerous, consisting only of some Imitations of Gellert, which first appeared in the *Hull Advertiser*, in 1798, under the signature of "Hugo," "The Recall of Momus, a Bagatelle;" "Godolphin, or the Lion of the North," a drama: and "Oberon's Oath, or the Paladin and the Princess, a melo-dramatic romance," founded on a piece of Wieland. Mr. Thompson died in London, May 25, 1816. The following lines are from the "Imitations of Gellert," for the use of a copy of which I am indebted to the kindness of a member of the author's family:—

SUICIDE!

For your instruction, oh! unguarded youth,
I sing, alas, a melancholy truth;
To you the power of Cupid I'll impart,
Learn from my tale to shun the urchin's dart.
I knew an upright venerable sage,
Blest with a son, the comfort of his age;
This son, whose virtues fail'd not to excite
In all around him wonder and delight,
The sweet, enchanting Caroline adored,
And at her feet for mutual love implored,
In vain. For though his sufferings she survey'd,
Inflexible remain'd the cruel maid.
"Enough!" cried he, "'Tis but a moment's pain,
"Ne'er shalt thou hear this hated voice again."
Forth from his side the glittering sword he drew;
Aloft he held it, horrible to view;
The edge, the point, he eyed with looks of death,
And then—return'd it calmly to the sheath!

Mr. Frost mentions as a native of Hull, Hugh Ker Foster, who published anonymously in 1828, a small volume entitled "Parnassian Leaves;" containing Hal Denys' Wanderings, and other Poems;" also Thomas Hodgson, of the same town, author of "Poems, by Nobody, jun." I have not been able to obtain a sight of the productions of either of these individuals.

ROBERT BARNARD.

WAS a member of the "Society of Friends," and called himself the "Poet Laureate" of Sheffield, where he resided, as a dealer in the staple wares of that town, and in the newspapers of which place, about 1790, he published a variety of fugitive pieces. Some of these contained passages not very complimentary to the town; for instance, he declares, and not without truth, that the atmosphere is sometimes so filled with the smoke arising from the manufactures, that the sun looks "like a copper shield:" with less justice he thus describes the colour of the countenances of the fair sex of his native place:—

"Should Venus give the promise of a rose,
The breath of Vulcan blasts it ere it blows;
Roots up the lily from its native bed
And plants the sickly crocus in its stead."

In 1816, he published, at Colebrook Dale, near Bridgenorth, where he then resided, "A Wreath from the Wilderness; being a Selection from the Metrical Arrangements of *Accola Montis Amœni*." This work comprises a considerable number of poems on various subjects, mostly in a neat and flowing style of versification, including six elegies, entitled "Biblos; or The Book" sketching many of the illustrious characters mentioned in the Histories of the Old and New Testament. In a concise, but neat preface, we are told, that the motive which urged the author to print this selection of his unpublished poems was, a desire to vindicate his name from those careless and incorrect transcripts that had been made from the manuscripts with which he had favoured some of his friends—an amiable ambition, and such as every honourable mind may justifiably indulge.

Mr. Barnard's numbers have been allowed generally to evince purity of sentiment, correct and classical taste, and in some instances even energy and harmony of expression. The first poem in the "Wreath" is entitled "Ackworth School"—an Institution well known, and the extensive and beneficial effects of which, seem well worthy of the muse which has sung them. From this piece, as connected by its subject with Yorkshire, I have selected the following lines, in which the scite and aspect of Ackworth are sketched with much spirit:—

"Where Pomfret's tower in feudal grandeur stood,
 Conscious of midnight wrong, and dark with blood,
 Now Crocus* purples o'er th' autumnal fields,
 And juice balsamic Glycyrrhiza yields.
 South-west from hence, what a short league may seem,
 Where the broad garden drinks the noon-day beam,
 There *Ackworth* rises: whose firm walls display
 No ornament which taste could wish away;
 Convenience, chiefly, was the builder's aim,
 Yet, at his bidding, strength with beauty came.
Ackworth! no longer bends thine ample bow
 In vacant elegance, and idle show,
 Since to thy courts another race is given,
 Avow'd by chastity, the care of heaven,
 Free from reproach, from every blemish free,
 Untainted scions from the nuptial tree.

Ye tender lambs! new to the world's alarms,
 Now *Ackworth* spreads for you her matron arms,
 Bids innocence your early steps await,
 And safely keep for you her guarded gate.
 But when, the shielded years of childhood o'er,
Ackworth shall bear you on her breast no more,
 The world and its allurements you shall find
 To burst, a torrent, on th' unpractised mind:
 O! in that hour, with strong temptation fraught,
 Remember *Ackworth*, and what *Ackworth* taught,
 Look to that God who gave your morning light,
 So may He guide your mid-day steps aright,
 So may He lead, through life's precarious way,
 To the bright evening of a well-spent day.

SARAH PEARSON.

MISS PEARSON was a native of Sheffield, where she died May 21, 1833, at the age of 65. She published, says the *Cambridge Review*, "a thin quarto volume of poems, dedicated by permission to the Countess Fitzwilliam, in 1790, which was honoured with the names of not less than a thousand subscribers: and about ten years afterwards, she presented the public with another small collection: also with a novel in three volumes, entitled 'The Medallion,' dedicated by permission, to his present Majesty, [George

* "*Crocus Officinalis*, or the Autumnal Crocus, grows wild, and the Liquorice Plant (*Glycyrrhiza*) is much cultivated for sale in the neighbourhood of Pomfret; each of these plants indicates a deep and rich soil."

IVth.] when Prince of Wales. Her verse is generally smooth, and occasionally elegant. The following 'Sonnet to the Setting Sun,' is among her happiest pieces—but we speak only of the ideas and language, for she has neglected, in common with too many self-styled *Sonnet*-writers, the structure and cadence of the legitimate and regular Sonnet."

Parent of Beauty! oft as I behold
 The veil of evening thy resplendence shroud,
 See thee empurple yon slow-sailing cloud
 And o'er the ocean shower a paler gold ;
 And from this height discern a deeper hue
 Steal o'er yon wood, checking the linnet's lay,
 Hear its mellifluous cadence die away,
 And mark the rock-rose drop beneath the dew ;
 The grandeur of his powerful hand I own,
 Who clothes in amber light thy morning throne,
 And bids thee in the zenith radiant shine ;
 But when from western skies thy beauty flows,
 His mercy in thy soften'd splendour glows,
 And fills my pensive soul with love divine !

EBENEZER RHODES.

MR. RHODES was less known, even in the town where he spent the greater part of his life, for any of his compositions in verse, than for his two elegant quarto volumes, descriptive of "Peak Scenery," illustrated by engravings after drawings by the late Sir Francis Chantrey. This is, indeed, one of the most delightful books of its class, the author having brought descriptive powers of a highly accomplished order to bear upon his almost life-long explorations of a striking portion of one of the most picturesquely diversified counties in England. Mr. Rhodes was born at Masbrough, a suburb of Rotherham, formerly famous for the cannon-foundry of the Messrs. Walkers. Being apprenticed to one of the staple trades of Sheffield, where he ultimately attained to the distinction of "Master" of the Corporation of Cutlers, his acquaintance with players led him to attempt dramatic composition, and, in 1790, he published "Alfred," in connexion with some smaller poems. The "Cambridge Review," which comprises the name of Mr. Rhodes in an article on "Sheffield Poetry," says that he courted the muse

from his youth ; but Alfred was too mighty for his genius. In the selection of such a subject, he evinced a noble daring, but, unacquainted with the extent of his own powers, and consequently his incompetency for the task, he undertook a work, for the execution of which he was unequal, and failed no less in the plan than in the execution. The youthful aspirant might, however, have consoled himself in the sympathies of his failure, with recollecting that the names of such experienced versifiers as Blackmore, Pye, and Cottle were inscribed with scarcely more credit on their respective essays on the same theme : " indeed, the little success which has attended the recent publication of Mr. Fitchetts' poem spoken of by the late Dr. Drake, while in MS., as a " stupendous and beautiful performance," appears to lessen one's confidence in the belief of poets and the assurance of reviewers, that " Alfred" is equally well adapted to be made the hero of an English poem, as he is likely long to remain the popular favourite of the English historian.

The subjoined stanza from an " Ode to Poesy" will indicate what, indeed, after-efforts abundantly confirmed, that Mr. Rhodes was less deficient in vigour of expression, than tenderness of feeling :—

" Then lead me near some winding stream,
Whose surface, ruffled by the breeze,
Reflects chaste Dian's silver beam,
Faintly beheld through shadowy trees :
Then as I view, with joy serene,
The beauties of this tranquil scene ;
If contrast aid the powers of rhyme,
'To make the beautiful sublime—
Bid the hoarse thunder loudly roar,
And driving clouds invest the skies ;
While swelling torrents round me pour
From rugged rocks their fresh supplies ;
Which bursting on the plains below,
The lightning's transient flashes shew,
Unfolding to th' astonish'd sight
A cataract of foaming light—
Be scenes like these thy suppliant's award !
And give thine other stores to some more happy bard."

JOHN RICHARDSON.

BORN on "Tyne's fair banks," in 1750, Mr. Richardson, who had previously been in the army, became Master of the Free School, in Sheffield Park. He was Paymaster Sergeant from the raising of the corps of the "Loyal Independent Sheffield Volunteers;" and in 1796, published "Poems on various Occasions," a small volume, which, appearing simultaneously with the "Prison Amusements," and at half the price: written, moreover, by a loyal soldier, and inscribed to Colonel Athorpe, for an alleged libel, on whom Montgomery had been fined and imprisoned, our author wondered why his townsman's book sold and his own did not: the public did not participate in the surprise. Mr. Richardson was a worthy man, and long survived his physical ability to conduct the School: he died Sept. 19, 1840, in the 91st year of his age; thus verifying the proverbial longevity of Schoolmasters.

THE HAPPY SWAIN.

Recall'd from the brink of despair,
As light as a feather my mind;
Dissolved in the winds all my care,
Now *Phyllis* has vow'd to be kind.

As blithsome, and cheerful as May,
Together we range o'er the green;
Her beauties I pipe all the day,—
Embrace her at night as my queen.

Such innocent fondness, ye swains,
The great ones are strangers unto;
And kings, (for we live on the plains)
But rarely such happiness knew.—

If daisies I pluck for her hair,
Or bil-berries bring from the rocks;
She smiles a reward, the sweet fair!
And welcomes me back to the flocks.

A wreath, now my charmer has wove,
Of myrtles, and woodbines, and bays;
Fond token of conjugal love,
And, "take it my Shepherd," she says.

As muse, she engages my song,
My hours now are happily spent;
The Shepherds I'm envied among,
But care not—I'm wed to CONTENT.

FRANCIS GIBSON.

MR. GIBSON was born at Whitby, in 1752, and after an education under Mr. Charlton, the learned historian of his native town, and subsequently spending some years in a sea-faring life, for which he appears to have had no great predilection, he returned to Whitby, and was, in 1787, appointed Collector of Customs at that port. At an early age, Mr. Young says, (*Hist. Whitby*, ii., 871) he discovered a turn for poetry, and his friends were often gratified with the effusions of his muse; but the chief production of his genius is a play entitled "*Streanshall Abbey, or the Danish Invasion*," which was first acted at Whitby, in 1799, and often since. It met with great applause, to which the patriotic sentiments which it breathes, and which were then deemed so seasonable, contributed not a little. A small volume of Mr. Gibson's poetical pieces was published by subscription, after his death, which occurred July 24, 1805. He was also the author of two or three prose works of acknowledged merit. The events of the play above-named are supposed to have happened in the ninth century, in the reign of Alfred the Great, when the ravages of the Danes were severely felt in the northern parts of England. The scene lies alternately at Mulgrave Castle, Streanshall, or Whitby Abbey, and the adjacent coast. The performance of a play on the spot where ancient ruins, living names, and familiar places, seem to attest the realities of the poet's story, may easily be conceived to give a lively, local interest to that which would meet with a cold reception in any other place. The following is the soliloquy of Sir Piers, of Grosmount, in a vale near Streanshall Abbey:—

When Nature form'd her works, she sow'd the germs
 Ev'n of her own destruction, and ambition
 Prepares her stings for those who own her power:
 Bland as the smiles of ever-cheering hope,
 The pangsful traveller she beckons on
 To the exalted object of his view,
 Which, ever and anon, he fondly thinks
 Within his eager grasp; but once attain'd,
 Instead of down he finds a thorny pillow,
 And learns, too late, that virtue gives repose
 To harmless innocence on beds of straw.
 —O why, O Virtue; did I quit thy paths?

'Tis true I'm Lord of Grosmount! oh! but how?—
 Awaken'd conscience sternly lays before me
 A fatal scroll—in characters of blood,—
 Of brother's blood! O agonising thought!
 Which all the tears of my remaining life,
 Though spent in actions of severest penance,
 Can never wash away.—I'll think no more—
 No more anticipate the dreadful hour,
 When mercy must give place to stern ey'd justice—
 What's won shall be enjoyed. But soft—the sun
 Glances obliquely on the western tower,
 And marks the time I fix'd to meet Lupino,
 That vile, detested agent of ambition,
 Whose sight my spirit holds in deep abhorrence;
 And yet, why should I, since this tool of wealth
 Like me is steep'd in guilt?—but lo! he comes.

WILLIAM WATKINS.

I AM indebted to the History of Whitby, by the Rev. G. Young, for this notice of the life, and to that gentleman's personal kindness for the annexed specimen of the poetry of Mr. Watkins. He was born at Whitby in 1755, and being also educated at the same school, became an intimate friend of the gentleman last mentioned; his learning, however, was more extensive, and his writings more voluminous. Of his earliest poetical pieces, "Athelgiva" was published in 1778; "The Sailor," and "The Apology" in 1782; and "Concy and Adelaide," in 1784. In the same year he published a series of Essays, after the manner of the Spectator, entitled "The Whitby Spy;" and, in 1797-8, another series, chiefly poetical, called "Anomalizæ; being desultory Essays on miscellaneous subjects." Next year, Mr. Watkins published a volume of sonnets; and, lastly, in 1802, "The Fall of Carthage, a Tragedy," which has been several times acted at Whitby. His works, as Mr. Young justly observes, discover great fertility of genius, and considerable extent of learning; yet not without many blemishes. He died, Jan 4, 1811.

SONNET ON FANCY.

But to the sweet enchantment all resign'd,
 Attend when Fancy shall her charms impart;
 So may romantic visions fill thy mind,
 So may a poet's rapture warm thine heart.

Life's common paths her fairy feet disdain,
 To novel scenes the varying Goddess flies;
 O'er clouds extends her visionary reign,
 And builds her "baseless fabrics" in the skies :
 The mingling colours of the showery bow,
 The pearls that in the caves of ocean lie,
 The gems that in Golconda's mountains glow,
 The starry fires thick scatter'd thro' the sky :
 All those Imagination can possess,
 And form ideal schemes of boundless happiness.

One of the earliest writers belonging to Whitby, was Samuel Jones, gent., who in 1714 published "Poetical Miscellanies on Several Occasions;" there is a copy in the British Museum. In 1718, he published "Whitby, a Poem: occasioned by Mr. Andrew Long's recovery from jaundice, by drinking of Whitby Spaw Waters." Old Thomas Gent speaks of the "flowing pen" of Mr. Jones, "that ingenious gentleman, who has often employed himself upon the most exalted subjects,"—among which, however, his "Hymn to Tyburn," can scarcely be classed! Mr. Young says that no copy of his works is now to be found at Whitby. I must not omit to mention, that Mr. Richard Winter, who laid the foundation of the History of Whitby, published by the Rev. G. Young, in 1817, was himself the author of a poem entitled "The Harp of St. Hilda." In allusion to the courage of the late Lord Mulgrave, when Commodore Phipps, in keeping up the spirits of the crew of the "Carcase," when ice-locked in the polar regions during a voyage of discovery in 1773, the poet says—

Fearless he stood, when frozen floods surround,
 And the strong ship in crystal chains was bound;
 When hope has dwindled to the smallest speck,
 And crowding ice has risen to the deck;
 The ship half coffin'd in the biting frost,
 And home and country seem for ever lost;
 Undaunted PHIPPS survey'd the frightful scene,
 With heart undaunted, and his mind serene.

JAMES ROSS.

THIS individual, formerly the worthy schoolmaster of the pleasant village of Thrybergh, situate between Rotherham and Doncaster, published, in 1817, a small volume entitled

"Wild Warblings." The following verses refer to the delightful grounds surrounding the elegant modern mansion of Colonel Fullerton :—

THRYBERGH PARK.

Now winter's sleety blasts are o'er
 And trees their gayest livery wear ;
 The cuckoo's come to hail once more,
 With woodland note the vernal year ;
 To breathe the balmy breeze of morn,
 And listen to the soaring lark ;
 The blushing wild-rose and hawthorn,
 Invite a walk in Thrybergh Park.

Come, then, my love, let's climb the hill,
 And view the smiling landscape round ;
 Beneath yon woodland clacks the mill,
 Coy echo oft repeats the sound ;
 The Don slow winding down the vale,
 Smooth o'er its surface glides the bark,
 The distant towns and hills regale
 Our eyes, when seen from Thrybergh Park.

See ! where the monarch of the glade,
 Darts through the copse with nimble bound,
 With ears erect and branching head,
 As if he scorn'd to touch the ground.
 The timid hare, the coney shy ;
 Sly reynard prowling in the dark ;
 The peacock's scream, the rook's hoarse cry,
 Are seen and heard in Thrybergh Park.

The noble, stately edifice,
 Which rears its towers sublime on high ;
 Long may it prove the seat of bliss,
 Far-famed for hospitality ;
 But see, the shades of evening close,
 The Sun's last glimmering, lingering spark ;
 All nature sinks in soft repose,
 Farewell ! adieu ! sweet Thrybergh Park.

GEORGE HAY DRUMMOND.

THE father of this estimable individual was Robert, second son of George Earl of Kinnoul, successively Chaplain to George II., Prebendary of Westminster, Bishop of St. Asaph, Salisbury, and Archbishop of York. Mr. Drummond was

born at Brodsworth, near Doncaster, on an estate which was afterwards sold to Peter Thelluson, whose singular will rendered the name of that place somewhat familiar in our courts of law; in fact, a previous circumstance in the history of this property deserves to be mentioned, namely, that this Mr. Drummond by withdrawing his consent as heir in entail, till an adequate price was offered, gained to his brother's family, £13,000. In 1785, Mr. Drummond married Elizabeth Margaret, daughter of Sir Samuel Marshall, in the county of Southampton. This lady, with whom he lived in the greatest happiness, died in childbed, with her infant son, in 1799. In 1802, her bereaved husband published a volume of neat "Verses, Social and Domestic," which he thus affectionately dedicated:—"To that dear departed spirit, which, whilst united to a mortal form most lovely, inspired these early strains of youthful affection: whose exalted excellence was the favourite theme of maturer judgment; and whose untimely assumption to the blissful residence of congenial souls, called forth the last tribute of vain regret; *this volume*, in sweet remembrance of pure conjugal endearments, and domestic harmony, and in humble hope of a re-union, perfect and eternal, is dedicated by a devoted heart." Several of the pieces of this volume were addressed to his wife, whom he poetically calls Laura.

ON LAURA'S QUITTING BATH.

Say why, as gay they pass along,
 Who tread this frolic round,
 By me, who heedless view the throng.
 So little pleasure's found?
 Is gaiety with Laura flown?
 Has mirth this valley fled?
 That I dejected and alone,
 Recline my pensive head.
 Yes! 'twas the dear enchanting fair
 Did all past joys impart;
 She smooth'd the wrinkled brow of care,
 And lull'd to peace the heart.
 But now, the pleasant downs and woods,
 The landscapes charm no more;
 Nor flowery dales, nor crystal floods,
 Nor Avon's willow'd shore.
 'Tis she alone can make me glad,
 Each anxious thought beguile,
 Her absence makes an Eden sad,
 Her look, a desert smile.

SIR JOHN SCOTT BYERLEY.

JOHN SCOTT BYERLEY was born October 16, 1780, at Brompton, near Northallerton, at the Royal Free Grammar School, of which latter place he received his education; having sat and "conned his book," at the same black oak table, still in use, at which sat for instruction, in the seventeenth century, several individuals afterwards noted in their day, as Dr. Palliser, Archbishop of Cashel, Dr. Hicks, Dean of Worcester, Dr. Ratcliffe, physician to King William III., Rev. John Kettlewell, Thomas Rymer, Dr. Burnet, Master of the Charterhouse, and others. At about 18 years of age, young Byerley went, as clerk, into the office of Mr. Walker, solicitor, Ripon; and about two years afterwards he removed to a similar situation at Stockton-on-Tees, where he addressed himself so sedulously and successfully to Mathematical studies, that the well-known Mr. Frend invited him to London. In 1803 appeared "*Bonaparte*," a drama, under the name of "John Scott, Ripon;" and, in 1807, "*Love's Lyrics*." He published various prose works on ethical, political, and chemical subjects, and ultimately acquired the honour of knighthood. Sir John was best known as the patentee of *Oleagine*, a composition of importance to the woollen manufacturers; and as the advertiser of a means of superseding the use of steam for locomotive purposes. He died at Farm Hill, near Stroud, January 3, 1837. It is said, "those loved him most, who knew him best."

Lines on Viewing the Ruins of Mount Grace Abbey,
Near Northallerton.

Ye gloomy vaults, ye hoary cells,
Ye cloister'd domes, in ruin great,
Where sad and mournful silence dwells,
How well instruct ye by your fate!
Thus every human pride and boast,
Shall soon or later meet decay;
In dark oblivion sunk and lost,
The idle pageant of a day.
Ah, what is life! a passing hour!
A fleeting dream of fancy'd joy!
No constant blessing in our power,
But dullest repetitions cloy.

How frail, how weak, is human art,
 By works like these to raise a name!
 What empty vapours swell the heart!
 On what strange plans we build for fame!
 'Tis virtue only laughs at age,
 And soars beyond the reach of time,
 Mocks at the tyrant's fiercest rage,
 For ever awfully sublime.

ISAAC WILSON.

MR. WILSON, although born in the county of Durham, becomes identified with this county, through a residence of about forty years in it, as editor of the *Hull Advertiser*, in which paper many of his poetical productions originally appeared. In 1830, a collection appeared, entitled, "Miscellanies, in Prose and Verse; consisting of the *Inspector*, a periodical paper, and Poems, chiefly published in the *Hull Advertiser*." This handsome volume of 360 pages, includes "The Infidel and Christian Philosophers: or the last hours of Voltaire and Addison contrasted," which first appeared in a quarto form, in 1802. The poem thus concludes;—

Ye self-call'd sages who, to wisdom blind,
 Strive to corrupt and brutalize mankind;
 Ye who, of ignorance and error vain,
 Count virtue loss, and irreligion gain;
 The riches of redeeming grace despise,
 And slight those truths the good and virtuous prize;
 Can you, regardless of the wild despair,
 The cruel sufferings of your loved VOLTAIRE,
 And still unmoved, forbear to deprecate
 His dreadful woes; nor strive to shun his fate!
 Can you, a willing prey to guilt resign'd,
 Still harden'd view that heavenly frame of mind,
 That peace of soul that ADDISON displays,
 Nor thus to Heaven in prayer your voices raise—
 'All-gracious God! on me thy mercies shower,
 'And crown, like ADDISON's, my dying hour!
 'Sustain my soul with hopes of future bliss,
 'And let my latter moments be like his!
 —O may the awful truths these lines suggest,
 Be on each mind indelibly impress!
 Taught their eternal interest to discern,
 May all mankind th' important lesson learn—

That though, when free life's circling current plays,
 And all things promise length of prosperous days,
 The wicked man his anguish may conceal,
 And from the wolf that tears his vitals steal;
 Nay more, that though, when on a death-bed cast,
 The wretched unbeliever breathes his last,
 Pride, or a passion for an empty name,
 A daring spirit or the fear of shame
 In one, of thousands, may by chance repress
 The free confession of deserved distress;
 Yet those feel pangs which in their dying hour
 (Howe'er disguis'd) all such are doom'd t' endure,
 In energetic language testify,
 "MEN MAY LIVE FOOLS, BUT FOOLS THEY CANNOT DIE!"

EARL OF CARLISLE.

IN 1801 appeared, in a handsome 8vo. volume, "The Tragedies and Poems of Frederic, Earl of Carlisle, Knight of the Garter, &c." This nobleman, the fifth Earl of the title, was born May 28, 1748, and died September 4, 1825, A fine portrait, numerous letters, and an interesting memoir of his Lordship, will be found in that curious mass of correspondence, entitled "Selwyn and his Contemporaries." Twenty years ago, the name of the Earl of Carlisle was rendered familiar to the public by the petulant notice of Lord Byron; "a wrong" which the noble poet afterwards acknowledged in some stanzas to the memory of Lord Frederick Howard, who was killed at Waterloo. The tragedies published in the above-mentioned volume, are "The Father's Revenge," and "The Step-Mother;" and of them, as well as of the poetry by which they are accompanied, it is no small praise to say that the merit is at least equal to that of the bulk of the verse of contemporary authors. I would, however, advise the reader to test his Lordship's genius by a higher standard: the celebrated Horace Walpole, writing to George Selwyn from York, says:—"I am got into the Hall (Castle Howard) I must beg when you are in it next, to read Lord Carlisle's verses on Gray, and then write somewhere under the story of Phaëton these lines, which I ought to make extempore, but did not till I was halfway back hither;—

Carlisle, expunge the form of Phaëton ;
 Assume the car, and grace it with thy own,
 For Phœbus owns in thee no falling son.

Oh ! George, were I such a poet as your friend, and possessed such a Parnassus, I would instantly scratch my name out of the buttery-book of Almacks, be admitted *ad eundem*, among the muses; and save every doit to lay out in making a Helicon and finishing my palace."

I had intended to have given those lauded Stanzas, entitled "The Death of Gray;" but as they comprise more than eighty lines, I must content myself with transcribing the following from a series of characters of his school fellows, composed by his Lordship, at Eton, about 1760.

Say, will Fitzwilliam ever want a heart,
 Cheerful his ready blessings to impart ?
 Will not another's woe his bosom share,—
 The widow's sorrow, and the orphan's prayer ?
 Who aids the old, and soothes the mother's cry,
 Who wipes the tear from off the virgin's eye ?
 Who feeds the hungry, who assists the lame ?
 All, all re-echo with Fitzwilliam's name.
 Thou know'st I hate to flatter, yet in thee
 No fault, my friend, no single speck I see.

REV. BENJAMIN JOHNSON.

I HAVE before me a volume of "Original Poems on various subjects, by the Rev. B. Johnson, late assistant in the Grammar School, Doncaster." Second edition, 1805. These few words comprise all that I know of old *Danum's* "rare Ben;" or, as he was commonly called by his townspeople, from the subject of a piece very properly cancelled in the reprinting of his volume, "The bard of the Butter Cross."

SWEETNESS,—A RHAPSODY.

Sweet's the first opening of the orient day ;
 Sweet is the dew-drop glittering on the spray ;
 How sweet the scene, when Sol refulgent sheds
 His rays serene and gilds the mountains' heads !
 The Cock's shrill Clarion at the early dawn !
 The warbling Lark above the flow'ry Lawn !
 The chequer'd Landskip, and the sylvan Scene
 With towering oaks of variegated green !

All nature's self is sweet! thro' all its ways,
It calls for Love, for Admiration, Praise!
Our own Existence! !—But the opening morn,
The sun serene and dew-drop on the thorn,
The cock's shrill clarion and the bird of day,
The various tints the fields and woods display,
E'en nature's self, and life with *all* its charms,
Diffuse no sweets! while *you* are from my Arms.

CHARLOTTE RICHARDSON.

CHARLOTTE SMITH was born at York, in the year 1775, under circumstances the most unfavourable; and it is probable, that whatever in her character or subsequent conduct was deserving of praise owed its origin to religious impressions, early made upon her mind by the pious conductors of a Sunday School. When twelve years old she was admitted into the City Grey Coat Charity School: and four years afterwards went into service. In 1802, she married a respectable shoemaker of the name of Richardson, whom, with a lovely child, the bereaved and sensitive woman, in little more than a year, followed to the grave. It was at this juncture that some of the poetical compositions in which the mourner had recorded her pious resignation, found their way into the hands of Mrs. Cappe, who being much struck with their religious tone and propriety of expression, and finding the writer to be as deserving as she was ingenious and destitute, benevolently set on foot, in 1805, a subscription for the publication of a volume for her benefit. The result of this work—"Poems written on Different Occasions," was that the author opened a School, in the early management of which she had every prospect of success. Disease however, overtook her, and compelled the relinquishment of this means of livelihood; when the generous editor of her former work again stepped forward, and solicited and obtained subscriptions for another volume, consisting of "Poems chiefly composed during the pressure of Severe Illness." The poems of Charlotte Richardson, written as they mostly were on local, personal, or evanescent topics, are characterised by correct feeling, and in a remarkable degree, by propriety of diction. She died in College Yard, York, Sept. 26, 1825, and was buried in the Cemetery of St Michael le Belfry, without the walls of the City.

STANZAS WRITTEN APRIL, 1808, WHEN STILL UNDER THE
PRESSURE OF SEVERE SICKNESS.

Month after month its course has run,
Yet still no dawn of hope I see ;
No more will Health's reviving sun
E'er shine on me.

Cheerless to me the dawn of day,
While bow'd beneath disease's power,
Meridian sun, or evening gray,
Or midnight hour.

For fierce Disease his bow hath bent,
And pierced me with his sharpest dart ;
While Pain my vital strength has spent,
And chill'd my heart.

Beneath his power I strive in vain,
In balmy rest my eyes to close ;
From opium's aid alone I gain
A short repose.

O when will all these sorrows cease,
Whose weight o'erpowers my fainting breast ?
When shall my flattering heart find peace,
And be at rest ?

Be still, my soul with patience wait,
And meekly bear the chastening rod
Remember all thy suffering state,
Is known to God.

Doubt not his care and tender love,
Although his dealings seem severe,
Strive by Affliction to improve,
And him revere.

What! though Disease thy days consume,
Soon death will bring a sweet release ;
And thou, within the silent tomb,
Shalt rest in peace.

Dust unto dust, shall there return,
While the immortal soul shall fly,
By heavenly messengers up borne,
To God on high.

REV. RICHARD PATRICK.

THIS gentleman, who was born at Hull, in 1760, received his education under the excellent Rev. Joseph Milner, and was for twenty years, Vicar of the Parish of Sculcoates, was the most erudite of that constellation of authors whose names are identified with his native place. A particular notice of his works will be found in a highly interesting local publication, to which I acknowledge myself much indebted, viz., "An address, delivered to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Kingston-upon-Hull, by Charles Frost, F.S.A., November 5, 1830." It is indeed, less in consideration of the poetical claims of Mr. Patrick that I have here introduced his name, than for the purpose of tendering my grateful thanks to Mr. Frost for the loan of his own printed copy of the elegant and accurate series of biographical notices above alluded to, and of inviting attention to it as an illustration and a suggestive of what might be done in other places. Mr. Patrick, who died February 9, 1815, and than whom, says Mr. Frost, "few men have better deserved the appellation of 'learned,'" wrote a poem "of little merit," entitled "The death of Prince Bagration, or the French defeated in Russia and Poland, in 1812 and 1813."

From the death-song of the Prince, who fell in the sanguinary battle of Borodino, I copy the following allusion to the sufferings of the French army in their disastrous winter campaign in Rus

"Oh! flight, full of revenge
To Russia's shepherds sweet!
Oh! hail-fraught storms of showery snow,
Pouring from angry Heaven,
Righteous your vengeance on the crest-fall'n foe,
And just and most complete!
Turn, tyrant, turn thy savage eye
And see thy blood-hounds fell,
(So lately, 'fierce as furies, terrible as Hell;')
In *their own* blood they lie!
Yes, atheist host of France!
Thy daring blasphemies had reach'd
The sovereign Ruler of the sky;
Struck by Jehovah's arm ye sicken and ye die."

"And he, the fiercest tyrant of the west,
A second proud Senacherib shall die;

Such the well-measur'd doom, and well-earn'd fate
 This second Tamerlane, this Attila shall wait.
 Nay, France herself 'shall rise, and at a blow
 Crush the dire author of all Europe's woe."

"But happier far my Russia's fate from thine,
 Degenerate child of freeborn Corsic's clime,
 And happier far *our* hardy host
 Than *thy* appall'd disorganized line,
 So shatter'd, (erst so proud;))
 Thro' thy disorganized camps
 No voice was heard to spread,
 But voice of curses loud upon the tyrant's head."

GEORGE PRYME, M.A.

THIS gentleman, a native of Hull, and descended of the ancient and respectable family of the de la Prymes, was a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself while an under-graduate, by gaining Sir William Browne's gold medal, in 1801 and 1802, for the best Greek and Latin Epigrams, and the best Greek Ode. In 1803 he gained the Buchanan prize, for the best Greek Ode on the Creation "*Γενεσθω Φως.*" In each of the two following years he had the first prize awarded to him for the best Latin Essay; and in 1809, the Seatonian prize was adjudged to him, for his poem on the "Conquest of Canaan." In 1813, he printed "An Ode to Trinity College." Mr. Pryme is also the author of various publications on the unpoetical subject of Political Economy, as well as on other topics.

The following lines are from "The Conquest of Canaan," they form about one-eighth of the whole poem, and refer, as the reader will perceive, to the battle of Gibeon.

Slow as the congregated troops advance
 O'er Gibeon's fatal plain; the banner'd pride
 Of various nations waving in the breeze
 The gleam of burnish'd helms and shields and spears
 Glittering in distance, far as eye could pierce,
 Burst on the plum'd chief's enraptured view;
 While echo wide the clarion's swelling note,
 And shriller harmonies inflame the breast,
 And vengeance glistens in his doubtless eye;
 In spite of ancient prophecies of woe,
 Day-dreams of victory inspire the hope

To combat Heaven's decree, and conquer fate.
 To crush their pride and vassal Gibeon save,
 Through night's pale gloom impatient Israel moves;
 On their high crests sate Victory enthroned,
 And heavenly Favor steel'd each lance's point,
 On every side unsparing slaughter spreads,
 And Judah's warriors sweep whole ranks away.
 Each desperate leader hurries through his bands,
 And to fresh valour fires their drooping hearts,
 The flower of Canaan rallies from defeat,
 In circling crescent wheels, close column forms,
 Or serried phalanx's compacted force;
 Again their troops in flight are scatter'd wide,
 Like Lybian sands before the Southern blast.
 With Israel's sword the elements conspire
 To pour a deeper ruin. O'er their heads
 The vollied lightnings flash, loud whirlwinds howl,
 Impetuous torrents through the lucid air
 Congeal'd in massy spheres of hail descend,
 And dash the fainting fugitives to earth.
 Breathless with faltering steps they strive to flee,
 And look for safety in approaching night.
 Vain expectation! at the wanted hour
 No darkness in her friendly mantle shrouds
 Your routed bands. The awful mandate bursts
 From Joshua's tongue: astonish'd nature owns
 His potent voice: the orb of day arrests
 His weary course. The dying flames of fight
 Revive; again red slaughter dies the plain:
 Till the tired warrior quits the faint pursuit
 By the last radiance of the lingering sun:
 Death's piercing cries in horrid silence sink:
 And the last sound of battle dies away.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

THIS extraordinary youth—who owes to a single composition of acknowledged excellence, a place among the poets of his country from which no accident is likely to remove him—was born at Gomersal, near Leeds, in 1798. His family was well connected in the commercial world, but the children including at least, our author and two brothers—one of whom, I believe, is C. J. Knowles, the eminent barrister on the Northern Circuit, and Q. C.,—were early left orphans. Young Herbert was destined for the ledger at

Liverpool: the drudgery of the desk was, however, so little suited to his turn and temperament of mind, that he soon forsook it, and by a series of providential circumstances, was placed in the celebrated Grammar School, at Richmond, in his native county. While there, he evinced powers of no ordinary kind, including that poetical talent, of which such an affecting and elegant memorial exists in the stanzas given below, and which, as Montgomery remarks in "The Christian Poet," ought to endear the memory of the author: truly *he* built 'a monument more durable than brass,' in compiling these casual lines with little prospect of pleasing any body but himself and a circle of juvenile friends." The hopes, however, which this ingenious youth had excited and gratified, were extinguished by his severe illness and sudden death at Gomersall, Feb. 17th, 1817, at the age of 19. He left behind him a M.S. volume of poems, the earliest of which was published in the *Literary Gazette* for 1824, pp. 58, 59, but neither that, nor the rest of the pieces, are at all comparable to the following, which Mr. Carlisle has printed in his History of Endowed Grammar Schools, under the head of "Richmond," in the Churchyard of which place, the stanzas were composed.

THE THREE TABERNACLES.

"*Peter said unto Jesus—Master it is good for us to be here: and let us make three tabernacles, one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.*" Luke ix., 33.

Methinks it is good to be here,
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah! no:
Affrighted he shrinketh away;
For see! they would pin him below
To a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey,

To Beauty? Ah! no: she forgets
The charms that she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which, but yesterday, fools could adore
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside,

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And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed
But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain,
Who hid in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squandered again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board,
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah! no; they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above,—
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve,—
Not a sob, not a sigh, meets mine ear
Which compassion itself could relieve;
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, or fear;
Peace, peace, is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah! no; for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow;
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown,

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies.

REV. SAMUEL HOBSON.

THIS worthy Clergyman, residing, I believe, on a benefice in Norfolk, and whose early poetical essay has been followed by works of a graver character, is a younger brother of the Rev. L. J. Hobson, incumbent of Mexbrough, the hero and scene of the first story in "The Country Vicar; the Bride of Thrybergh, and other Poems," published in 1825. In a pleasant, easy cantering strain, the poet gives us a description of the fine prospect from Hangman Hill: tells us in an

episode, why the eminence lays claim, "to such an unpropitious name; glances at Conisborough; recites the legend of Barnborough; inducts the parson to his living; and the reader to an acquaintance with his character—his trials from curates and parishioners, and his domestic happiness. "The Bride of Thrybergh," is founded on one of the versions of a legend current in a pleasant village on the road between Sheffield and Doncaster. The following is a specimen of the style of versification :—

Scarce had the beams of early sun,
 In golden radiance played upon
 Conigsburgh's lofty tower—
 Scarce had the porter time to gain
 The massy bridge's ponderous chain,
 And its huge weight to lower;
 Before appeared in rich array,
 On prancing steed with trappings gay,
 Sir Ralph, prepared to wend his way
 To Thrybergh's noble hall.
 Upon his head a cap was seen,
 Embroidered, studded, fair, and sheen,
 With plumed crest and tall.
 With rowelled heel the glossy side
 Of his high-mettled steel he plied,
 And sprung the drawbridge o'er :—
 The generous courser rapid flew,
 As arrow from its bow of yew;
 And well, I ween, as straight and true,
 Its lord the charger bore.
 Soon through his own domains he past,
 Through valley, glade, and wood,
 Until at Thrybergh Hall at last,
 Sir Ralph Baldriston stood.
 Dismounting from the panting steed,
 The bridle o'er its neck he flung;
 Then leaving in the verdant mead
 The wearied horse around to feed,
 He hastened up with eager speed,
 And loudly at the portal rung;—
 The aged porter sought, before
 He dared to ope the massive door,
 The stranger's name and state;
 But when Baldriston's name he heard,
 His cautious hand no more demurred
 To ope the creaking gate.

OSWALD LAMBERT.

OF this individual, the only information we can obtain is, that he was born at Hawes, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, on the 13th of March, 1780; that he followed the occupation of a schoolmaster in the same town, and died there March 17th, 1837. In 1817, he published, in reference to Mr. Maud's poem, a shilling pamphlet of some dozen pages, entitled "A Sequel to Wensleydale, or Rural Contemplations," printed by Thomas Fall, Leyburn. The first thirteen lines, which form our extract, are, perhaps, the best in the poem.

Come, Guardian of the Dales! thy succour bring,
While I the lovely vale of Wensley sing;
Oh! such a theme demands an angel's lyre,
Demands a spark of pure ethereal fire,
Come then, kind spirit, and the verse inspire. }
Could I depict thee in appropriate lays,
Sweet Vale! thy mountains should resound thy praise,
The wondering world should thy grand scenes admire,
And tune thy beauties on the Æolian lyre.
Thy sylvan groves, thy proudly frowning heights,
Are wild as fancy's most eccentric flights;
Thy tuneful rills, and gently whispering gales,
Proclaim thee Queen of all the mountain Dales.

 ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM, M.A., F.R.S.

FRANCIS WRANGHAM was born June 11, 1769, near Malton, where his father, a highly respectable man of an ancient Yorkshire family, held a considerable farm. From his seventh to his eleventh year, Mr. Wrangham was at the school of the Rev. Stephen Thirlwell, his father's neighbour; he afterwards passed four or five years, first with the Rev. John Robinson, and then with the excellent Rev. Joseph Milner, at Hull—who, it may be mentioned, himself left in MS. a large poem on the subject, and with the title of Cowley's "Davideis." In 1786, he was entered of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he gave the first earnest of his future scholarship, by gaining Sir William Browne's gold medal for Greek and Latin epigrams on the subject, "Οὐ το μέγα εὐ το δε εὐ μέγα." He afterwards moved to

Trinity Hall, and finally to Trinity College, at both of which schools he commendably distinguished himself; and in 1794 he entered into holy orders. He subsequently enjoyed, either in succession or collectively, various valuable livings and other ecclesiastical appointments, including the Archdeaconries of Cleveland, and of the East Riding of Yorkshire. Archdeacon Wrangham was twice married; first, in 1799, to Agnes, daughter of Ralph Creyke, Esq., of Marton, near Bridlington; second, to Dorothy, daughter of the Rev. Digby Cayley; by the former lady he had one daughter; by the latter, five children. The Venerable Archdeacon has not only been a voluminous author, but a genuine lover of literature, for his library—perhaps the best private one possessed by any clergyman in the diocese, and particularly rich in Yorkshire publications,—was described by himself in a privately printed catalogue of more than six hundred pages 8vo. In 1842, Mr. Wrangham presented to Trinity College, Cambridge, his valuable collection of pamphlets, consisting of between 9 and 10,000 publications, bound in about 1,000 volumes. A mere list of Mr. Wrangham's publications, the fruits of a long, active, and healthy life, would occupy more space than I can afford to the subject: suffice it to say, that it comprises biography, sermons, editions of learned authors, poetry, &c. The latter comprises a Seaton prize poem, "The Restoration of the Jews;" "The Destruction of Babylon;" a volume of miscellaneous poems; "The Holy Land," a Seaton prize poem; "The Raising of Jairus' Daughter;" "The Restoration of Learning in the East;" "The Sufferings of the Primitive Martyrs," a Seaton prize poem; "Joseph made known to his Brethren," a Seaton prize poem; The "Death of Saul and Jonathan;" forty sonnets from Petrarch; "The Lyrics of Horace," and several other pieces, original or translated. Mr. Wrangham died at Chester, December 27, 1843, aged 73. "As a literary man, he was, in an especial degree, the *laudatus a laudandis*—as one whose scholarship received the homage of Parr, and whose poetry the still rarer eulogy of Byron." The following lines were written in 1826, before the abolition of slavery in the British Colonies:—

SONNET.

Yes; we have fought in battle's bloodiest fray
 For life, and liberty—life's brightest gem—
 And clasp'd it in our island-diadem,

Whence none shall pluck the precious prize away :
 And East and West have bent them to our sway,
 From Darien's bosom to the holy stream
 Which glitters in Aurora's earliest beam—
 What race so bold our bidding may gainsay ?
 O, not for self alone, dear mother-land,
 Be such achievements wrought! while aught remains
 Fetter'd or on firm earth, or on the sea,
 Issue in God's dread name thy high command;
 Speak from each shrivell'd limb its galling chains,
 And bid dark Afric's sons, like thine, be free.

REV. PATRICK BRONTE.

THE Rev. Gentleman above named, was Minister of Hartshead-cum-Clifton, near Leeds. In 1811, he published "Cottage Poems;" and in 1813, "The Rural Minstrel, a Miscellany of Descriptive Poems." His poems present pious sentiments in a plain garb : here is an extract from the

HAPPY COTTAGERS.

The table-cloth, though coarse,
 Was of a snowy white,
 The vessels, spoons, and knives,
 We've clean, and dazzling bright :
 So down we sat—devoid of care,
 Nor envied Kings—their dainty fare.
 When nature was refresh'd,
 And we familiar grown ;
 The good old man exclaim'd,
 " Around Jehovah's throne,
 Come, let us all—our voices raise,
 And sing our great—Redeemer's praise !"
 Their artless notes were sweet,
 Grace ran through every line ;
 Their breasts with rapture swell'd.
 Their looks were all divine :
 Delight o'er all my senses stole,
 And heaven's pure joy overwhelm'd my soul.

LORD ROKEBY

THE Right Hon. Matthew Montagu, fourth Lord Rokeby of Armagh, and sixth Baronet of Rokeby in Yorkshire, died Sept. 1, 1831, aged 68. His Lordship, whose title at least, connects him with this county, published four volumes of the letters of his aunt, the celebrated Mrs. Montagu; and in 1820, an original production of Lord Rokeby's pen, entitled "John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, an Historic Play, in five acts," appeared from the press of Mr. Fall, of Leyburn. The following lines are from the soliloquy of Marlborough, on his landing at Greenwich:—

" Safe am I landed on my native soil,
 If England's safe for me;
 For thee, my country, have I toil'd and fought,
 Advancing still thy glory.—Gracious country!
 Haply not ungrateful.
 The monster peril, glory has subdued,
 Glory! the sister-born of safety,
 The bright Bellona of the god of war!
 Two hideous monsters has she then subdued,
 Envy and Faction—of still crescent growth—
 Sweet is this scene, how welcome to my eyes!
 Here peace should dwell, estranged from camps and courts.
 O favour'd isle! if well thou estimat'st heav'n's grace:
 Nor less under heav'n, and heav'n's auspicious influence,
 The tenant of thy soil, high fam'd for enterprize;
 Others by arms have much achiev'd,
 Advancing still thy welfare, state pre-eminent.
 Thyself, alas! war-vaunted Marlborough,
 Agitated man, that bear'st a war within thyself,
 Fear'd—but still fearing not a foreign force,
 But treachery domestic, hast done thy country service,
 Not by arms alone,
 By counsels more,—
 Counsels and arms, so heav'n will'd, successful."

WILLIAM COLDWELL.

MR. COLDWELL, a native, I believe, of Stockwith, resided during the greater part of his life at Sheffield, and died at Liverpool in 1836, in the 66th year of his age. Besides

"The Psalms, or Sacred Odes of the Royal Psalmist David," noticed in Holland's "Psalmists of Britain," Mr. Coldwell printed at Halifax, in 1820, a volume of "Hebrew Harmonies and Allusions," and two volumes of Fables and "Moral Poems," of which the following lines are a favourable specimen.

THE LARK.

Springtide arose, and blithsome flew
 The splendid plumes of every hue;
 And up the Lark, in lovely song,
 Saluted day with ardours strong.
 Hark! hark! he trills the sharpened note;
 List—soft his tones on ether float;
 Now through the rapid octave flies;
 And now rapturous music softer dies:
 From deepest bass to treble song,
 How thrilling fly the notes along—
 Ardour expressive—love for love—
 Like eagle bold, like gentle dove!
 Below his lovely mate resides,
 And incubation's task abides;
 Hope fires his breast—the callow brood,
 Well fledg'd, will share his soaring mood—
 Clap their glad wings, and rise and sing,
 Like him to cheer the blithsome spring;
 And chorus raise, sublime and high,
 To Him who dwells above the sky.
 —Mortals arise, and join the lay;
 With them unite to hail the day;
 Your morning sacrifice uprear,
 And bless the giver of the year.

WILLIAM STONES.

MR. STONES was a native of Sheffield, and an itinerant preacher in the Wesleyan Connexion, from 1809 to 1836, when he retired from the work. His volume, entitled "The Rural Residence; a Poem, in four Books: containing Reflections of a Moral and Religious Nature;" of which a second edition was printed in 1823, was, we are told, "suggested by the multifarious and beautiful objects presented to the attention in the gardens, and on the estate, belonging to W. Hardy, Esq., of Letheringsett, in the County of Norfolk

whose domain is laid out with so much tasteful art, that it has been denominated by a noted character, 'The Garden of Norfolk.' This praise of Mr. Hardy's domain cannot be transferred to Mr. Stones's description, which wants even the common recommendation of rhyme to give it any claim to the epithet *poetical*. Here is the poet among "the flower beds :"—

Here I beheld a square, and there a round,
An oval there, and there an oblong bed ;
And all disposed on the verdant plat,
In such a style, as shews exquisite taste.
The beds are stocked too with blooming plants
And shrubs, and evergreens of every tribe.
The spreading chesnut there attracts my sight,
Whose friendly boughs from solar rays defend ;
Beneath its shade I place myself at ease,
And bid defiance to the scorching heat ;
While I attempt to name a few of these
Delightful Plants and Shrubs and Evergreens.

What follows is printed in full lines, to save space ; and it may exercise the reader's ingenuity to try to make out the rhythmical cadence and ten-syllable sequence of the passage :—

"The simple Snow-drop, Crocus, Daffodil, the Primrose, Daisy, Tulip, Columbine, Love-lies-a-bleeding, Epilobium, Ranunculus, Auricula, Monks-hood, the Heart's-ease, Lady's-slipper, London-Pride, Cheiranthus, Polyanthus, Narcissus, the Hyacinthus, Aster, Fever-few, and Marigolds, Cape, French, and African, the Wall-flowers, Lark Spurs, Lupins, Lilies, Pinks, Snap-dragon and Mimulus, Lion's-tail, Sweet-williams, Gilliflowers, and Mignonette, Moth-Mullen, Figwort, Ragwort, Hawk-weed, and Pianots, Poppies, Fox-gloves, Holly Hocks, the Helianthus, and Lunaria, Heliotropium, Jerus'lem Star, Carnations, Violets and Golden Rod, Ragged Robin, Campions, and Cardamine, the Storshon, Prince's Feather, Purple Peas : these rise and flourish in this lovely place ; and many more than these which now I cannot name."

JOHN EDWARDS.

THIS estimable man, and pleasing poet, was born in the Moravian community, at Fulneck, near Leeds, Dec. 5, 1772 : he left that place about 1790, and went to Derby, in which town he has remained in business to the present

time. 'The first publication of Mr Edwards, was " All Saints' Church," a blank verse composition, 1805. The first edition of " The Tour of the Dove, or a visit to Dovedale," appeared in 1821; the second in 1823. The romantic valley down which flows the stream which separates Derbyshire from Staffordshire, has often inspired the poet's verse, as well as adorned the painter's canvass: many years ago, Samuel Bentley published " the River Dove, a Lyric Pastoral." Some other and smaller pieces have appeared from our author's pen, including " Recollections of Filey," a bathing place near Scarborough. I believe Mr. Edwards contemplates the collection, and republication of his poems, including the last mentioned one considerably enlarged, in a single volume.

From the poem on " Dovedale," I extract the following apostrophe to Water :—

Thou eldest of the elements that sprang
 From underneath the Spirit's brooding wings,
 When chaos heard that Voice whose fiat rang,
 Commanding life and being to all things,—
 Hail ! Water !—beautiful thy gushing springs,
 Thy lakes and rivers ;—shrined in clouds or dew ;
 In ice or snow, or where the rainbow flings
 Its radiant arch ;—in every form and hue,
 Thou, glorious Element, art ever fair and new !
 Ever fresh springing in the wells and fountains,
 The virgin waters rise and overflow ;
 The cloud-nursed torrents hasting down the mountains,
 Pursue in devious brooks their course below.
 Onward the broad bright river glides, although
 A steadfast object, from the hills descried ;
 And mighty ocean, heaving to and fro,
 Rocked by the undulations of the tide,
 Is with perpetual renovation purified.

MRS. BRUCE.

JANE, the eldest daughter of William Downing, Esq., of Studley, a younger son of Samuel Downing, Esq., of the family of the Right Hon. Sir George Downing, Bart., K.B., founder of Downing College, Cambridge ; she was born at Woodhouse, near Guisbrough, January 30th, 1791, and educated at Doncaster, under the care of Miss Murphy.

This lady's poems, which are very numerous, and have been printed only for private circulation, comprise the following, among various other pieces:—Six on subjects taken from the Bible, viz.—1. Joseph; 2. Ishmael; 3. Rebekah; 4. David; 5. Jephtha's Vow; 6. Jacob and Esau; 1818, p.p., 144, 8vo. A collection of poems on the Duke of Wellington; Ripon Minster: Poems on the death of Princess Charlotte, and several other individuals; a volume of Rhymes, &c. Miss Downing married 2nd December, 1819, Staff Surgeon, Samuel Barwick Bruce, M.D., of the family of Bruce of Kennet, in Clackmannanshire, and has issue two sons and two daughters. William Downing, the eldest, is an officer in the 2nd West York Militia, and author of several interesting antiquarian works; and the other, Robert Cathcart Dalrymple, is a Lieut. in the army. Mrs. Bruce resides at Ripon.

THE CHAPLET.

In happy days I formed a bower,
 And sweetest garlands wove;
 But mingled in the wreath no flower
 That was allied to love.

The myrtle first my fancy chose,
 So fadeless, pure, and bright;
 Friendship, its equal leaves disclose,
 Unchanged by winter's night.

What shall the violet's emblem be?
 Affection, loveliest flower;
 For when its beauty none can see,
 The fragrance is not o'er.

The lily shows a spotless mind,
 And innocent of guile;
 The violet let the lily bind
 And near the myrtle smile.

The jessamine robed in truth bright star,
 Shall twine the stems around;
 And banish enmity afar
 From such enchanted ground.

The rose must enter not my reach,
 The favourite flower of love;
 It blooms in beauty, but beneath
 The thorn will fatal prove!

Pensive I'll group for happiness,
 And thus my fancy please
 For who would weep at pale distress,
 Encircled by *heart's ease*?

The blossom in the orange grove,
Will constancy display;
The perfume time can ne'er remove,
It will not pass away.

The lilac buds, but rarely blooms—
Let hope the likeness own;
Tho' disappointment oft its dooms,
Here shall it find a home.

My Chaplet now has but one space,
The olive to receive;
A branch denoting heavenly peace,
I'll in my garland weave.

Around thy temples I would bind,
These flowers my fancy wove,
The violet, myrtle, lily, twined,
But not the rose of love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY was born Nov. 4, 1771, at Irvine, in Ayrshire, Scotland. His father and mother were Moravian missionaries, and both died amidst their pious labours, in the West Indies. Our poet, the eldest of three brothers, was educated at the school connected with the establishment of the United Brethren, at Fulneck, near Leeds. After some vicissitudes of youthful fortune, he found himself, in 1792, with Mr. Gales, the proprietor of a Sheffield Newspaper, which in a short time afterwards became his own, and he continued to conduct it, under the title of "The Iris," till the year 1825, when he sold the property, and devoted himself almost entirely to those engagements in connection with religious and charitable objects, which had for the greater part of his life combined with his personal integrity and poetical reputation, to endear him, not only to his townspeople, but to all who knew his name. This statement might seem remarkable, were the personal history of Montgomery, or the political annals of the period corresponding to his early life, less generally known: for, in January, 1794, amidst the excitement of that agitated period, he was tried on a charge of having printed a ballad, written by a clergyman of Belfast, on the demolition of the Bastile in 1789, which was now interpreted into a seditious libel on the war: was found guilty, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the castle of York, and the payment of a

fine of £20. In January, 1795, he was tried for a second imputed political offence,—the insertion in his newspaper of a paragraph which reflected on the conduct of a Colonel of the Volunteers, in quelling a riot in Sheffield, and was again convicted and sentenced to six months' imprisonment in York Castle, to pay a fine of £30, and keep the peace for two years. It is a remarkable fact, well known in the town of Montgomery's long residence, and mentioned by the poet in the preface to the collected edition of his works in 1840, that all the persons who were actively concerned in the above-mentioned prosecutions, died at peace with, and it might have been added, lived to entertain a kind regard for him. His first collection of published poetry, doubtless, the foundation of his subsequent celebrity, was entitled "Prison Amusements;" it appeared soon after his second release from incarceration. In 1806 appeared "The Wanderer of Switzerland," a poem, which inherent merit of a high order, the passing political occurrences of the moment, and last, but not least, the outrageous and ill-sustained attack of the *Edinburgh Review*, conspired to render popular: it has passed through more than a dozen editions in England alone. His next work was "The West Indies," a poem in honour of the abolition of the African Slave Trade, by the British legislature, in 1807: this has been the oftenest quoted, if not the most praised of Montgomery's larger works. "The World before the Flood," a beautiful fictitious delineation of antediluvian life, as indicated in the Bible, appeared in 1818; and in the following year, "Greenland," a poem containing an account of the early missions of the Moravians to that inhospitable clime. His last long poem was "The Pelican Island," suggested by a passage in Captain Flinders's voyage to Terra Australis, describing the existence of the ancient haunts of the pelican in the small islands on the coast of New Holland. The work is in blank verse, in nine cantos, and the author imagines himself to have witnessed a series of events from the first emergence of a coral reef, to its occupation successively by the higher races of birds and beasts, and ultimately by man himself. It has been truly said, by Mr. Chambers, that "the poem abounds in minute and delicate descriptions of natural phenomena—has great facility of diction and expression; and altogether possesses more of the power and fertility of the master than any other of the author's works." Besides some smaller independent publications, the whole of our author's larger poems, were

accompanied by short pieces on various miscellaneous subjects, which display, for the most part, a tenderness of feeling, and a degree of taste in the execution, rarely equalled by those gifted contemporaries from whose names when spoken of as distinguishing our era, that of Montgomery has too often been inconsiderately omitted. As a writer of Hymns, no living author has so successfully combined piety with poetry for devotional purposes: and the appearance of any collection of this kind, either for a particular place of worship, or for general use, which should not contain some contribution from the pen of Montgomery, would be a curiosity. In 1835 Government granted an unsolicited pension of £150 a year to the "Christian Poet," who resides in a house forming part of the handsome and conspicuous buildings called "The Mount," overlooking, from the west, the town of Sheffield, and the ample and diversified expanse of country beyond.

FAREWELL TO WAR.

Peace to the trumpet!—no more shall my breath
 Sound an alarm in the dull ear of death,
 Nor startle to life from the truce of the tomb
 The relics of heroes, to combat till doom.
 Let Marathon sleep to the sound of the sea,
 Let Hannibal's spectre haunt Cannæ for me;
 Let Cressy and Agincourt tremble with corn,
 And Waterloo blush with the beauty of morn;
 I turn not the furrow for helmets and shields,
 Nor sow dragon's teeth in their old fallow fields;
 I will not, as bards have been wont, since the flood,
 With the river of song swell the river of blood,
 —The blood of the valiant, that fell in all climes,
 —The song of the gifted, that hallow'd all crimes,
 —All crimes in the war-fiend incarnate in one;
 War, withering the earth—war, eclipsing the sun,
 Despoiling, destroying, since discord began,
 God's works and God's mercies,—man's labours and man.

Yet war have I loved, and of war have I sung,
 With my heart in my hand and my soul on my tongue;
 With all the affections that render life dear,
 With the throbbings of hope and the flutterings of fear,
 —Of hope, that the sword of the brave might prevail,
 —Of fear, lest the arm of the righteous should fail.

But what was the war that extorted my praise?
 What battles were fought in my chivalrous lays?
 —The war against darkness contending with light;
 The war against violence trampling down right;

—The battles of patriots, with banner unfurl'd,
 To guard a child's cradle against an arm'd world;
 Of peasants that peopled their ancestors' graves,
 Lest their ancestors' homes should be peopled by slaves.
 I served, too, in wars and campaigns of the mind;
 My pen was the sword, which I drew for mankind;
 —In war against tyranny throned in the West,
 —Campaigns to enfranchise the negro oppress'd;
 In war *against* war, on whatever pretence,
 For glory, dominion, revenge or defence,
 While murder and perfidy, rapine and lust,
 Laid provinces desolate, cities in dust.

Yes, war *against* war was ever my pride;
 My youth and my manhood in waging it died,
 And age, with its weakness, its wounds, and its scars,
 Still finds my free spirit unquench'd as the stars,
 And he who would bend it to war must first bind
 The waves of the ocean, the wings of the wind;
 For I call it not war, which war's counsels o'erthrows,
 I call it not war which gives nations repose;
 'Tis judgment brought down on themselves by the proud,
 Like lightning, by fools, from an innocent cloud.

I war against *all* war; nor, till my pulse cease,
 Will I throw down my weapons, because I love peace,
 Because I love liberty, execrate strife,
 And dread, most of *all* deaths, that slow death call'd life,
 Dragg'd on by a vassal, in purple or chains,
 The breath of whose nostrils, the blood in whose veins,
 He calls not his own, nor holds from his God,
 While it hangs on a king's or a sycophant's nod.

Around the mute trumpet,—no longer to breathe
 War-clangours, my latest war-chaplets I wreath,
 Then hang them aloof on the time-stricken oak,
 And thus, in its shadow, heaven's blessing invoke:—
 "Lord God! since the African's bondage is o'er,
 And war in our borders is heard of no more,
 May never, while Britain adores Thee, again
 The malice of fiends or the madness of men,
 Break the peace of our land, and by villanous wrong
 Find a field for a hero, a hero for song."

MRS. HOFLAND.

BARBARA, the daughter of Mr. Robert Wreaks, partner in an extensive Sheffield manufactory, was born in that town in 1770. In 1796, she married Mr. T. B. Hoole, a person also engaged in the Sheffield trade; and who in little less than two years after died, leaving his young widow and an infant son four months old, comparatively unprovided for. Surrounded by active and sympathising friends, and having indulged in composition from early life, she was induced to publish by subscription a volume of verse; and in May, 1805, appeared "Poems, by Barbara Hoole," dedicated to the Countess Fitzwilliam, and presenting an almost unexampled list of subscribers—the names filling more than forty pages! These compositions evince a degree of good sense, vivid poetical conception, and for the most part, an appropriateness of diction, highly creditable to the then inexperienced authoress. After a widowhood of eleven years, this ingenious and estimable woman became the wife of Mr. Hofland, a well-known landscape painter, and author of the "Angler's Manual." *Ut pictura, poesis erit*, says Horace; and in the case before us, the prolific pen of the wife was for many years not less unweariedly or successfully exerted than the gifted pencil of the husband; perhaps, indeed, no living woman, one way or other, has written so much. With one exception, I believe, the many works of Mrs. Hofland are in prose, and chiefly designed for the edification of young persons. Her childhood books have been very popular, both in America and on the continent of Europe. The exception alluded to, was a little volume of humorous rhyme in imitation of Anstey's "New Bath Guide," published by this lady in 1812, and entitled "A Season at Harrogate; in a series of Poetical Epistles, from Benjamin Blunderhead, Esquire, to his Mother, in Derbyshire." The scenery in the neighbourhood of Harrogate has been indebted to the pencil of Mr. Hofland, as well as to the pen of his wife, in the series of six fine coloured prints of views in Bolton, which were published by that gentleman. The following verses are from the pleasing collection of "Poems" above-mentioned:—

TO FREDERICK.

Tho' Friendship may soothe me with tenderness sweet,
Benevolence open her arms,

And bless my poor heart with this tranquil retreat,
Secure from life's cruel alarms :

Still true to its object, an instinct divine
Draws me near thee the farther we part,
My being's best essence, my Frederick! is thine,
Thou child of my soul, of my heart!

Surrounded by many my bosom holds dear,
Sweet prattlers that solace the day,
Yet the vigils of night claim the bitterest tear,
A Mother bereaved can pay.

Sole source of exertion! sole object of hope!
Who taught me when sunk in despair,
With the anguish of blasted enjoyment to cope,
And smile on the fetters of care:

Say wilt thou when time shall have mellowed thy brow
And his down shades the rose on thy cheek,
With the voice of maturity fondly, as now,
The language of tenderness speak?

In the hey-day of youth wilt thou stop to reflect
What pangs through this bosom must press,
Should it meet the cold glance of unfeeling neglect,
From the child it has languish'd to bless?

When tottering with age, or grief's early decay,
Shall thy love my best comforter be?
Wilt thou cherish the Parent so wrinkled and grey,
Who knows no Protector but thee?

Shall I view in my darling, thus blessing and blest,
His Father's dear image restored;
Then sinking to death, on thy dutiful breast,
Revisit my Husband, my Lord?

The child thus affectionately apostrophised, and to whom the author devoted the proceeds of her first volume, did live to justify his mother's best hopes, and repay her solicitude in the virtues of the man: but the anticipations of the closing lines were not realized; for, "on the 16th of March, 1833, in the 35th year of his age, died the Rev. Frederick Bradshaw Hoole, one of the curates of St. Andrew's, Holborn, London. Perhaps," adds the Metropolitan journal from which this obituary is copied, "there was never a man more calculated to fill and fulfil the duties of the sacred office, which was his own free choice, than the individual whose loss we mourn, with many poor, on

whom death has closed a hand, open as the day to melting charity." Mrs. Hoffland died at Richmond, in Surrey, November 9th, 1844, in the 75th year of her age.

MARY ROBERTS,

IN 1822, appeared in two volumes, 8vo., "The Royal Exile; or Poetical Epistles of Mary Queen of Scots, during her captivity in England: with other original poems. By a young lady. Also, by her father, the Life of Queen Mary." The Life of Mary occupies the greater part of one of these volumes, which were published for the benefit of a local benevolent institution. Mr. Roberts, who was born in Sheffield in 1763, still enjoys a hale and active old age. Besides enriching himself by a long and successful career in connection with one of the staple manufactures of his native town, he has, by a rigid economy of time, found innumerable opportunities for the exercise of his pen on a great variety of subjects—the abolition of Slavery, State Lotteries, and the employment of Climbing Boys, having each in turn been effectually advocated by him. Among other notions strongly maintained by Mr. Roberts, is the defensibility of the character of Scotland's "Royal Mary," out of respect for whom, our author has not only repeatedly drawn his pen, but he has built in Sheffield Park, one of the most beautiful castellated mansions of modern date, and which he calls "Queen's Tower." Even this slight sketch would lack its strongest feature of fidelity, if I did not add that Mr. Roberts is an immitigable denouncer of the Poor Law Amendment Act. Although he has published no separate volume of poetry, various pieces in verse, some of them of considerable length, are scattered through his printed works. His simple tale of "The Two Orphans" has often been reprinted. He has likewise essayed a theme of touching interest, to which first, Mr. Holland, and subsequently, William and Mary Howitt, invited attention in verse, namely, the memorable desolation of the Derbyshire Village of Eyam, by the Plague, in the fatal year 1666. The fair Poetess, named at the head of this notice, is the second daughter of Mr. Roberts. The metrical portion of the "Royal Exile," consists of sixteen epistles, supposed to be written by the Scottish Queen, while in the

custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury; they are mostly descriptive of Hallamshire scenery, and contain various allusions to local history, expressed in a flowing and elegant style of versification—or, to adopt the testimony of Montgomery, the minstrel has sung the sorrows of the unfortunate Mary, “in numbers worthy of the theme, and alike honourable to herself and the poetical character of this vicinity.” The following are “Lines Introductory” to the Epistles.

“Well, *rest to thine ashes!* thou beautiful one!
 To a deep secret chamber thy relics are gone;
 The power that was hated for ever is o’er;
 The lips that have anger’d can anger no more:
 The charms that were envied for ever retire;
 —Oh, with them let slander and hatred expire.
 O’er *the grave* be no banners triumphantly spread;
 Let the voice of reproaches disturb not *the dead*:
 But, child of misfortune, the tear be thine own,
 That springs from the heart where misfortune is known;
 Let beauty bend low o’er a beauty more bright,
 Which fate unpropitious so early could blight;
 Let youth o’er thy grave heave a sigh on her way,
 Who to anguish and suffering in youth wert a prey;
 And the nymphs and the Naiads who flit round yon seat,
 The home of thy sorrows, their favourite retreat—
 Oh, still let them linger to grace the wild scene,
 And hallow the region *where MARY has been.*”

I will mention here, as identified with the place of Miss Roberts’ birth, the names of Miss Livingstone, the daughter, I believe of a merchant in Birmingham, who, at a somewhat earlier period, published a small volume of poems in Sheffield: Mrs. Sutcliffe, a Quakeress, who, in 1800, printed thirty-two pages of verse for private distribution among “Friends.” Wm. Brownell, whose unpretending volume appeared several years later: M. Middleton, Esq., Leam Hall, Derbyshire, son of the Rev. Mr. Carver, of Masham, Yorkshire, who in 1822, printed at Sheffield, *Poetical Sketches of a Tour in the West of England*, for private distribution only, pp. 79: William Wrangham, who was a native of the town of Sheffield, published in 1829, at Louth, in Lincolnshire, “*A New Metrical Version of the Psalms*,” executed in a plain but pleasing manner. He died in 1832: George Allen, whose “*Infantine Stories*” and “*Christian’s Songs*,” have but just appeared: and I venture to add William Handley Sterndale, who, although he has not

printed any production of his pen in an independent form, has evinced by a few isolated examples—particularly the stanzas on “The Lord’s Oak,” in Hunter’s “Hallamshire,” how well he could illustrate in verse portions of a district which in her “Panorama for Youth,” and the “Life of a Boy,” his mother has laid under tribute to her descriptive pen. But it would be unfair thus to name a single individual, without at the same time reminding the reader to what a large extent the claims of Yorkshiremen, more or less, known as the authors of inedited or fugitive pieces of acknowledged beauty or interest, might be substantiated without difficulty: the “Poet’s Corner” of almost every newspaper in the county, is a record of the fact.

REV. JACOB BRETTELL.

MR BRETTELL was born at Gainsbro’, where his father was an Unitarian preacher, as he himself has been for many years, at Rotherham, in which town, in 1825, he printed a poem, entitled the “Country Minister,” which he dedicated to Earl Fitzwilliam. In 1828, he published a volume of “Sketches in Verse, from the Historical Books of the Old Testament.” The following lines, from the former work, refer to the pleasant neighbourhood of the poet’s residence—for it is still pleasant, though the railway between Leeds and London runs now beside the river Rother, along the once sequestered vale of Canklow.

Thus oft delighted have I, gazing, stood,
Where rural Canklow lifts her climbing wood,
And Rother, winding o’er the vale below,
Thro’ scenes of peace reluctant seems to flow;
That ample vale, hills gently rising, bound
An amphitheatre enclosing round.
There, seen afar, ascending to the skies,
Thy distant smoke and turrets, Sheffield, rise;
Whilst, near the sunny plains that round me smile,
Wentworth! I see thy splendid, princely pile,
With all its woods umbrageous spread around,
And all its vast extent of verdant ground—
Where Art and Nature seem, with rival charms,
To court Fitzwilliam to their sheltering arms,
From public cares demand his late release,
And lure him home to tranquil scenes of peace.

Illustrious Earl ! exempt from common woes,
 Long may thy age in scenes like these repose,
 Whilst virtue's soothing beams around thee shine,
 Gilding the evening of thy life's decline :
 And when at last, laid on the lifeless bier—
 Embalm'd by many a grateful orphan's tear—
 'Midst kindred dust thy sacred ashes rest,
 May thy soul rise, and mingle with the blest.
 The lust may perish, and the dome may fall,
 O'er halls of grandeur death extend his pall,
 But, more refulgent, virtue claims the skies,
 And spurns the dust where meaner glory dies !

JANE KIDD.

THIS lady, born, I believe, in Staffordshire, and still living at Hull, is the widow of the late Rev. Thornhill Kidd, many years "Minister of the Congregation of Protestant Dissenters" or Independents, at Cleckheaton, near Leeds, and afterwards at Clapton, where he died. Mr. Kidd published in 1813, an octavo volume of "Family and Village Sermons." The volume of "Poems and Hymns" which bears the name of Mrs. Kidd, was printed at Sheffield, in 1827, and is dedicated to the friends of her late husband ; these effusions, which are almost entirely of a devotional or serious character, fill upwards of two hundred pages.

POETRY.

Ah Poetry ! I love thy warm address :
 Where do thine images of beauty sleep ?
 Rouse them from slumber, lead them to my heart,
 In nature's garb, simplicity thy name.
 Ye fair ideas, graceful in that step
 Chaste inclination prompts, with modest eye
 Meet mine. There let me read the written word,
 And speak the glowing sentiment in song !
 While restless fancy leads o'er fairy scenes,
 Then laughs at my disgrace ; her magic wand,
 Thrice waved, invites my ramble. Firm I'll stand,
 Ah ! fruitless boast. She comes in various shape,
 In colour various, and in alter'd dress.
 See to my aid *Religion* move ! Her form
 How different, how different her attire !
 A robe her goodness holds, wove by Content ;
 She throws it gently round my giddy thought,

And fastens the neat garment with a zone
 Peace has prepared. Now through the wilderness,
 I walk with her, and lean upon her arm.
 When sorrow tires me with uneven road,
 And thorns perplexing, her delighted tongue,
 Delighting, ministers of heavenly truth.
 In friendly confidence unlimited,
 She soothes my heart with promises of peace,
 Eternal, undisturb'd : says that her truths
 Shall comfort me in death ; her faithful hands
 Lighten my pillow, and her cordials cheer ;
 Then shall my active spirit rise to God,
 And there for ever rest.

WILLIAM DANBY.

THIS gentleman, who is about 36 years of age, and a native of Guisborough, published a volume of elegant poems about ten years since ; one of them was entitled " Gisbrowe ;" another, and perhaps one of the best, is " The Nightmare," which has found its way into many modern collections.

THE DAY SPRING FROM ON HIGH.

The wounds of life—the piercing agonies
 The traveller meets upon his thorny road,
 O Thou that tookest to thee our vile load !
 These thou canst heal, with day-spring from the skies.
 The painful doubts—the darkening clouds that rise
 And brood upon the soul—the cares of life,
 And that incessant and tumultuous strife
 'Neath which the heart, like a crush'd reptile, lies :
 All these thou healest—but still more again—
 Surrounding souls with the clear light of Faith,
 Thy balm is felt where sin her hand hath lain,
 And thou canst cure the very sting of Death.

Guisborough is a poetical locality, its identification with the Muses being traceable to the age of Henry the Eighth and Queen Elizabeth, through its connection with Sir Thomas Chaloner, the poetical son of a more poetical father of the same name ; but who is, perhaps, better known as the founder of the Alum Works at that place. Nor can I forbear here to mention William Mason, a Guisborough poet, who died some years ago, at the age of 25, leaving behind him, in manuscript, numerous evidences of a warm

and vigorous imagination, several specimens from which, with a friendly notice of the author, written, I believe, by Mr. Ord, have lately been inserted in a periodical, published at Stokesley. About midway between the last-named place and Guisborough, rises the lofty and far-famed Roseberry Topping: this mountain has had its poet.—Mr. Pierson, a Schoolmaster at Stokesley, wrote about the year 1800, a poem called “Roseberry Topping,” which was favourably spoken of; but I have not seen it.

ROBERT STORY.

ROBERT STORY, “The Craven Poet,” as he has been called, is a native of Northumberland. With little education besides what he could pick up by persevering self-teaching, he wrote and published a poem called “Harvest Home;” and a few years afterwards “Craven Blossoms.” Without assistance, he acquired sufficient acquaintance with the languages to establish for himself the reputation of a good classical scholar, and to become the master of a respectable school at Gargrave, in this county, of which village he is also parish clerk—as he tells us in “The Magic Fountain and other Poems,” published in 1829. In the same year appeared “The Outlaw; a drama, in five acts.” The plot—which I need not attempt to unravel—is laid in Craven, and the incidents belong to the year 1518. The poem is dedicated to the Miss Currer, of Eshton Hall, Yorkshire. The book contains several tasteful and delicate passages, as well among those which are descriptive of natural scenery, as others intended to be expressive of personal character, or historical transactions.

I'LL SUFFER AS BECOMES A MAN.

My dear, if cold the world have grown,
 If those that smiled have turned away,
 And if the light our past hath known
 Shall never gild our future day—
 What then? We will not therefore droop,
 But bear the change as best we can:
 Cheer thou thy little rosy group,
 I'll suffer as becomes a Man!

The term of human life is brief,
 The point is how to pass it well:
Small matters both are joy and grief,
 Soon ending in the narrow cell.

But if we ne'er to *baseness* stoop,
 We dignify the little span :
 Then cheer, my love, thy rosy group
 I'll suffer as become a Man !

Yon heartless wretch whose god is gold,
 The veriest slave of woman born,
 In *hate* we will not deign to hold—
 We'll hardly condescend to *scorn*.
 Beneath his shade let others droop,
 We care not if he bless or ban :
 Cheer thou thy little rosy group,
 I'll suffer as becomes a Man !

Life does not terminate with breath,
 Nor fame and infamy with life ;
 There's execration after death,
 And tears and glory too, my Wife !
 O ! who would fawn, or cringe, or stoop,
 For ought that Hate can do or plan ?
 No, no ! cheer thou thy rosy group,
 I'll suffer as becomes a Man !

Story has a rival in his claim to be considered the titular poet of the district, in J. L. Armstrong, the author of "Scenes in Craven," published in 1835.

SAMUEL JONES.

THIS gentleman is a clergyman, and, I believe, at present (1844) officiates in London. Though he is a native of Wales, yet the circumstance of his having, whilst a resident in this county, published a volume of poetry, fairly entitles him to a notice here. In 1832, while assistant minister of St. George's Church, Sheffield, he printed in that town, a small volume, entitled "The Progress of Truth, with other Poems," inscribed to Aglionby Slaney, Esq. In the leading and principal composition of five Cantos, the poet takes a rapid glance at the origin, advancement, conquests, and final triumph of Christianity in the world, in lines, of which the following extract in reference to the Missionary obligations of our own country, may serve as a specimen :—

Say Britain ! art thou happiest of isles,
 Nation on whom heaven most propitious smiles ;
 Yet dost not think who blesses so thy land,
 No supplication pour, stretch out no hand

T' extend the triumphs of the crucified,
 And save those fainting souls for whom he died ?
 "Come o'er and help us," is their piteous cry,
 We come, we come, may British hearts reply ;
 Sure it is time to list to pity's cries,
 And aid the wretched from our rich supplies ;
 "Thy kingdom come," for centuries you have pray'd,
 Act as you pray ; afford effective aid ;
 Wave o'er each spot the olive branch of peace,
 And bid ambition's direful contests cease.
 Why this cold apathy?—why this delay ?
 The cause of God's Immanuel leads the way ;
 He heads the march, nor shall his little train,
 With such a leader, plant the cross in vain.
 Is there in obligation ought to bind ?
 Can richest blessings move the grateful miud ?
 Extreme distress affect the feeling heart,
 Or hope to action stimulus impart ?
 O ! then let Christian England waft the sound
 Of free salvation to earth's farthest bound ;
 Go as enjoin'd and teach the gospel lore,
 To all the world, each distant isle explore.

ROBERT DUGEON.

IN August, 1831, Andrew Roy and Elizabeth Medley, of Ripon, had been together at a dance in that city ; returning at a late hour to the young woman's residence, some expressions of dissatisfaction at the attachment which existed between the parties, were indulged by her father, and repelled by Roy, who, on leaving the house, was followed by the female. In the morning they were both found drowned in the river Eure. *How* the catastrophe occurred was never ascertained ; but it produced considerable sensation among the citizens. Robert Dugeon, a Scottish youth, and at that time apprenticed with Mr. Bateman, a tailor in Ripon, wrote and printed a long ballad on the tragedy, calling it "The Lovers"—and through these hundred verses of homely rhyme claims to be regarded as the modern poetical representative of the goodly city of his adoption : for, says a friendly correspondent, "I am not aware that any person in Ripon or the vicinity is worthy of sufficient notice to be recorded as a poet, either at the present time or during the last century." It may be mentioned that, besides the late

Sir J. S. Byerley, previously noticed, Langhorne, although not a native of Yorkshire, resided awhile at Ripon, when a young man, at which time he wrote a poem to celebrate the beauties of Studley Park, in that neighbourhood. The following are the opening verses of Dugeon's ballad—the first line refers to the anniversary of the patron Saint of the church, or Ripon feast, which commences on the first Sunday after Lammas Day, old style:—

THE LOVERS.

'Twas Wilfred week, and sweet the sun
Did usher in the morn,
To cheer the heart of mourning man,
And ripen up the corn.

The birds did sing on every tree,
And sweet the milkmaid joined,
To raise the soul to Nature's God,
All nature seemed combined.

When Andrew with his long-lov'd Bet
A morning walk did take,
Along the banks of Ure's swift stream,
Anew their vows to make, &c.

JOSEPH AKROYD.

JOSEPH AKROYD, a poor, but apparently pious man of Thornton, near Bradford, "whose habitation is the busy weaver's cot, and his study, the industrious loom," is the author of "Original Poems, Sacred, Natural, and Moral," 1832. Never, perhaps, was there a volume printed that exhibits a hundred pages of matter set out in the form of verse, of a more feeble character than this production of the Thornton weaver.

"How welcome night's approach to the industrious labourer, who all day long has laboured hard under a tyrannical master, to cultivate the ground; in order that it may bring forth natural sustenance for man and beast.

And no less welcome to
The busy cottager, who e'er
Since morning light, has been toiling
In his industrious loom, with
Perhaps not half the maintenance,
His mortal fame required; oh no!

He's lined with hunger,—and what else ?
 He's clad with rags, and when night comes,
 He has not a bed of soft down,
 On which to rest his weary limbs,
 And sink in sweet repose. Enter
 His despicable shed, and view
 His poor bed and bedding, perhaps
 A bed of chaff, or straw, covered
 O'er with tatter'd fragments, and is
 Not this a shed of poverty,
 Misery, distress, and wretchedness !

The next twenty lines present, probably the most humble and prosaic imitation of Southey's unrhymed eight syllable metres ever printed : the capital letters indicate the original lines :—

“ But I imagine another Class of human beings, who hail
 Most gladly returning night, and I do most candidly mean those
 Poor creatures, who for fourteen or Fifteen hours per day, with
 little Interval, are enclosed within The spacious walls of those
 buildings Of industry, which rear so high Their towering spires,
 in extensive and diversified directions Throughout our manufac-
 turing and commercial districts ; and when night's Sable curtains
 are roll'd athwart The ethereal canopy Of heaven, and old albion
 our Native isle, is wrapp'd in darkness ; Then sweet sleep, faith-
 ful messenger, And welcome guest, steals by degrees Upon our
 senses, and mankind In general retire to rest.”

MRS. MERRYWEATHER.

IN 1833, appeared “The Hermit of Eskdaleside, with other Poems, by J. A. M.” These were the initials of a lady, formerly Miss Loy, daughter of Dr. Loy, an eminent physician of Whitby, and married to Dr. Merryweather, now living at Danby, in Cleveland. She died a few years ago. The poems are of a superior description, exhibiting fertility of imagination, correct taste, and feminine elegance. The larger poem, “The Hermit,” &c., is founded on a singular local legend, which is given both in Young's and Charlton's Histories of Whitby. I gladly select the following Sonnet, not only as a fair specimen of the lady's powers, but because it affords me an opportunity of expressing my respect for the character of the Poet Laureate, who, although neither a native nor a denizen of Yorkshire, has identified his genius with this county by his legendary poem of “The White Doe of Rylstone.”

TO WORDSWORTH.

High Priest of nature!—when I read thy strain,
 A soothing calm breathes o'er my breast and brain,
 While o'er my soul, thy gentle notes diffuse
 Refreshing balm—like evening's grateful dews.
 'Tis as a summer shower had clear'd the air
 And left delicious odours breathing there—
 Or, as earth smiles—when sunset's mellow ray,
 From her green bosom softly melts away!
 —As sweet, the thoughts thy holy lays impart,
 To tranquilize and elevate the heart,—
 Deep and serene thy inspiration flows
 Like a pure river in its calm repose;
 —Long may its stream o'er human bosoms glide,
 And fertilize them with its limpid tide!
 Rouse kindly feelings in the awaken'd breast—
 And bid a mortal—taste an angel's rest."

About twelve years ago, Mr. Buchanan, solicitor, at Whitby, published, I am told, a volume of poems, which I have not seen.

 CHARLES F. EDGAR.

MR. EDGAR, the son of a Captain in the army, was born in London. An early love of wandering led him abroad; and besides some time spent at sea, he was three years in a situation at Singapore; and to the effect of the climate of India upon his health is attributable his early death. Under what circumstances he came into Yorkshire does not appear; but he was fond of collecting historical notices of York and the neighbourhood. In 1832, he published, in Leeds, where I believe his widowed mother still lives, a volume of "Original Poems," mostly "composed under circumstances of sickness." He died, aged 25, in July, 1832, of consumption, at Chapel Allerton, in the burial ground of which a stone is placed to perpetuate his name, and his friend and fellow poet, Bradshaw Walker, has dedicated a poetical tribute to his memory.

TO THE WITCH HAZEL.

Mysterious plant! whose golden tresses wave
 With a sad beauty in the dying year,
 Blooming amid November's frost severe,
 Like the pale corpse-light o'er the recent grave!

If shepherds tell us true, thy wand hath power,
 With gracious influence, to avert the stour
 Of ominous planets, and the fatal charm
 Of spirits wandering at the midnight hour;
 And thou canst point where buried treasures lie.
 But yet to me, thou art an emblem high
 Of patient virtue, to the Christian given,
 Unchanged and bright, when all is dark beside;
 Our shield from wild temptations, and our guide
 To treasures for the just laid up in heaven.

As incidentally connected with the County of York, I may in this place mention the names of Mr. and Mrs. Alaric A. Watts, the former having resided several years in Leeds, as editor of the "Intelligencer" newspaper, published in that town. The late Michael Thomas Sadler, M.P., though born in Derbyshire, was also, during the greater part of his life, a denizen of Leeds. He never published any volume of poems; but several fugitive pieces printed during his lifetime, as well as specimens of a finished version of the Psalms in metre, which have appeared since his death in 1835, evince considerable poetical talent. He wrote also an Epic Poem, entitled "Alfred," which is said to be a work of uncommon merit, but has never yet appeared in print.

REV. JAMES EVERETT.

Among the names mentioned in an interesting article, entitled "Sheffield Poetry," published in the "Cambridge Review," 1826, I find that of James Everett, who, we are told however, was not a native of the neighbourhood of Sheffield, but like some other of her local poets, "an exotic transplanted thither: though with the inhabitants, institutions, and amiabilities of that 'good old town,' his name was for several years identified," both as a bookseller, and as a popular Wesleyan preacher. "As a poet, purity, and piety of sentiment, may be said to be the chief characteristics of his compositions: occasionally ornamented and diffuse in his style, the love of metaphor sometimes leads him astray—but what is a poet without metaphor, the easiest to catch and the most difficult to manage of all illustrations. The poetry of Mr. Everett, however, often exhibits the best sentiments and feelings, expressed with great energy.

His poem in memory of King George the Third, [then recently published,] is equally creditable to his head and heart : devotion and loyalty, indeed, are the usual stimulants of his genius." The Reviewer states that Mr. Everett " is a native of Alnwick, one of the chief towns of a county which boasts a hero of no mean celebrity in the annals of Britain—we mean King EDWIN, ' Northumbria's glory,' and whose history, whether considered with reference to his conversion to Christianity, or the circumstances of his reign, or both, is pregnant with poetical interest and reflection. On this subject, endeared by local associations, Mr. E. has planned and partly executed, as we learn from those who appear to be in the secret, an extensive narrative poem, displaying much originality and imagination." Of this poem, which included four books, each in a different stanza, the author afterwards published in 1831, the first part during his residence at Sheffield. The *scene* of this poem is laid chiefly at Auldby, a royal Saxon residence, on the banks of the Derwent, near York ; embracing, in its retrospective details, most of Cambria, Kent, Mercia, East-Anglia, Deira, and Bernicia, whose separate boundaries, together with those of others, are minutely described by Mr. Sharon Turner, in his " History of the Anglo-Saxons." Mr. Everett's poetical pieces, however, numerous as they are, are less known and esteemed than his biographies : of these, the memoirs of Samuel Hick, William Caister, Daniel Isaac, William Dawson, and Adam Clarke, are monuments equally of his diligence and abilities as an author. Mr. Everett has for some years resided in York, and " Edwin," the hero of his principal poem, belongs as much to the county of the poet's residence as that of his birth. I give the following extract, in which after describing the conversion of the Pagan-High Priest, and his desecration of the idol temple, at Godmundham, the poet refers to the baptism of Edwin in the river Swale, " The *Jordan* of England," by Paulinus, on Easter Sunday, A.D., 620.

To the lavatory's stream,
Willingly he now was brought ;
Modestly, as might beseem,
Him in whom such change was wrought
There a church which pride might scorn,
Timber-built, soon blest the sight ;
There, on Easter's Sabbath morn,
He received the sacred rite :

When himself, and children dear,
With his first nobility,
All baptized in holy fear,
Blest the grace that made them free.

Others sought the "House of prayer,"
From the villages around,
While they sought their baptism. where
The adjacent rivers wound.

Thus, the Elene and the Swale,
Trent and Derwent, where they glide,
Glevie, winding through the vale,
Lent the consecrated tide.

Mightily "the people grew,"
Truth its saving influence shed
O'er Deira's plains it flew,
Through Bernicia it spread.

Soon in Lindsey's marshy soil,
Where old Lincoln's turrets rise,
Through the Christian lab'rer's toil,
Bloom'd a Christian Paradise.

GEORGE WILSON.

MR. WILSON was, I believe, born at Leeds, in the Free Grammar School of which place he received, "without price, that instruction which is beyond all price:" so he says in the dedication, in 1834, to the Rev. W. C. Wollaston, under master of that school, of "Cyril, a Poem in four Cantos, and Miner Poems." The principal interest of this volume lies in the frank avowal of the motives of its publication—"My poverty, but not my will consents," says the author in the motto on his title page; while in the preface, he tells us that "During seven out of these ten years he has been studying the profession of medicine—and now finds himself unable to raise a sufficient sum to enable him to attend the usual lectures for two winters, which is the time required by the examiners at Apothecaries' Hall—he has, therefore, followed the example of the author of *Rasselas*, and written a book merely for the sake of obtaining a little gold." After such a statement, it is gratifying to add, that Mr. Wilson is now a respectable medical practitioner in Leeds, and one of the surgeons to the House of Recovery in that town

SONNET.

I think upon my boyish happiness :
 My cloudless heart ; my friends for ever gone !
 I know that years of sorrow will come on,
 Of desolate and dreary wretchedness :
 That fools will slander, and the proud oppress—
 That I must bear contempt and contumely,
 Yet still toil on, and labour wearily ;
 No friendly glance my pilgrimage to bless !
 Until, perchance, when age and care have thrown
 Their silver clusters o'er my furrow'd brow,
 Fate may permit me then to call my own
 The joys my lonely spirit pants for now :
 Ah ! tyrant Poverty—whom all men flee,
 Why hast thou chose thy residence with me ?

REV. THOMAS BLACKLEY, A.M.

MR. BLACKLEY was born January 5, 1782, at Canterbury. About 1810, he became curate at Rotherham, and in 1826, vicar of the same important parish, on the presentation of the patron, the Lord Howard, son of Richard, Earl of Effingham, the friend of the reverend gentleman. He died January 27, 1842. Besides some smaller matters, he published "Practical Sermons," 3 vols. ; "A Narrative of the Gypsies ;" "Essays on the Swallows," occasioned by an immense assemblage of these birds at Rotherham, one autumn previous to their seasonal departure ; and in 1833, "The Hallowed Harp, consisting of Morning, a Poem, and other pieces, Moral and Religious." Pliny, in his letter to Tuscus, on the subject of study, recommends him, among other things, "to unbend his mind with poetry ;" and the same writer, in his letter to Pontius, thus gives us the history of his poetical effusions :—"At my return to Rome, I shewed my performances to some of my friends, who were pleased to approve of them. Afterwards, when I had leisure, and particularly when I travelled, I made several other attempts in the poetical way. At length I determined, after the example of others, to publish a separate volume of these poems, and I have no reason to repent of my resolution." In this manner the author of the "Hallowed Harp," tells us, he was induced to try his skill in poetical measures. His volume is gratefully dedicated to the Lady Howard

afterward Countess of Effingham. The bulk of the volume consists of Scripture themes, or moral sentiments, gracefully versified.

MAN INSTRUCTED FROM NATURE.

Those fragrant roses soon will fade,
Which now in beauty bloom ;
Will quickly droop their lovely head,
And lose their sweet perfume.

Those oaks which now majestic stand,
The forest's strength and pride,
Shall fall beneath the woodman's hand,
The axe their trunk divide.

That orb, whose light resplendent gleams,
Imparting wide delight,
On climes remote shall cast its beams,
And day give place to night.

'Tis thus shall fall the strength of man,
His beauty thus decay ;
'Tis thus shall terminate his span,
His glory pass away.

'Tis grace alone that can bestow,
Imperishable bloom,
Like flowers of paradise to blow,
In climes beyond the tomb.

Then, mortal, ardent seek that grace,
Ere summon'd to the tomb ;
It will impart true blessedness,
And endless, fadeless bloom.

MRS. HENRY ROLLS.

ACCORDING to the peerage, there are few names of greater antiquity in Italy, France, or England, than that of St. Hillaire, or Hillary, which was borne by this lady before her marriage. In the fifth century, it gave an occupant to the chair of St. Peter; and no less than three Saints to the Roman calendar. The name is still distinguished among the nobility of Normandy. The Hillarys, one of which was Bishop of Chichester in the time of Henry the Second, early settled in the counties of Warwick and Stafford, and continued to maintain their rank there until the era of the

Reformation, when the last and remaining branch of the family removed into Wensleydale, where they purchased estates. The present male representative of this ancient family is Sir William Hillary, Bart., brother of Mary, the subject of this notice: they were the children of the late Richard Hillary, Esq., and both, I believe, born in Wensleydale. The poetess was the first wife of the late Rev. Henry Rolls, rector of Aldwinckle All Saints, Northamptonshire, where she died April 8, 1835, aged 54 years. She was the author of "Legends of the North," the scene of which is laid at Nappa Hall, about eight miles from Settle; and of various miscellaneous poems.

THE FUGITIVE.

Less wildly sweep, thou wintry wind!
 Ye leafless branches, cease to wave!
 Veil from my sight—veil from my mind—
 That sacred spot,—my father's grave:
 Hide it in still deeper gloom!
 Ye driving snow-flakes, swifter fall!
 Wrap your pure chilly mantle round;
 Lest, every feeling to appal,
 From that low vault my steps resound,
 The awful echo of the tomb!

More darkly spread, ye shades of night!
 Lest I behold that holy fane,
 Where, as he shared each mystic rite,
 He raised the prayer for me in vain—
 If vain can be a father's prayer:
 There, too, my mother's ashes rest!
 Their race is o'er, their task is done:
 Unknown the pangs which tear this breast,
 The crimes—the misery of their son,
 Though once their tenderest, dearest care!

O'er ocean's ever-heaving wave
 I go, to hide my guilt—my shame;
 Dear tenants of that honour'd grave,
 Forgive this blot upon your name,
 That but by me has known no stain!
 O'erwhelm'd by woe, pursued by wrath,
 Dares yet his heart to breathe a prayer?
 Deign, blessed shades, to point my path,
 And snatch the wanderer from despair!
 Hope, grant this beam to soothe my pain!

THOMAS LISTER.

THOMAS LISTER, was born in 1810, at Old Mill, in the suburbs of Barnsley. His parents, well esteemed for probity and kindness, with much simplicity of character, were members of the Society of Friends. He received the elements of a plain English education at Ackworth School, from 1821 to 1824, and then went to work. Several of his youthful years were spent in out-door labours, his father being a small farmer and gardener. He had been early an admirer of poetry, and even in boyhood a dabbler in rhyme. Some fugitive pieces of his, written during the election of 1830, called the attention of his townsmen and others, particularly of the late James Porter, of Park House, and of Lord Morpeth, to his "unpruned fancies." In 1833, the situation of master of the post-office, at Barnsley, became vacant, and through the influence of Lord Morpeth's recommendation, Thomas Lister was named to the appointment; but the law, as it then stood respecting the oath of office, was an insuperable objection in the way of his accepting it. In 1834, he published the "Rustic Wreath," which, through the favour of friends, to many of whom he was introduced in various parts of the country, met with extensive encouragement. He was afterwards employed in a linen warehouse, in his native town of Barnsley. During a period of commercial depression, in 1837, he took a ramble, principally on foot, among the northern lakes and mountains, "commencing," to use his own words, "at Ulverstone, by Coniston, Windermere, Kendal, Penrith, Ulswater, climbing the lordly Helvelyn, Skiddaw, and some of the wilder mountain ranges at the head of Waste Water; then crossing the Solway Frith to Annan, he walked through Nithsdale and along the many pleasant streams of Burns to Ayr and Glasgow, completing his picturesque tour by excursions to Lochs Long, Lomond, and Katrine." In the following summer, 1838, through the kindness of his employer, Mr. J. W. Wilson, he was liberated for a more extended excursion, in which he visited Paris, Lyons, and Turin, by the Mont Cenis. Thus far he had travelled in the usual conveyances; but he now took to his feet, and spent several days in traversing the quiet valleys of Piedmont, and the plains of Lombardy. After visiting the lakes of Como,

Lugano, and Maggiore, he crossed the Alps, passed through Switzerland, and returned to England by way of the Netherlands. He afterwards gave an entertaining *viva voce* account of his tour at meetings of the various Mechanics' Institutions. In 1839, he was appointed to the office of postmaster of Barnsley, and in 1841 "married happily." He now writes but little, and still seldomer makes public the results of his musings. The few poems he has produced since the publication of the "Rustic Wreath," are the "Farm Maid," which had its origin in the suggestion of an admired authoress, who, in a review of the "Wreath," recommended that any future effort of his should bear some characteristic stamp like that of the "Yorkshire Hirings," in the illustration of the manners, dialects, and scenes of his native region; "Heinrich Pestalotz," an educational poem; and "Temperance Rhymes," of which several editions have been distributed in aid of a cause of which the author is an enthusiastic advocate.

SUNSET MUSINGS IN MILAN.

Proud are thy walls, Milano!
 Thy towers rise gorgeously;
 One thought hath dimmed their splendour,
 They look not on the free.

A richly-mellow'd beauty
 Lives in thy clear blue' sky,
 Sad stain to its deep purity—
 There alien banners fly.

The Pandour through thy palaces
 Hath stalk'd in savage pride,
 And on thy floors of marble,
 Hath Freedom's God defied.

Kind are thy sons Milano,
 Then, shall they not be free?

- Earth-grasping masters, sternly
 Have bade them bow the knee.

With eyes of fascination,
 Half-hid by raven hair,
 O! lovely are thy daughters!
 Must they thy ruin share?

Their port, their step, how graceful,
 Where green the linden waves;
 Alas, that these thy daughters,
 Should mothers be to slaves!

Sweet on the twilight stealing,
Like hope to hearts that grieve;
Thy many-toned minstrelsy
Floats on the summer-eve.

Far o'er the giant mountains
The day-beam smiling dies,
The peace of heaven is resting
Amid those happy skies.

What speaks you martial clarion?
The spoiler, man, is near!
The haughty tread of warriors
Bursts harshly on the ear.

These soulless tools of tyranny—
'Tis thus in every clime,
Bind fast the chains, they first have worn,
Hired guards of royal crime.

Thy fair fruit-laden meadows,
Thy olive and thy vine,
Are food for foreign revellers,
Who laugh at thee and thine.

Many the works of beauty
Thy master minds have wrought;
Was it to soothe the robber,
They gave their lives to thought?

Sweet are thy songs Italia,
Melodious as thy streams,
They tell thy by-gone glories
Like pleasures known in dreams.

To lift the hopes of freedom,
They sound in other skies,
Oh, for thy Dante's spirit,
To bid thy fallen rise!

REV. ROBERT DUNDERDALE.

MR. DUNDERDALE, was born October 16, 1800, at Dunford House, in the village of Methley, near Ferrybridge. Previous to entering the University of Oxford, in 1819, he was a pupil with the late Rev. James Tate, the highly respectable master of the Free Grammar School at Richmond, to the "value of whose excellent instructions," as well as personal "kindness and urbanity," the pupil bore a grateful

testimony by inscribing to him, in 1829, a volume of "Poems on Religious and Moral Subjects." In 1834, Mr. Dunderdale, who holds the perpetual curacy of Leek, Kirkby Lonsdale, published "Redemption, and other Poems." The following lines will shew the pious tone of the author's sentiments:—

THE BENEFITS OF AFFLICTION.

Though doubt beset, though sin and Satan rage,
 Yet even then my wants God's care engage.
 Though dire uncertainty my path surround,
 And in each earthly joy a sting is found:
 Shall I desert my King, that grace deny,
 That can command each anxious thought to fly,
 That can bestow a calm, a heavenly rest,
 And lull to solid peace the sinner's breast?
 And which in tones of tenderest pity cries,
 Attend and learn the wisdom of the skies.
 Man is not here at home, a stranger he, 'A pilgrim bound unto eternity.
 But should no care, no sorrows him pursue,
 Should only pleasure rise before his view,
 In grovelling scenes his course would he delay,
 And spurn the glories of immortal day.
 To rouse his thoughts, to guide his footsteps home,
 Admonitory stripes his state become.
 Did faith direct to him, who strikes the blow,
 And thus the motives that inflict it show,
 How would our sorrows then be turn'd to joy,
 And grateful praise affliction's hours employ!
 Then should we own with reverential love,
 The tender mercy springing from above;
 Then through each cloud a rainbow bright would shine,
 And prove the goodness of the Hand Divine.

JAMES WARDELL.

MR. WARDELL was born at York, June 7th, 1813. While young, he removed to Leeds, where he at present fills a situation in the office of the Town Clerk. Having received a respectable education, and cherishing a taste for literature, he early yielded to the fascination of verse-making; and in 1836 collected and published, the "Lays of Ebor, and other Poems," which he dedicated to Lord Morpeth. The greater

number of these compositions relate to events which characterise the ancient history of the native city and county of the author.

ON THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD BRIDGE.

Deepest woe to the hour when for England's fair strand,
The chieftains of Norway have left their own land ;
With Denmark combining, they raise the white sail,
And their dark raven banner is unfurl'd to the gale.

On the banks of the Derwent King Harold they meet,
O'er their army is heard the loud cry of defeat ;
Their bravest and best on the cold plain are lying,
Surrounded with slaughter, the dead and the dying.

And the fair northern maidens across the deep main,
May look long for the ships of their lovers in vain ;
They deem not in England, far o'er the blue wave,
That each hero is silent and cold in his grave.

ROBERT DIBB.

ROBERT DIBB, "The Wharfedale Poet," printed at Dewsbury, and hawked through the county, in 1836, a small volume, entitled "Harriet Stanton; or the victim of an Insurrection, a Poem, taken from real life." Also, the "Legend of the White Rose;" and the "Mountain Maid." The heroine of the first piece is an English maiden, who accompanies her uncle to America, where she marries a planter, or the overseer of one. In consequence of the brutal usage of an old negro, by a driver, the slaves rose against their masters; and in this crisis, Harriet's husband—

"Young William, with the planters, rose
To quell the furious band ;
He saw with feelings of regret,
The burning of the land :
He mark'd its progress with despair,
And horror seized his breast,
For his dear home, a burning pile,
Was now among the rest !
With one convulsive maddening start,
Revenge ! Revenge ! he cries,
Whilst blood in torrents marks the way,
As homeward swift he flies :

He gains the threshold of his home ;
He gains it but in vain ;
The assassin's knife has left him faint,
In agony and pain.

With throbbing heart and quivering lips,
Which shew'd that death was near ;
He rush'd into the favourite room,—
But what a sight was there !
—Beneath a silken canopy,
Extended on the floor,
A female figure met his view,
Surrounded with her gore.

'Twas *Harriet Stanton* ! but, alas ;
Inanimate and cold—
She, once so gay—so beautiful,
And lovely to behold,
Now sleeps in death!—the murderer's hand,
Which struck the fatal blow,
Has done a deed of infamy,
As base as hell is low.

Oh ! could not pity stop the knife ;
Could no kind feelings charm ;
Could no protector turn the blow,
And save her from all harm ?
No ! 'twas her fate and destiny ;
She fell in all her prime,
The victim of barbarity ;
She fell without a crime.

Young William saw the lifeless form,
Of Harriet his bride,
He saw her—but life's ebbing stream
Was gushing from his side ;
He clasp'd her in his dying arms,
And with affection cried—
“ In heaven again we meet, my love ! ”
He kiss'd her lips—and died.

JOHN DENT.

WAS born at Leyburn, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, June 11th, 1805, at which place he now resides, a married man with a family, and carrying on business as a respectable draper. Having had an education suitable to his

station in life, Mr. Dent has, almost from his very boyhood, been a scribbler of verses; nor has the predilection been obliterated by the cares of business and the obligations of social life. Having a mind sensitively alive to the beauties of nature; living in such a romantic and beautiful valley as Wensleydale; and being, from these and other circumstances, partial to a country life, several of his effusions are naturally of a rural character. They indicate a genuine poetical feeling, and have all a moral tendency. The only piece Mr. Dent has published in a separate form is "An Elegy to the Memory of Peter Goldsmith, M.D.," but several of his effusions, under the signature of "Zeta," have appeared in the "Court Magazine" and other periodicals. I must here add, that although personally a stranger to the Leyburn poet, I am indebted to him for some of my information concerning the bards of Wensleydale.

MAY.

When buttercups and daisies deck the mead,
When lowing kine in verdant pastures feed;
When throistles whistle, warbling linnets sing,
When woods and dales with notes melodious ring;
When hawthorn hedge-rows smile in lovely green;
When budding leaves on taller trees are seen,
When Flora dances 'midst the sunny shower,
And round each footstep springs the modest flower,—
Then, would I quit the town, its noise and strife,
And court the pleasures of a country life,
'Mid silvan walks and rural scenes I'd stray,
Or by the murmuring brook pursue my way;
Where falling waters form a glassy sheet,
I'd sit and muse an hour on mossy seat;
There watch the speckled trout "elastic spring,"
And on the water see the circling ring;
Or mark the lively squirrel jump and play,
While blackbirds lightly hop "from spray to spray,"
Or watch the rabbit bound devoid of care,
While from her covert starts the timid hare:
'Mid scenes like these contented I can be,
Where freedom smiles around, I feel most free;
Happy 'midst shady walks thus can I stray,
Till Sol o'er western hills sheds his last ray.

MATTHEW WILLIS.

MATTHEW WILLIS was born in that verse inspiring scene—Wensleydale : and perhaps no one who ever gave his name to the title page of a book was less indebted to juvenile reading—his whole term of education, consisting of two half days, in which he chanced to go to school in place of an elder brother ! In 1834, while living at “ Yores cot,” he published “ The Mountain Minstrel, or Effusions of Retirement.” 4to., York. The poems, all things considered, do the author great credit ; take, for example, the first five verses of a piece entitled “ Farewell to Sorrowsikes,” a place where it appears he had for some time resided.

“ Adieu blooming meadows, and verdant plantations,
Far from you for ever I'm destin'd to dwell ;
Ye plains where soft concord and peace fix their stations,
With sorrow I bid you a final farewell !

Our parting is grievous, and truly heart-rending,
To think those enjoyments must never return ;
Which here have been mine ; and whose fruits mildly blending,
Their temperate sweets to my bosom have borne.

I mourn to be call'd from that tree-shaded alley,
That grove, that green pasture, that high mountain ground ;
I mourn to be parted from friends of such value,
As most of those are that encompass thee round.

Their happiness here is the constant promotion
Of honour, and friendship, and good-will to men ;
To fan in the bosom the flames of devotion ;
And point the bright eye to morality's pen.

I mourn to exchange for a land less endearing,
Those blest habitations of concord and bliss,
I mourn, but 'tis vain discontentment uncheering,
Adverse to enjoyment, and hostile to peace.”

JEREMIAH WILLIS.

JEREMIAH WILLIS was living at Caperley, in Wensleydale, in 1838 ; when, poor and uneducated as he was, he found means to make the experiment of publishing, at Richmond, a thin 4to volume, entitled “ Beauties of Wensleydale ;

Pleasures of Sensibility, &c." He says in his preface that he is a very poor man, and confesses that want of money makes him write: the following brief extract from the former part of the book, called the "Beauties of Wensleydale," seems sufficient to prove his indigence:—

"The driving snow, deep falling all around,
Chokes up the lanes, and whitens all the ground;
The dales, the hills, in their white dress appear,
And, naked to the eye, look cold and drear;
Now cutting winds from the keen north are found,
And on the moor is heard the wintry sound;
Alone within the cottage long decay'd,
I listen, half asleep, and half afraid:
The mice, meanwhile, searching the place about,
Squeaking for food they long have been without—
Must I supply your wants, ye vermin, say,
And be without myself? I tell you nay!
Grimalkin listens with a half-shut eye
To all the nightly restless hungry cry;
Yet, spite of hunger, or a meagre face,
Nor cat, nor mice, will quit the starving place;
The tempest howls along the deep'ning night,
The silent smoke ascends the chimney height,
Secure from hunger, I could yet enjoy
The wintry howl, and hear the wind go by;
Dwell on the wild, contending storms admire,
All safe within, and list'ning by the fire;
In depths of snow, could toil the fields along,
And raise a seeming man both gruff and strong,
Or on the ice could mix in pleasure's train,
And fancy joy were in my grasp again."

JOHN DE PLEDGE.

THIS young man, the son, it is said, of the keeper of a small road-side public-house, near Ecclesfield, printed by subscription, in 1838, a volume of two hundred pages, entitled "The Muse's Scrip; containing Poems on a variety of subjects, Familiar and Descriptive." The following passage, from "Lines to the Ruins of Tankersley Hall," once the residence of the poetical Colonel Fanshawe, and his gifted lady, as elsewhere mentioned, forms no unfair sample of the contents of the rustic "Scrip":—

This ruin, could it speak, might something tell,
To please with mirth, or into horror swell,

At the recital of its former deeds,
And umbraged terror of a thousand needs,
That might have cramm'd its very space within,
And all look'd wretch'd, naked to begin,
In lieu of wealth and plenty thought to reign,
As sole possessor of its former strain,
Who there have lived, and pass'd their transient day,
To rites of mirth, &c.

THOMAS HOLLINS.

MR. HOLLINS, a native of York, and at one period, I believe, a writer for the "*Leeds Times*" newspaper, published anonymously, (with the exception of his initials) in 1839, a neat volume of verse, characterised by good taste and good feeling, under the title of "*Lyra Eboracensis; or Native Lays: containing a brief historical and descriptive sketch of the ancient City of York, from the conquest of Severus. With Miscellaneous Poems.*" The following stanzas from the first part of the work, describe an appalling event, the historical authority for which will be found at length in Drake's "*Eboracum*," while the more popular memento of the deed, is a picturesque ruin within the precincts of the Castle, which strikes the eye and excites the curiosity of every visitor to the capital City of this great county.

"High on a hill, clad with embrowning moss,
Stands Clifford's hoary tower, o'erlooking where
The silver Ouse is join'd by sluggish Foss,
And both flow on, a river broad and fair;
'Twas to this spot the Jews in wild despair
From their relentless persecutors fled;
It was in vain! their foes pursue them there!
Thirsting for blood, though much had now been shed,
Alas! they only were more eager to be fed!

And now like Jackalls howling for their prey,
The lawless multitude the wall surrounds,
And the destructive engine brought to play
Yclept a battering ram—back it rebounds;
The earth is shook—the air is fill'd with sounds
Of awful import, blood their constant cry;
Here human beings turn'd to wild bloodhounds,
Had raised the crimson arm of vengeance high,
And priests took up the sword, and laid the mitre by!

Within the walls, alas ! what bosoms bleed !
 What hopeless agony disturbs each breast !
 They offer wealth—wealth serves not now their need !
 The storm without still rages unrepres !
 Then first the Jewish chief his band address,
 Described the threat'ning horrors of their state,
 And told how their forefathers stood the test,
 Rather than to their foes resign their fate ;
 And urged, e're they should yield, themselves to immolate !

Though wrong the doctrine—the resolve was brave,
 Then each unto his neighbour bade adieu !
 A death-doom'd band, to fill one common grave !
 A parent's hands his offspring's blood imbue !
 A hopeless husband his own partner slew !
 A murdered mother by her children slept !
 Till high the gory heap of martyrs grew !
 So well the bond inviolate was kept,
 Full fifteen hundred fell, unpitied and unwept !
 Then was the brand unto the tower applied,
 That fire might finish what the sword began !
 Whilst foes more fierce than fire on every side
 Stood ready arm'd, to pounce on all who ran—
 Nor of that race escaped a single man !
 O truth most terrible ! it must be told
 That future ages this dark deed may scan—
 O what a page for history to unfold !
 These were thy sons, O Ebor ! and their motive—gold !”

FREDERICK CHARLES SPENCER.

MR. SPENCER, formerly a schoolmaster, and at present, I believe, an accountant in Halifax, published some years ago, a volume, entitled “The Vale of Bolton ; a Poetical Sketch : and other Poems :”—dedicated to the Duke of Devonshire, the owner of the beautiful domain, which has of late years become so familiar, at least in one of its most conspicuous features, to thousands of persons, who might never otherwise have heard of it, through Landseer's celebrated painting of “Bolton Abbey, in the Olden Times.” One of the most famous natural objects of the vale is in the deep solitude of the woods, betwixt Bolton and Barden tower, where the river Wharf, suddenly contracted by its rocky channel to about four feet, issues in the splendid cascade locally called the *Strid*, from a feat said to have been com.

mon in past times, and still achieved by persons of more agility than prudence, who stride from brink to brink. The following stanzas describe a fatal accident which, according to an ancient tradition, here befel the son of an early owner of the land, and led to the founding of Bolton Abbey:—

THE BOY OF EGREMONT.

In Egremont's bosom his heart blithely dancing,
 As the beams of the morn on the woods of his chase;
 O proud was a mother's fond eye on him glancing,
 The lustre of youth and of beauty to trace:
 The eye bright with joy gazing on him that morning,
 Alas! shall not sparkle to see him returning,—
 But shall view, consolation distractedly, scorning,
 For ever extinguished her hopes and her race.

How fondly she saw, (in Hope's bright region soaring)
 As he gallantly sprung to the warrior's game,
 In him to her lone-widow'd side Heaven restoring,
 Once more her lost mate,—to its lustre his name.
 False Hope, O, believe her not! ever deceiving,
 And still the most faithless with hearts most believing,
 She whispers of joy but to deepen our grieving,
 She kindles the heart,—'tis consumed in the flame.

But hark! his gay horn in that wild valley sounding,
 With his leash-hound the echoing woodland he tries;
 Startled from his green haunt, lo the fleet deer is bounding,
 And in speed with that menacing echo he vies.
 As swiftly his steps his brave hunter pursuing,
 Now lost for a moment,—now anxiously viewing,
 As he strains for the Strid, his last refuge from ruin,
 His victim he nears, and ah! surely he dies.

Nor so was he fated. Where savagely moaning
 The Wharfe through the rifted rock fierce bursts her way,
 (The black rock itself with the struggle is groaning,)
 And below wildly foaming in eddies doth play;—
 The near sounding step of his foe trembling, hearing,
 The gleam of his burnish'd blade, ready-bared, fearing,
 At one gallant effort the deadly space clearing,
 The chase, from impending death saved, bounds away.

Nor Romillé did he stay on the brink pausing,
 Undaunted he ventures the perilous wave,
 But his cowardly comrade the hazard refusing—
 He springs,—but 'tis into a turbulent grave!
 For his shroud, and the requiem that should be sung o'er him,
 He has but the torrent's white foam and loud roaring,—
 The forester, powerless, and deeply deploring,
 Hangs o'er the dire gulph of the young and the brave.

But who to a mother shall bear the sad message ?
 His pale looks betray, e'er his tongue can relate ;
 In her fast-heaving bosom she feels a dark presage,
 E're breaks from his lips hapless Romillé's fate.
 Yet doom not thyself to a ne'er ending sorrow,
 On the night-gloom of life dawns a bright-shining morrow,
 Let hope from religion thy future peace borrow,
 And the woe that will die not, shall yet mitigate.
 Where, free and vouchsafing the wave softly gliding,
 Through the green vale it mirrors, flows calmly as wont,
 Yon hoar walls she reard, where secluded residing,
 Consolation she sought at the ne'er failing fount.
 And say, for devotion what peaceful scene meeter ?
 For pensive seclusion what hermit-spot sweeter ?
 Than the Wharfe's plaintive voice, as repentant, what fitter,
 To join her sad wail for her lost Egremont ?

JOHN NICHOLSON.

JOHN NICHOLSON was born November 29th, 1790, at Weardley, a hamlet in the parish of Harewood, near Leeds. His father, Thomas Nicholson, who was a worsted manufacturer, having married the daughter of a farmer at Eldwick, near Bingley, removed to that place when our poet was only a few weeks old. It appears that he was a man of settled character and habits, and through life evinced the utmost anxiety for the welfare of his son. He taught him "at the wool-sorting board," the first rudiments of education, "and afterwards sent him to school to a person named Brigg," who, like many country schoolmasters, being unable to obtain a livelihood by his scholastic labours, united to them the occupation of a besom-maker ! "The school-house, forming, during the season, a shooting-house, was seated on the very summit of the wild mountain tract of Romald's Moor, which stretching from Skipton eastwards sixteen miles, divides Airedale from Wharfedale." After staying some years under the care of this humble tutor, young Nicholson was removed to the Free Grammar School of Bingley, where he remained about twelve months. This institution was at the time under the care of Dr. Hartley, who entertained a favourable opinion of the talents and character of his scholar, and befriended him on many occasions in after life.

On leaving school he was put to "sorting wool," in order that he might fit himself for the business followed by his father, but a love of reading, and an indulgence in the pleasures of poetical composition, interfered materially with the duties of this occupation, and he often incurred the displeasure of his parents for his attachment to those habits of late study, which unfitted him for the labour of the ensuing day. It is said that his mother, with a view of abridging his nocturnal watchings, debarred him from the use of candles; but he was not long in contriving an expedient by which he might continue them unknown to her, for "having access to the olive oil with which combers prepare their wool, he, by dipping a twisted cotton rag in an old mustard pot, filled with oil, and thus making it subserve the purpose of a lamp, studied through the night when the rest of the family were asleep."

He was also passionately fond of music, and learned, when very young, to play on the hautboy. To his fondness for this accomplishment, he was indebted for his first wife, whom he met at a wedding party where he was engaged in playing. He married before he was twenty years of age, but was soon left a widower with one child. He presently afterwards joined the Wesleyan Methodist Society, and even became a "local preacher;" but his connexion with this body did not last long. In 1813 he married his second wife, Martha Wild, of Bingley, by whom he had a large family.

In 1818, while working at Shipley Fields Mill, he wrote a satirical piece on a physician in Bradford. This it was which first brought Nicholson into local reputation; and he was now induced, at the entreaty of some theatrical acquaintance, to write a piece in three acts, entitled the "Robber of the Alps," which was performed at the old Theatre, in Bradford, and was so well received, that he was easily prevailed upon to attempt something further in the same line, and, accordingly, produced the "Siege of Bradford," in which he dramatised some of the more striking of those events of the civil war, that had occurred in that locality. This piece was acted for the benefit of Mr. Macauley, one of the players, and yielded the sum of £47, but poor Nicholson never received any benefit from its performance, although it appears he had been led to believe that he should do so. It was subsequently committed to the press, and ran through two editions. The success of this his first piece, led him to a determination to devote his whole mind to poetic compo-

sition, and in this resolution he was encouraged by J. G. Horsfall, Esq., who generously assisted him in such a manner as to leave him considerable leisure from his usual employment. The fruits of this unprecedented patronage were "*Airedale, and other Poems*," first printed in 1824, and again in 1825. This kind friend also suggested "*The Poacher*," as a subject for his Muse. The incidents and characters in this effusion were described from the best possible authorities—poachers themselves, with whom our poet made acquaintance, treating them liberally with liquor in conformity with the adage that "in wine is truth." His next volume appeared in 1827, under the name of the "*Lyre of Ebor and other Poems*;" but instead of being bettered in his circumstances, and, consequently, improved in his poetical powers by the rapid sale of two editions of his first publication, it appears that he had yielded to habits of intemperance; and as a consequence, this volume was generally considered inferior in almost all the essentials of true poetry, to his former efforts. At this period, however, it appears, he had still many friends, able and willing to afford him help of a more substantial character than mere praise; "but" to adopt the language of Mr. James, his biographer, "who shall assist him who is recklessly determined not to be assisted." His life, henceforward, with few interruptions, was almost one continuous career of imprudence, over which we would gladly, if it was possible, draw the veil of utter forgetfulness.

The circumstances attending the death of Nicholson were of a melancholy character. I give the following particular account from the interesting sketch of his life, written by Mr. James, and prefixed to a collection of his poems, published for the benefit of the poet's widow and family; and cold indeed, and destitute of every spark of right feeling, must the bosom of that person be, who can read it unmoved:—"On holidays he almost invariably retraced the footsteps of youth on the wilds of Eldwick. It was a common saying of his own on such occasions—'I'll be off to Eldwick, to breathe a little mountain air, and get my throat cleansed from the smoke of Bradford,' and he usually started thither the night previous to the holiday. The evening before Good Friday, April 13th, 1843, he left Bradford for the purpose of visiting his aunt at Eldwick, and called at several places on the road. When he left Shipley, time was fast approaching midnight. He was observed to proceed up

the bank of the canal in the direction of Dixon Mill, and at this place it seems attempted to cross the river Aire, by means of the stepping-stones there, so as to take the most direct course to Eldwick. The night was dark and stormy, and the river swollen. It is conjectured that in endeavouring to cross the stepping-stones, and on reaching the farther part of the river, he missed his footing and, fell into the current, which runs deep and impetuously at that point. From the appearance of the place next morning, he had been carried away eight or ten yards, where he caught hold of some hazel boughs, and by a great effort got out of the water. The marks of the woollorter's brat he wore, were visible on the side of the bank, which is steep. It must have required great presence of mind and physical strength to enable him to extricate himself out of the river. Afterwards he had crept on his hands and knees through a hole in the hedge which fences off the river, a part of his coat being found in the hole. Exhausted and benumbed, he lay there until about six in the morning, when a half-witted fellow passing near, heard him groan and saw him rise into a sitting posture. The man was terrified, and without rendering any assistance hastened to the farm-house whither he was going for milk,—did not mention the circumstance there, and returned another way home. There is no question that Nicholson's life would have been saved had this person either rendered assistance, or stated at the farm-house what he had seen. Two hours after, the poor poet was seen by a farm labourer who was proceeding to his work, and upon calling out and receiving no answer, he, without further investigation, ran to inform his master at Baildon, who instantly returned with him to the place, where they found Nicholson dead; but life had only been extinct a short time, as he was quite warm."

On Tuesday, the 18th, Nicholson's remains were deposited in Bingley church-yard. A large concourse of people, out of respect to his memory, met the corpse on the way, and at the burial a thousand persons at the least were present; a full choir joined in the sublime burial service of the Church of England; and a mourning peal was rung. He left a wife with eight children, two of them of tender age. His kind friend and benefactor, George Lane Fox, Esq., of Bramham Park, has erected over his grave a monument, with the following inscription:—"Here rest the remains of John Nicholson, the Airedale Poet, who was found dead on

the bank of the river Aire, April the 14th, 1843, in the 53rd year of his age."

Such is a brief sketch of the not uninteresting life—such all that is known of the melancholy death of the "Airedale Poet." Without the wish to deepen the shadows of his character by one uncharitable reflection, it may be usefully remarked, that, amidst the numerous instances recorded of obscure, but irrepressible genius, struggling and sinking unbefriended to the grave, the case of poor Nicholson illustrates the less common, but not less striking truth, that when the conduct of the life gives way, mental power is commonly possessed, and patronage exerted, in vain.

THE VALE OF BINGLEY.

(From Airedale in Ancient Times.)

But stop, my muse—haste not so far away !
I'll woo thee in my native vale to stay,—
Its beauties be my theme—the woods and dells,
Sequester'd bowers, and sweet melodious bells ;
The flower-deck'd lawn, the distant heath-crown'd hills,
Stupendous rocks, and softly murmuring rills ;
The woodland echoes, whispering in the trees,
Or floating loudly on the fitful breeze ;
Where nought of sameness the charm'd sight offends,
But every scene the former scene transcends ;
Where rocks in rich variety are dress'd,
Some in the grey, and some the auburn vest ;
Where varying Nature gives the lovely tinge,
And on the banks suspends the mossy fringe.
But where's the bard can sing of Bingley's vale,
And never once in his descriptions fail ?
'Tis here the modest snow-drop first appears,
Drooping its head, and wet with icy tears,
Like some poor bard, unknown to public fame,
It shrinks and withers on its native stem.
And here the primrose, from its mossy bed,
Silver'd with dew, lifts up its lovely head,
Where springing woodbine to the hazel cleaves,
With snow still pressing down its velvet leaves.
How pleasant here to walk when daisies spring,
While the sweet bells in tuneful changes ring,
When every tone the echoing woods receive,
And thus delightfully the ear deceive,
Reverberating, mellow, sweet, and clear,
As tho' a far more dulcet peal was there !

FREDERIC WILLIAM CRONHELM.

There is a spot in Calderdale beneath the Norland wood,
Where years ago, by an ancient tree, a lonely Chapel stood :
It is a green and sheltered nook just where the rivers meet,
The Calder, and the Ribourne stream, by lofty Werla's feet.

That tree was brought from the morning clime, and planted in
the sod

By pious hands, to beautify the humble house of God :
In gardens 'tis a shrub, but there so wondrously it grew,
That its branches o'er the gable eaves their orient foliage threw.

That Chapel is gone, with its belfry tower.—They have taken the
altar and cross

From the living stream their fathers chose to their own drear
sluggish fosse :

Nor mouldering stone, nor legend dim, beguiles the pilgrim there,
But o'er its place, like a mourner, droops that tall acacia fair.

THUS sings of the scenes and the Church of his childhood, Frederic William Cronhelm, in the opening stanzas of a "Dream of Paradise," which is full of fine thought and tender feeling. The poet—for as such in this work at least, he must be gratefully recorded—is the grandson and lineal representative of Philip Ernst Von Cronhelm, a distinguished officer in the Hanoverian army, and a maternal grandson of the late Rev. Henry Vautor Clarke, vicar of Rockbear, in Devonshire. Mr. Cronhelm, who was born at Exeter on the 23d of May, 1787, now resides at Crow Wood, near Halifax, having lived in that vicinity since 1797 ; consequently, his impressions of local scenery could hardly be less, even if they have not been more vivid than those of a native. This sweetest of the bards of Calder gave early evidence of his love of Song in a small volume of "Poems : with an Hexametrical translation of part of the Second Book of Klopstock's Messiah." In a brief prefatory note we are told, that "the following pieces were composed between the author's, 16th and 19th years ;" and that the translation "is offered as a metrical specimen of an intended version of the whole poem." Many of the "pieces" are on current public events and other occasional subjects, and are mostly of a pleasing character : this cannot be said of the translation from Klopstock ; his "Messiah," is a poem that can scarcely be rendered generally interesting to the English reader in any version—least of all in an Hexametrical one. Although this volume bears no date, it appears to have

been published before 1808. I do not know what else may have proceeded from Mr. Cronhelm's pen beyond occasional and fugitive verses; but I have before me a thin quarto, printed by him in 1842, for private circulation, under the title of "A Wreath for Catherine's Grave;" and on a following page is this inscription: "Catherine, only daughter of Frederic William and Elizabeth Cronhelm: her earthly birth was on Saturday, 18th July, 1828: her heavenly birth on Sunday, 11th of October, 1840." It is no hyperbole to say, that sweeter flowers of fancy and feeling than those which compose this funeral wreath were never gathered by genius and twined by affection to decorate a daughter's grave—a grave which is thus described:—

By the Church of the Holy Trinity,
My Catherine has her rest,
In the quiet and secluded grave,
On her dear brother's breast.

They lie in a green and flowery nook,
Fast by the holy wall;
The whispering west-wind knows the spot,
And there soft star-beams fall.

It is rail'd apart from the green church-yard,
That no ungentle tread
May press upon the sacred turf,
Where sleep the blessed dead.

On the Sabbath day, and at holy tide,
Sweet anthems linger there;
And the *miserere's* solemn chaunt
Lies softer on the air.

A pew in the church is near that grave,
Beneath the gallery screen,
The living there are by their dead,
With but the wall between.

On the Sabbath day, and at holy tide,
The sever'd links draw near;
Beside them their fond mother prays,
And kneel their brothers dear.

Flowers of the prime, and fresh green leaves,
On every Sabbath day,
The tokens of undying love,
On that dear grave they lay.

O let me there beside them rest,
Within the anthem's sound;
For the waft of unseen angel wings,
Is o'er that holy ground.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THERE is no poet, properly indigenous to Yorkshire, who has more distinct claims to the first place in the first rank of native genius than Ebenezer Elliott. Intense feeling; a keen and vigorous perception of the beautiful and the sublime, in natural, moral, and intellectual objects, and an imagination capable of modifying, and of grouping these elements into the most striking forms of artificial combination, and of exhibiting the result to others in terms the most happily chosen, appear to be united in him. That he has so frequently misused these superlative powers, is indeed, deeply to be lamented. Mr. Elliott was born on the 17th of March, 1781, at Masbro', a suburb of Rotherham, and is one of the seven children—three sons and four daughters of Ebenezer Elliott, previously mentioned—"an old Cameronian, and born rebel," as his son styles him; and on the same authority, "a thorough hater of the Church, as by law established"—a feeling, it may be presumed, that descended but one degree in the family, as two of his grandsons—children of our poet—are Clergymen in that same Established Church! Ebenezer's birth was registered nowhere but in the family Bible: and while a boy at the village school of the Unitarian Ramsbottom, of whom he has made grateful mention in one of his poems, he was deemed so unpromising a pupil, that the prospect of his being likely to learn any "useful calling" was considered very obscure! He grew up silent and thoughtful; mingling little, and being less understood, among young men of his own age: and this even when engaged with his father and brothers in the management of a small foundry and iron-monger's shop at Rotherham. His earliest published poems, though not uncharacterised by his ultimately predominant tone of strong thought, produced no effect; and perhaps the birth of his popularity may be dated with the appearance of "Corn Law Rhymes: the Ranter," in a small volume, and the publication in the "New Monthly Magazine," for 1831, of a long anonymous letter addressed to Dr. Southey, concerning our author, who is there called "a Mechanic." This led to a kindly correspondence and interview between Elliott and the generous Laureate: and from this period, the "Corn Law Rhymer" took his recognised place among the *genus irritabile vatum*. It would be extremely difficult to classify Mr. Elliott's productions, which have been col-

lected and revised by the author, and published in one volume by Tait, of Edinburgh, in 1840; but this may be safely affirmed of the whole—that it would not be easy, if indeed possible, to find one hundred and seventy closely printed pages of modern English rhyme, more richly imbued with sweet poetical sentiment and feeling, and at the same time more offensively dashed with vile political expressions than this collection. The larger poems are entitled “The Village Patriarch,” the hero of which, Enoch Wray, the author tells us is “The Incarnation of a Century;” “The Splendid Village;” and “The Ranter,” a sort of Radical Methodist preacher: these strikingly exemplify the beauties and the faults of the author. There are several other pieces of considerable length, and great diversity of interest, including some juvenile poems, and two or three dramatic compositions; upwards of one hundred “Miscellaneous Poems;” then the celebrated “Corn Law Rhymes,” which have won for the poet about an equal amount of praise and blame; and lastly, “Rhymed Rambles,” which comprise some of the most exquisite pen-and-ink sketches of local scenery or subjects, anywhere to be found in the form of sonnets—and yet every one of these miniatures of thought is almost as distinct and characteristic a reflection of the poet’s mind as the longest poem in the volume. The final estimate of Elliott’s genius belongs to the next generation, when the political prejudices and passions which at present influence alike the author and his readers, will have passed away. Other prepossessions, perhaps as violent, if not more unreasonable, may succeed: but they will not be concerned about a living contemporary, but about one whose posthumous renown can be better decided, or at least apportioned, between those who love poetry—as good men have ever loved it—for the power which it has to open and affect the soul with sweet and elevating “thoughts and images,” and those who seek, even in verse, for the history or the weapons of party strife. Nor let it be imagined that Ebenezer Elliott has been made the victim, or made himself the martyr of the “Bread Tax,” otherwise than in his “Rhymes:” he has been, in fact, an active and successful man of business; and within the last few years, notwithstanding, he tells us in terms which have formed so long and loudly the burden of his songs, that

“Dear Sugar, dear Tea, and dear Corn,
Conspired with dear Representation,

To laugh worth and honour to scorn,
And beggar the whole British nation."

He has been fortunate enough, in common with thousands of others, to outmatch, the "Four Dears," as he calls them; to give up business and leave Sheffield for the enjoyment of a country retreat, in a house of his own, at "Hargot Hill," in the vicinity of Barnsley. Long, happily, and usefully may he there enjoy "the poet, parent, and the patriot's lot!"

SUNDAY MORNING—THE RANTER PREACHER.

SHIRECLIFFE, NEAR SHEFFIELD.

And must she wake that poor, o'er-labour'd youth?
O yes, or Edmund will his mother chide;
For he this morn, would hear the words of truth
From lips inspired, on Shirecliffe's lofty side,
Gazing o'er tree and tower on Hallam wide.
Up, sluggards, up! the mountains one by one,
Ascend in light; and slow the mists retire
From vale and plain. The cloud on Stannington
Beholds a rocket—No, 'tis Morthen spire!
The sun is risen! cries Stanedge, tipp'd with fire.
On Norwood's flowers the dew-drops shine and shake;
Up, sluggards, up! and drink the morning breeze!
The birds on cloud-left Osgathorpe awake;
And Wincobank is waving all his trees
O'er subject towns, and farms, and villages,
And gleaming streams, and woods, and waterfalls.
Up, climb the oak-crown'd summit! Hoover Stand,
And Keppel's Pillar, gaze on Wentworth's halls,
And misty lakes, that brighten and expand,
And distant hills, that watch the western strand.
Up! trace God's foot-prints, where they paint the mould
With heav'nly green, and hues that blush and glow
Like angel's wings, while skies of blue and gold
Stoop to Miles Gordon on the mountain's brow;
Behold the Great unpaid! the prophet, lo!
Sublime he stands beneath the Gospel tree,
And Edmund stands on Shirecliffe at his side;
Behind him, sinks, and swells, and spreads a sea
Of hills, and vales, and groves; before him glide
Don, Rivelin, Loxley, wandering in their pride
From heights that mix their azure with the cloud;
Beneath him, spire, and dome, are glittering;
And round him press his flock, a woe-worn crowd.
To other words, while forest echoes ring,
"Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon," they sing;

And far below, the drover, with a start
 Awaking, listens to the well-known strain,
 Which brings Shihallian's shadow to his heart,
 And Scotia's loneliest vales; then sleeps again,
 And dreams, on Loxley's Banks, of Dunsinane.
 The hymn they sing is to their preacher dear;
 It breathes of hopes and glories grand and vast,
 While on his face they look, with grief and fear;
 Full well they know his sands are ebbing fast;
 But, hark! he speaks, and feels he speaks his last!

REV. GEORGE WOODS.

MR. WOODS was the son of a respectable paper-maker, at Settle, where, or at Giggleswick, he was born, and spent his boyhood. From the Grammar School of the latter place, he went to Queen's College, Oxford; whence he was elected a scholar of University College, where he honourably distinguished himself. Having, about 1832, taken a degree, he entered into holy orders, being ordained to the assistant curacy of St. Mary's, Barnsley; at the same time he was private tutor in the family of Mr. (now the Rev.) William Newman, curate of Tankersley—a situation which Mr. Woods himself afterwards held for a short time. While there, he was engaged in giving some instructions to the children of the Hon J. S. Wortley, through whose interest he was appointed Chaplain to the English Embassy at Vienna, where, I believe, he at present resides. Mr. Woods published at Barnsley, in 1828, a volume of "Poems, sacred and miscellaneous," with this modest motto: "*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.*"—*Hor.* They consist mostly of versifications of Scriptural themes, and the volume is dedicated to the Rev. R. Ingram, B.D., Master of the Grammar School at Giggleswick in Craven, where the author was a pupil. The following lines refer to Monk Bretton, a small but interesting monastic ruin, on the little river Dearne, about two miles from Barnsley.

MONK BRETTON PRIORY.

What ruins those that meet thy wandering gaze?
 The sad, sole relics of departed days:
 Unknown beneath the yew-tree's matted shade,
 The Saint, the Sophist, and the Sage are laid;—

These remnants still survive in slow decay,
Though worn with age, not mouldered quite away;
Here lived the monk, who, silent and recluse,
Devoting life to God, forgot its use ;—
Its use, in active charity to spend,
The weak to succour, and the poor befriend.
Yet, blame not him, to his high soul was given
To yield up earthly good for love of heaven ;
Dost thou so nobly ?—or not rather plod
First for thy own sake, then for that of God ?
Far from the worlding's mercenary strife
His was a pure, if not a blameless life :
Dost thou so nobly ? or mind ought but self,
Should passion interfere, or hope of pelf !
Then, chide not him, but rather strive to be
As just, as meek, as firm in faith as he ;
To these a wider range of subjects join,
With fervent hope and charity divine ;
Then, as thou look'st on Bretton's crumbling towers,
And think'st on what were call'd its prosperous hours,
Thy mind may rightly judge of those who spread,
Beneath its sombre roof, their pallet bed ;
Nor call them bigots,—greater bigots they,
In pleasure's chase who squander years away,
And find, when all the vain pursuit is done,
Their life untimely spent, and nothing won.
Such thoughts doth night suggest ;—O might each day
Inspire such themes to guide men's erring way,
Till the dim twilight of the world shall fade,
And heaven's eternal glory be display'd !

JOHN NEWBY MOSBY.

It appears from an autobiographical memoir of Mr. Mosby, with a sight of which I have been favoured, that he was born September 7, 1802, at Corringham, near Gainsbro'. After he had been at several village schools about home, he was sent, in 1818, to the Academy conducted by Mr. Graham, at Doncaster, from whence, after remaining about a year, he was placed with Mr. Sheardown, printer and postmaster of that town. It was while he occupied this situation, that he wrote the various pieces which compose the thick volume published at Doncaster in 1831, under the title of "The Fall of Algiers ; the Bride of the Desert ; and

other Poems ;" which he dedicated to his old school-fellows of Prospect House.

Mr. Mosby left Doncaster, where he was highly respected, in 1839, on account, I believe, of ill health, and went to Pollington, in Yorkshire, where he died of the small pox, October 6th, 1840, and was buried alongside other members of his family, at Snaith. The following lines are by no means among the best in the volume: but they are conveniently detached, and have, with the poem of which they form the core, a local bearing.

FROM "A MORNING WALK TO SPROTBRO."

A fairer hill than Sprotbro', "never sun
View'd in his wide career" Sure nature on
This place has lavish'd all her charms, to feast
The gazing eye, and fill the admiring
Soul with ecstasies of joy. View from the
Terraced hall the wide expanse below, of
Pending rock, and grove, and mead with tufted
Trees all speckled o'er, through which the silver
Stream of Don winds its meandering course ;
And then the pale blue hills in distance rising
Dim, and steepled towers, and halls, and cots,
Scatter'd as 'twere at random 'mid the scene.
Far down the stream we view thy towering height,
O pride of Doncaster, rising majestic
O'er the waving trees ; while, listening with
Delighted ear, thy merry pealing bells
Through Sprotbro's vale with softest music swell.
Then to the right we turn, and up the winding
Vale descry afar the darkling keep of
Conisbro's castled tower—proud emblem this
Of human greatness crumbling to decay.
Once with luxuriant pomp and mighty
Heroes thronged, clothed awfully in battle's
Stern array, when its beleaguer'd walls by
Banner'd hosts were close besieg'd around.
Who knows what scenes have pass'd before its walls ;
Beneath its roof ; what pageantries, what shows ;
What sieges, wars, and conflicts fierce, to gain
And keep possession of its princely towers,
By Normans, Saxons, Danes, by Britons.
And, perhaps, by Romans too ! Now silent
And untenanted—a desert void, while
Strewn around its noble ruins lie ; where
The grey owlet and the finny bat resort,
And wing their dubious flight at dusky

Eve, and sally 'mid the gloomy turrets
And the darken'd trees, imposing on the
Timid mind a chilling awe and superstitious
Fear; while to unthinking, heedless, wayward
Man, it speaks in solemn tones the startling
Truth of transient life, and time's unseen,
Progressive, still destroying power, that
Sweeps the sons of men and all their boasted
Works away, nor scarcely leaves a fragment
Wreck behind, to tell where they had been.

REV. FREDERIC ROGERS BLACKLEY.

MR. BLACKLEY, son of the clergyman before mentioned, was born at Canterbury, Nov. 19, 1808. He was originally intended for the medical profession, and was pursuing his studies at the University of Edinburgh, in 1826, when, such was the interest excited among all classes of society by the voyages of discovery in search of a north-west passage to India, that the enthusiast of eighteen, along with several other students, determined to occupy the vacant summer months of that year in a voyage to the north. He was thus enabled to visit Greenland—to see something of the manners and customs of its inhabitants; to encounter various dangers from snow-drifts and icebergs; and, especially, to behold, during the period of the year in which the sun never sets, the peculiarly sublime scenery of some parts of North America. Subsequent circumstances led our author to devote himself to the church: but clerical studies and duties never obliterated the vividness of the impressions which his imagination had received in those forest regions, where he formed a friendship with the devoted chaplain Kijer, of Holsteinberg; hence, in 1839, appeared "The Greenland Minstrel, a Poem in Six Cantos: with an Introductory Narrative: illustrated from drawings taken on the spot, &c. By the Rev. Frederic Blackley, curate of Rotherham"—dedicated to the Earl of Effingham. On the death of his father, Mr. Blackley removed to Birmingham, and at present officiates in the Churches of All Saints in that town. Montgomery, to whom a copy of the "Greenland Minstrel was sent by the author," said it had sufficient of truth, piety, and pathos, to lead a reader to feel an interest in the writer's descriptions, sympathise with him in his

perils, and approve of his sentiments. It is a little remarkable that Mr. Blackley no where alludes to Montgomery's splendid poem of "Greenland," which appeared exactly ten years before his own.

"Great are the terrors which surround the pole,
Dread the alarms that rack the native's soul.
Though through the summer, life and light should stay,
And fill the land with one enchanting day,
Yet winter brings both danger and distress,
Peculiar to this clime of frigidness !
And, were it not for sweet Contentment's power,
Whose balm is plenteous in the adverse hour,
E'er would the Greenlander be fill'd with cares,
So great the perils he with patience bears.
The Polar tribes, through storms of beating snow,
On frozen shores, in fragile sledges go;
The faithful dogs their strength successful yield,
Round rugged capes or smoother icy field ;
And when they move along the mountain side,
They turn or stop obedient to their guide.
Or when the drifting snow augments their fear,
They press their onward course ere night appear ;
When hurricanes on whirlwind pinions rove,
And the appalling tempests rage above,
They then conspire to save the watchful bands,
And drag them safe o'er ice or treacherous strands.
Or if the weary Greenland clan should stay,
By hunger bound or dangers of the way,
They raise a village on some favoured shore,
Or inland plain uncross'd perhaps before.
Smooth slabs of hard translucent ice they form,
And quickly build a covert from the storm.
Some rocky ridge, or mound, or mountain steep,
A shelter yields from blasts that southward sweep :
So Polar natives winter-houses rear,
And thus draw comfort from an icy sphere.
—In northern lands for months the winter stays,
And is one endless night, one gloomy maze.
The sun retiring, bids the frigid power,
Nip the soft herb, and freeze the humid shower,
Congeal cascades, and lock in iron fold,
The various lakes which inland regions hold ;
Stop with strong grasp the winding river's course,
And ev'n impede the roaring billow's force ;
With frigid arms embrace the icebergs vast,
And chain them to the rocks and mountains fast,
Cementing nature in one complex whole

Of isles, seas, glaciers, round the Northern Pole!
 Then, too, lone silence quits her summer grot
 To rove again o'er each sequester'd spot;
 Dread empress of these icy realms confest,
 Whose frightful presence all alike detest;
 For then comes want, keen monster of distress,
 Than whom no deadlier foe these clans possess.
 Reduced by hunger to the lowest stage,
 The native strives successful to engage
 His utmost skill and well tried gifts combined,
 Though late so fruitless all his powers conjoin'd.
 At last an unexpected source appears,
 To meet awhile his wants and drown his fears:
 All earthly blessings the prized *seal* provides,
 Clothing, and fire, and food for them besides."

SPENCER T. HALL.

ALTHOUGH the author of the "Forester's Offering," is not a native of this county, but a neighbouring one, having been born about 1811, at Edwinstowe, a sweet little village within the limits, and almost under the shadow of the veteran trees of old Sherwood forest, in Nottinghamshire, his pleasant little volume appears, in more than one sense, to have been *composed* by him at York. In his preface, dated from that city, in October, 1840, the author says:—"Born himself in adversity, and accustomed to bodily labour from his seventh year, a love of books and the simple ability to read them were the only signs of scholarship by which he could be distinguished among his rustic compeers in his seventeenth. At the latter age, his passion for intellectual pursuits prompted him to forsake the shelter of his native roof, and seek in the wide world a more genial and elevated calling than the one in which he had been brought up. An opportunity soon occurred of embracing (though under considerable disadvantages) that of a printer; and in the seven years which followed—seven years of incessant toil and ardent hope, often accompanied by serious ill health—he passed through every gradation of an apprenticeship in a newspaper office—that of the *printer's-devilship* included. During this period, however, his heart and fancy would sometimes take excursions among his old rural haunts. Having long wished to give a faithful picture of modern Sherwood, as well as to render that justice to the memory of

Robin Hood which the press for so many ages denied, he conceived this to be a favourable opportunity for uniting in himself the literary and typographical professions, and consequently had—through the facilities afforded him in the office of Mr. Coultas—the gratification of *composing* the Prose Sketches in a twofold sense, and so saved himself, with some trifling exceptions, the trouble of writing them. Such is the faithful history of ‘The Forester’s Offering.’”

The memorialist of local poets may at least be allowed to record his regret that one who could warble “wood notes wild,” so sweetly as Spencer Hall, should have allowed the pursuit of what is called *Mesmerism*, to divert him from the presentation of more “Forester’s Offerings.” It would be pleasant to accompany the poet, in his verses, to the sylvan haunts of his native Sherwood; but in these pages a few lines instinct with Yorkshire sympathies, will be more in place. The most attractive object to the sensitive rural Rambler in the village of Stillingfleet, near York, is the grave, in its neat church-yard, of a Christmas Choir, consisting of eleven persons, who were all drowned together by the upsetting of a boat, while crossing the river Ouse to Acaster and Kelfield, in the year 1833. The grave is surmounted by a very tasteful monument, raised in memory of the direful catastrophe, and in sympathy with the surviving friends of the unfortunate choristers, by the present Lord Wenlock. The heart such a scene fails to move, is unworthy to beat in the human bosom.

NABURN AND STILLINGFLEET.

O NABURN! rural Naburn! pictured here,
 On memory’s living canvass, yet I see
 The glowing glance I caught of thee last year!
 Yes, every woodbined cot and fruit-bow’d tree,
 And each blue wreath of smoke upcurling free
 From those quiet homesteads; with thy verdurous strand,
 O’er which the lingering Ouse smiles up at thee—
 Whilst smiling down on her, twin-brothers, stand
 Thy English hall and church—not gay, nor grand,
 But harpounizing with the view serene
 Of pastoral beauty tasteful Nature’s hand
 Hath spread around—will long by me be seen;
 For from such scenes comes many a charm of life
 To cheer me onward through my daily strife.
 But thou—dear Stillingfleet! with what devotion
 Upon my pilgrimage to thee I muse!
 With every thought of thee a warm emotion

Swelleth my heart, whilst tears my eyes suffuse :
 Oh ! even upon thy grass-blades Nature's dews
 Are tears, which tenderly she loves to weep,
 While in her nightly walk the grave she views
 Where, all in one, thy Christmas minstrels sleep,
 As all in one their voices chord would keep,
 Ere in one moment they together died !
 O ! when o'er them shall break this silence deep,
 Heaven grant thenceforth they never may divide,
 But with one voice rise from their awful rest,
 A seraph-band, to hymn their Saviour blest !

J. B. S. MORRITT.

JOHN BACON SAWREY MORRITT is the owner of the beautiful domain of "Rokeby." near Greta Bridge, in this county, a spot which has acquired celebrity as giving a title to, and inspiring some of the descriptions in one of the leading poems of Sir Walter Scott, who has also identified with the creations of his genius other Yorkshire scenes, in his romance of "Ivanhoe." Mr. Morritt, besides two learned works on the Topography of ancient Troy in vindication of Homer and others, who have recorded the story of the siege, published in 1820, "Miscellaneous Translations and Imitations of the Minor Greek Poets." The following is a translation of the sweet little Ode of Moschus :—

ON THE EVENING STAR.

Hail, Hesperus ! bright torch of beauty's queen,
 Dear sacred gem of dewy evening, hail !
 So shine thy rays above her spangled sheen,
 As glows the moon above thy radiance pale.

When to the accustom'd fair my footsteps stray,
 Now timely shine, for lo, the changeful moon
 Drives her dim chariot in the blaze of day,
 And envious sets ere half the night be done.

No plunder tempts me through the treacherous shade,
 For me no nightly traveller shall mourn ;
 'Tis love that calls thee, be his voice obey'd ;
 Sweet is her love, and claims a sweet return.'

HENRY GALLY KNIGHT.

THIS highly respectable country gentleman, who at present represents the hundred of Bassetlaw in Parliament, is the grandson of the Rev. H. Gally, D.D., whose two sons took the surname of Knight, in consequence of their father having married Elizabeth, co-heir and survivor of the last direct male representative of the old family of Knight of Langold and Firbeck, near the picturesque ruins of Roche Abbey. At the former of these places, Henry Gally Knight, Esq., was born in 1788. Some interesting notices of his family, as well as of the estates of this gentleman, will be found in "Hunter's South Yorkshire." After an elegant notice of the mother of our poet, of whose piety the present church at Firbeck is an enduring monument, and whose active and sympathizing benevolence yet lives in the memory of the ancient inhabitants of the neighbourhood, the historian adds:—"The literary spirit of the family lives in the son, who, on his return from extensive travel in Spain, Sicily, Greece, Syria, and Arabia, published a little volume of poems, which he called "Eastern Sketches." He has abandoned the house at Langold for the mansion at Firbeck, an old Elizabethan fabrick, but which, in his hands, has been made to fall in with views of modern convenience and elegance, while he has also adorned it by extensive gardens and pleasure grounds." There is a good mezzotinto likeness of Mr. Knight, engraved from a painting by Sir Martin Archer Shee, at the expense of the tenants of Mr. Knight, and presented to him by his tenantry in 1841, as a testimony of their respect for his character.

Mr. Knight's Eastern Sketches consist of three Stories, respectively entitled Ilderim, Phrosyne, and Alashtar, the scenery of each poem being laid in a different country or province: thus the locale of Ilderim is Syria; Phrosyne, Greece; and Alashtar, Arabia. To extract portions of these pieces would be unsatisfactory to the reader, and unjust to Mr. Knight, for it is only when read and considered as a whole that their merits can be duly appreciated. The following lines will shew that a survey of classic scenery has not unfitted the English poet for gathering with grace and feeling a home flower.

THE MUSK ROSE.

I came where the Hall of my Fathers had stood,
And mournfully wander'd around ;
The blue smoke no longer curl'd over the wood,
But fragments encumber'd the ground.

In vain each old haunt I endeavour'd to trace,
Where all was a mouldering heap ;
The garden a desert, and scarcely a place
For remembrance to rest on, and weep.

At length, as I linger'd with painful delay,
I glanc'd on a leaflet of green,
That, entangled with ruin, was forcing its way,
The sole thing of life to be seen—

I ran to the spot, and, relieving the wreath
From the fragments, its features I knew ;
A plant well remember'd and lov'd—for beneath
My Mother's own casement it grew.

There once, when the turret was braving the sky,
Around it that rose had entwined ;
Had leant on its bosom, and deck'd it on high,
With verdure and blossoms combin'd.

And now, when the turret was gone to the ground,
The garden a wilderness bare,
At its post the pale floweret, though wounded, was found,
In pride, or adversity—there !

Oh! methought, as I gaz'd on its petals of white,
Like woman's affection they blow,
That graces and shares our meridian height,
But clings round us closer in woe.

REV. JAMES HOLME.

MR. HOLME, although not a native of this county, is entitled to the character of a Yorkshire poet, by more than one collection of sweet and elegant flowers of verse, raised on Eboracian soil. He was born of highly respectable parents, in the village of Orton, Westmoreland, 12th March, 1801. A considerable part of his education was obtained in the excellent school in that place. At the age of 20, he went to Cambridge, and graduated in honours, at Gonville and Caius College, in 1825. In 1827, he was appointed curate of Pannal and Low Harrogate. At the latter place he con-

tinued for twelve years; but having, in 1828, formed some acquaintance with the late Hon. Lady Turner, then on a visit to that celebrated spot, she, in the following year, preferred our author to his present living, the vicarage of Kirkleatham, on the Yorkshire side of the embouchure of the Tees. Mr. Holme published in 1835, "Leisure Musings, and Devotional Meditations, in humble strains of Poetry," dedicated to Sir F. L. Blosse, Bart.; and in 1843, a poetical romance, in a more elevated style of composition, entitled "Mount Grace Abbey," dedicated to the Queen Dowager; also, a Collection of Psalms and Hymns, partly original, for the use of his own church. The following impressive stanzas are from the first-named volume, which contains "Musings" on several scenes and subjects of local interest; every one has heard of that vast and curious repository of skulls and other human bones, arranged in a vault of Ripon Minster:—

THE BONE-HOUSE.

The Bone-house! I tremble with awe at the thought
Of entering so gloomy a cell,
Where skulls, without number, for years have been brought;
So skilfully piled, as if death had long sought,
And here found his mansion to dwell.

Here let me forget all the living a while,
To speak with the bones of the dead;
Too oft my affections are lured by the smile
Of friends, who, in kindness, my moments beguile,
As swiftly they pass o'er my head.

O say, then, ye sacred mementos of death,
Were you too the lovers of mirth?
Or did you adore with a soul-saving faith
The God of your spirits, the giver of breath?
All, all once the tenants of earth?

Echo.—"All, all once the tenants of earth."

The bones of the dead, sad memorials of sin!
In fearful abundance are shown;
But where are the tenants that once dwelt within,
Mysterious, deathless, untouched, and unseen,
Your spirits, ah! where are they fled?

Echo.—"Ah! where are they fled?"

Dread question re-echoed, no answer is given!
It is not for mortals to know
What spirits have risen rejoicing to heaven,
Or who for their deeds of rebellion were driven
To regions of darkness and woe.

Echo.—"To regions of darkness and woe."

But tell me, dark spectres, if here there are piled
 The bones of the rich and the poor,
 The foolish, the learned, the parent, the child,
 With those that have sorrowed, and those that have smiled,
 All difference remembered no more.

Echo.—"All difference remembered no more."

How dearly the sinner's enjoyments are bought,
 Who here has his portion, his all !
 In these chambers of darkness and death I am taught
 That earth's richest offerings of pleasure are nought,
 All nought when compared with the soul.

Echo.—"All nought when compared with the soul."

And shall all these bones, all these shrivelled remains
 No more from the Charnel-house move ?
 Say, will not the trumpet shake loose all death's chains,
 And fill you once more with delight, or with pains,
 When called to the judgment above ?

Echo.—"When called to the judgment above."

'Tis good to come hither where death has its sway,
 And thus from the tomb be address'd.
 O cast not, ye living, the warning away !
 The voice of the dead ever strive to obey,
 And live that your death may be bless'd.

Echo.—"Live that your death may be bless'd."

REV. T. DAVIES.

ABOUT the beginning of 1843, a little volume of poems was published anonymously, called "Songs from the Parsonage; or Lyrical Teachings; by a Clergyman." This Parsonage is understood to be Roundhay, near Leeds, and the Clergyman who has connected his official ministrations with these instructions in verse, is the worthy occupant of the parsonage, the Rev. T. Davies. The Songs from the Parsonage are of a highly pleasing character—the unaffected outpourings of a pious spirit, being mingled with strains of such graceful and ingenious expression, as to produce a very pleasing combination. One of the most prominent peculiarities of these poems, is the absence of all gloomy and sad or saddening themes or sentiments, in reference to which, indeed, the author appears to entertain a specific dislike, as embodied in the verses given below, and illustrated by the entire tenor of the book. His own heart

overflowing with a buoyant, grateful, animating sense of true religion; his outward circumstances collectively auspicious—health, wealth, domestic love—"a parsonage good as you will see through all the country round;" our worthy clergyman has attuned his lyrics to notes of happiness too rarely echoed by thousands of individuals who have not less ground for gratitude than himself. The song of birds—the odour of flowers—the music of the rivulet—all are interpreted as expressions of joy, by his own happy fancy; and these expressions are still farther translated by associations of personal piety into offerings of praise to the common Creator. Whether the delightful equanimity of temper which pervades these sweet and affable compositions, could consist with the manifestations of the highest order of genius, poetical or otherwise, we need not here inquire; since it will be generally admitted that of all sentimental counterfeits, those which pass for deep emotions never felt, for lofty aspirations never experienced, are among the most common specimens of false currency in our modern fugitive literature. But why should not these "Songs" be generous, joyous, grateful? Or rather, why should it be assumed that there is either merit or rarity in the fact of their being so? Of all spots on earth, the rural English "Parsonage" is the one—of all characters by the grace of God elevated amidst our fallen humanity, the English "Clergyman" is the individual, from whence we might most reasonably expect strains of taste, piety, and contentment—in short, "Lyrical Teaching"—if the Christian Pastor speak in verse at all,—like that of this really sweet collection, the perusal of which will, doubtless, stir many a chord of sympathetic harmony in, and beyond the Parsonage parlour:—

I do not love a lay that tells
 A long, unvaried tale of grief;
 The heavy chime of muffled bells,
 Should aye be brief.

Far better told in sighs than songs—
 If they must needs be told at all—
 The pains, and sorrows, wants, and wrongs,
 That each befall.

The world but little cares, I ween,
 To hear the minstrel's tuneful moan;
 Enough they think to bear the spleen
 That is their own.

They love far more to hear a lay
Which speaks not of another's cares;
But, with sweet music, takes away
Or lessens their's.

A song should be when hearts beat high
With joy, not sink opprest with sadness;
Who silent in their troubles lie
Best sing in gladness.

The merry lark may have his time
Of want and sorrow—none can doubt it;
But then he does not mount sublime,
And sing about it.

No; little diamond edition
Of nature's sweetest, blithest ditty!
He dreams not of the poor ambition
Of winning pity!

Still as a bee, amid winter snows,
On dreary days the songster lies;
But when his gladness overflows,
It fills the skies.

He soars on high, and all may see
He soars to sing, and sings to bless;
And not to pour forth melody
In heaviness.

If when he mounts, his gladsome strain
Should please the world below, and move them
With joy, 'tis well—if not, 'tis plain
He's far above them.

It grieves not him, light hearted elf,
If some won't heed his music—still,
He warbles on to please himself,
And those who will.

Such ways I love, thou minstrel gay!
I'll sing with thee in sunny weather;
And when there comes a gloomy day,
We'll rest together.

BEN FENTON.

THIS gentleman is a son of the late Francis Fenton, Lieut.-Colonel of the Sheffield Independent Volunteers. Like his father, he is—or perhaps to speak more properly *was* a

merchant—for at present, in the evening of life, he enjoys the *otium cum dignitate* in one of those elegant little villa residences which so pleasantly adorn the western precinct of the modern capital of Hallamshire. Always fond of verse as of paintings—for his house is pannelled with pictures from top to bottom—he published in 1843 an elegant volume containing the metrical mementoes of a life, namely, “Tributes to Scarborough,” “Odes to Wellington and Napoleon,” “On the Ruins of Haddon Hall,” and other poems, mostly of the class usually denominated “occasional.” The *Sheffield Mercury*, in which several of Mr. Fenton’s poems originally appeared, thus speaks of the merits of the whole, and particularly of the one which may here be adopted as a characteristic extract: “they evince a degree of taste and feeling highly creditable to the author, many of whose reminiscences of the friendships, pleasures, and incidents of past years are elegantly embodied in verse. Perhaps this praise may expose us to some risk of being considered partial with those who may become aware that several of these compositions have appeared in our poet’s corner: but to the friends of the worthy author, at least, they will lose none of their value on that account. As a fair specimen, we may quote the following stanzas, as they celebrate a scene well entitled to the tourist’s notice and the poet’s praise. Who that has descended Miller’s Dale, from beautiful Chee Tor, near Wormhill, to Raven’s Tor, toward Lytton Mill—who has diverged from the bank-side on the one hand, to the noted locality of “Derbyshire Diamonds” at Priestcliff, or ascended on the other the lofty and conical Knotlow—and all this on a fine summer’s day, with pleasant companions, but must be prepared to admit in some degree, the rather comprehensive boast of the neighbouring residents, that Miller’s Dale is Dove Dale in miniature? Nay, even in mid-winter, when the long slopes and hills abrupt are mantled with snow, and the river foams or murmurs along ‘at its own sweet will,’ little visited by strangers, and hardly more noticed by natives, its course lies through a region of as warm hearts and warm hearth-stones as any in the Peak. But we must not encroach on the privilege of the poet by attempting to praise in our plain prose, a scene which has inspired the following eulogy in verse:—

MILLER’S DALE.—A SCENE IN DERBYSHIRE.

In the midst of the mountains, the Derbyshire hills—
In the winter so dreary and bleak;

Where the cold cutting wind the poor traveller chills,
As he wanders along near the Peak ;
'Midst these hills Nature kindly has mellow'd the scene—
A few milder beauties prevail ;
Like the azure of heaven, the dark clouds between,
And the fairest of these, Miller's Dale.

How the heart wakes to gladness, how sparkles the eye,
That saw but the desert in view !
And the rocks piled on rocks in confusion that lie,
That protrude in their desolate hue ;
With the brown stunted shrubs that in poverty grow,
'Midst the winds that in fury assail,
In a moment to turn to an Eden below ;
And that garden of bloom—Miller's Dale.

Thus the scenes strangely chequered of life in its course,
To the changes of Nature are true ;
And the path that is clouded and rough in its source,
Yet may lead us to skies that are blue.
Though the sands may be arid our steps that impede,
And our hope and expectancy fail ;
A bright little oasis smiles in our need,
Like the one that illumines Miller's Dale.

THOMAS CROSSLEY.

THE town and neighbourhood of Halifax have repeatedly been the birth-places or the themes of Yorkshire bards. It does not appear when, or by whom the celebrated old Ballad "History of Sir John Eland, of Eland, and his Antagonists," was written ; but from the local knowledge displayed, the writer could hardly have been a stranger to the scenery of his song. The same may be said of the old rhymed story of "The Felon Sow," that "was bred in Rokeby Wood ;" and of a more famous ancient composition of the same class, "The Dragon of Wantley," or Wharnccliffe, in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, the date of its composition, as well as the name of the poet, being alike involved in obscurity. But if Halifax has not the very uncommon credit of a ballad to which no author's name can be assigned, the historian of that town exhibits the rarer phenomenon of a comparatively modern poet, whose works are unknown ; for Watson says, "Brian Bentley was buried at Halifax, June 9th, 1679, where he had lived with the character of being a good poet ; but for my own part, I can say little to this, having never seen any composition of his, either in

print or manuscript." I suppose there is no probable connection between the old local poet and the old local ballad? In 1761, appeared anonymously, in twenty-four pages, 4to., "An Essay on Halifax, a Poem in Blank Verse." The author was W. Williams: I have not seen it. Thomas Crossley, "the Bard of Ovenden," as he was called by Ebenezer Elliott, in a complimentary sonnet, was born at the village bearing that name, in the vicinity of Halifax. His "Flowers of Ebor," secured for him the reputation of a poet beyond the neighbourhood of his birth-place, to which, in 1831, he paid a tribute by the publication of "Halifax: a Poetical Sketch." As a fair specimen, may be quoted the following stanzas, which introduce an allusion to the famous "Halifax Gibbet Law," in accordance with which, between the years 1544 and 1650, no less than forty-nine individuals were beheaded, by an engine which was supposed to have been the original model of the Scottish "Maiden" and the French "Guillotine." After a general survey of the neighbourhood, the poet, in the person of his "Albert," thus speaks of Halifax:—

And as improvement open'd on the view,
Extending far and wide her rich domain,
With her thou kept'st a measured pace, and grew
To wealth and beauty 'neath her social reign.
Like Spring's young offerings in bright April's rain;
And O! where commerce had her flag up-borne
In varied climes across the watery main,
Thy name was heard—thy native *cloths* were borne,
And well won merit then thy children did adorn.

What thou *hast been* we briefly here have scann'd,
Why should we tell what *now thou art* withal?—
Here on this hill with *Albert* take your stand,
And list the ceaseless din from labour's wall,
And see the smoke in sable columns roll,
Darkening anon heaven's azure canopy;
And e'en when night her dark funereal pall
Has spread around, in countless numbers see
The pillar'd gas-lights flame, like joyous jubilee!

And far below, the noble Hall is seen
Where smiling Commerce often holds her seat;
While in its vast embrace the daisied green
Spread in the centre forms a contrast sweet,
Like knightly court where rival bands compete
In joust and tournament:—such days are past:—
Instead of plumed pomp and chivalrous feat,
Here bustling trade unfolds her rich repast,
And Speculation's die with daring hand is cast.

These plainly tell no dormant spirit lurks
 In this deep vale—this still increasing town,
 But Science with industrious Labour works—
 This reaps the fruit where that her seed had strewn!
 And O! may health, and honor, and renown,
 Through ages yet unknown, be shower'd on thee,
 And emulation all thy efforts crown,
 When *Albert* and his humble strains shall be
 Wrapt in the viewless wreath of black obscurity.

Though, Halifax, thou didst in ancient time
 Reward industry—yet with horror dread,
 O how severely thou didst punish crime,
 And wreak thy vengeance on the culprit's head!—
 On yonder hill unpitied oft he bled
 For deeds which call'd not for a mortal's blood:—
 Such days are gone, and mercy rears instead,
 Her Angel form—with majesty endued;—

One stone yet marks the spot where the death-engine stood.

After giving promise, and affording evidence of poetical excellence, Mr. Crossley died much respected, September 2nd, 1843, in his 40th year, leaving a wife and six children to mourn his loss.

JOHN HOLLAND.

JOHN HOLLAND was born March 14, 1794, in the house where he still resides, in Sheffield Park, and within a few hundred yards of the Manor Lodge, or summer residence of the old Earls of Shrewsbury. Here, and at the Castle of Sheffield, long since demolished, the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, spent about fifteen years of her sad captivity. This, and other incidents connected with the locality, combined with the diversified aspect of the scenery around his humble home, to excite in the mind of a meditative youth with whom they were constantly familiar, a class of associations, which in 1820, gave birth to "Sheffield Park, a Descriptive Poem." This was followed, in 1821, by "The Cottage of Pella, a Tale of Palestine," written in the same manner of verse as the "Wanderer of Switzerland," and dedicated to the Rev. H. H. Milman, whose "Fall of Jerusalem" celebrated that memorable catastrophe in Jewish history, of which Mr. Holland's previously published "Tale" is but an episode. His next poem was "The Hopes of Matrimony," first printed in 1822—and again, accom-

panied by other pieces in 1836. From an early period it has been the happiness of the author to enjoy the friendship of Mr. Montgomery; and in 1827, he dedicated to the Christian Poet, a volume of "Flowers from Sheffield Park: a selection of Poetical Pieces, originally published in the *Sheffield Iris*," while edited by that gentleman. Lastly, in 1829, appeared from his pen "The Pleasures of Sight; a Poem." Besides the foregoing volumes, which, with innumerable smaller pieces in verse, entitle his name to a place in this collection, Mr. Holland has published, at least twice as many works in prose, on widely different subjects: he is probably, in fact, the most voluminous author of his native district.

STANZAS,

Written on receiving from the Cape of Good Hope, a Bouquet of Amaranths, gathered by the Rev. Barnabas Shaw, Missionary to Africa. 1830.

Bright flowers! in silence to mine eye, ye bear from realms remote
A message soon deciphered, though in hieroglyphics wrote!

Your glossy petals, white and red, your woolly stem and leaves,
Are emblems with which Fancy's skill a web of meaning weaves.

They tell me of the torrid zone, of Afric's sun-nursed clime,
Where Nature's fairest paradise is cursed with foulest crime;
Where white men long, with hearts more black than their black
brethren's face,

Have murder'd, kidnapp'd, sold, enslaved, the harmless negro race.

They tell me that a holy man, through Danger's thousand forms,
Hath cross'd the mighty ocean safe, and reach'd the "Cape of
Storms."

The Cape, indeed, of *their* "Good Hope," who felt their bosoms
burn,

To see their Missionary friend once more to them return:

To hear that England's Christian zeal tow'rd's them did so abound,
That soon a house of God would rise, and praise and prayer resound,
Where erst an idol temple stood, and Budhu's rites obscene,
With desecrating frown too long the town's disgrace had been.

Bright flowers! ye seem to signify to Faith's strong prescient eye,
That better days for Africa are swiftly drawing nigh;
That soon the moral wilderness where now the am'ranth grows,
Shall bud with Carmel's olive-branch, and bloom with Sharon's rose;

That soon the sable sons of Ham shall hear their Saviour's voice;
And saints, where beasts of prey now prowl, in hymns of love
rejoice;

Till, through the central desert spread, from farthest shore to shore,
The knowledge of the Lord shall reign where ign'rance reign'd
before ;

While he who dared, so nobly dared, to call the savage race—
Caffrarian, Bushman, Hottentot—to know the Saviour's grace ;
Taught them to sow, and reap, and build,—grouped, socialized,
and tamed,—

Shall be, by thousands yet unborn, with sacred honour named.

Then, while unperishing and fresh this fair bouquet remains,
Will it in silence ceaseless speak the language of these strains ;
Until, perchance,—so strong, so wide, Truth's missionary scope,—
A few brief years shall realize this prophecy of hope.

LORD MORPETH.

GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK VISCOUNT MORPETH, son, and heir apparent of George, sixth Earl of Carlisle, was born April 18, 1802. During the Administration of Lord Melbourne, Lord Morpeth took an active part in the affairs of her Majesty's Government: representing the West Riding of Yorkshire in Parliament, he held the office of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Not being again returned for the same district in the election of 1841, his Lordship took the opportunity of paying a visit to the United States, where he was entertained with every demonstration of respect: and on his return home, a number of the West Riding electors presented to him a most elegant casket, and a highly complimentary address, in testimony of their respect for his character. These are simple facts; and it will be obvious that even if I were disposed to say more in reference to his Lordship's public character, a proper delicacy in regard to the appearance of his Lordship's name as the patron of these humble pages, as well as the nature of the work, ought to preclude the introduction of any topic upon which a difference of opinion may perhaps exist. At the same time I may venture equally without offence to the individual, or the risk of a difference of opinion even among political partizans, to say that the personal conduct of Lord Morpeth has ever, in all places and to every one who has had to do with him, been such, as to secure for him the highest possible respect. Besides a variety of fugitive compositions in rhyme, Lord Morpeth has published "The

Last of the Greeks; or the Fall of Constantinople:" a tragedy. The hero of this piece, is the celebrated Grecian Emperor, Constantine Palæologus: the same subject, it will be recollected, has also engaged the powerful pen of Miss Joanna Baillie. It would be easy to quote several striking passages from this drama: instead, however, of doing that, I copy part of the "Prologue," in which the poetry, the patriotism, and I had almost said the predictions of the noble bard, are so vividly and honourably associated with the memory of events which a few years ago attracted so much attention to the East of Europe. It may not be out of place here to mention, as creditable to the Noble Viscount's taste, and illustrative of his genuine love of poetry, that Lord Morpeth gives a prize of five pounds annually, for the best composition in verse by one of the pupils at the Wakefield Proprietary School, of which his Lordship is a patron.

PROLOGUE.

While in rapt mood the fancy loved to stray
 O'er the bright realms of her peculiar sway,
 And saw in mystic vision pass along
 The buried forms of glory and of song,
 The nymphs, the heroes, and the gods, whose love
 Stooped from the sky to deify the grove;
 What was the angry sound, that dared invade
 The solemn stillness of each haunted glade,
 O'ercame the murmurs of Castalia's rill,
 The leafy whispers of Dodona's hill,
 And filled the shore, the islands, and the main,
 From Cæta's caverns to Messena's plain?
 It was the clang of arms—the cry of strife—
 The shout of Freedom starting into life.

After apostrophes to the memory of Byron and Canning,
 the poet proceeds—

Yet rear again thy drooping head, and raise
 The choral pæans of forgotten days,
 The strains once chaunted on thine azure sea,
 The songs of Salamis and Mycale.
 Ne'er were thy hopes more fair, than when the day
 Gilt the armed prows in Navarino's bay;
 Ne'er was thy star more high, than when the night
 Closed on the smouldering horrors of the fight.
 Though not thine own the glory of the deed,
 It is enough of triumph to be freed.

Roll swiftly on, ye numbered hours! unfold
 New arts, new honours, and revive the old :
 Not e'en one shattered link of Moslem chains
 Shall mar the fertile gladness of the plains ;
 Where only anchored round the Colian cliff
 The pirate's pinnace, or the fisher's skiff,
 Commerce shall bid her sons unarmed resort,
 And peaceful navies crowd the friendly port ;
 While Liberty shall bless the toils of peace,
 And Bards and Patriots live again for Greece.

JOHN WALKER ORD.

MR. ORD was born March 5, 1812, at the romantic town of Guisborough, in the centre of that fine and fertile portion of the North Riding of the County of York, called Cleveland. After a preliminary education at two or three schools in the neighbourhood of his birth place, the youth, whose love of the athletic exercises of cricket and football, is said to have been, at least, equal to his distaste of the unpoetical rudiments of Latin and Mathematics, proceeded to the University of Edinburgh, where he employed some years in study as a physician, and was apprenticed to Dr. Knox, the eminent lecturer on anatomy, who gained a painful celebrity in the affair of Burke and Hare. At this period, Mr. Ord not only entered ardently upon his medical studies, but paid a scarcely compatible amount of attention to the muses, enjoying, at the same time, a particular intimacy with Professor Wilson, the Ettrick Shepherd, and all the literati of the Modern Athens. In 1834, Mr. Ord went to London, where, full of mental energy, and dreaming of literary renown, he dashed into the arena of politics and criticism, by starting "The Metropolitan Conservative Journal," a paper which afterwards merged in the "Britannia." This residence and employment in London, brought our author into friendly intercourse with Thomas Campbell, R. S. Knowles, Douglas Jerrold, the Countess of Blessington, and many eminent *literati*. Ten years ago, Mr. Ord published vols. i. and ii. of "England, an Historical Poem;" and in 1843, "The Bard and Minor Poems." These works indicate a vigorous and independent tone of thought and expression—a genuine susceptibility of the *furor poeticus*. The fol-

lowing lines are from a series of spirited stanzas on the monastic institutions of Britain, in the poem of "England:" they introduce us to the magnificent arch which forms so striking a feature in the ruin of Guisborough Abbey; the poet, after telling us that

"Tintern is fading; Fountains' majesty
Is past; and Revault never more will be
The mighty thing it was. Melrose hath lost
A gem; and Furness groans beside the sea;

and amplifying somewhat on each of these noted buildings, thus proceeds—

But thou, majestic arch of Guisborough,
That, like a weary giant, standest proud;
Or an enchantress weeping o'er her woe,
And calling on dead spirits from their shroud!
Thou never hast been sung; no hymnings loud
Have e'er saluted thee; thou art my own—
The lady of my lay, with life endow'd:
Yea, as with human voice, thou callest down,
That Poetry may robe thee with her fadeless crown!

Bright is thy dwelling-place; wood, crag, and hill
Environ thee, and thou art lord, and king,
And ruler over them; they own thy will:
The moonbeams are thy garments; wild birds sing
Within thy bowers, and fill with murmuring
The trees that bloom where once thy pillars stood:
The mildest breezes shake their dewy wing
Through thy dim shades; and lonely pilgrims brood
Over the grassy turf, where sleep the just and good.

O, when I was a glad and happy boy,
Without a care, without a fear or woe,
'Twas my delight, my nearest, dearest joy,
To gaze on thee, and up thy pathways go,
Gazing from thy proud turrets to and fro!
To see the woods around, that idly lay
Shrouded in misty sunlight; and to know
That now I stood where monks were wont to pray,
Hundreds of years ago, who now are in the clay!

O, often have I climb'd thy broken stair,
And lov'd to hear the breezes moan and sigh;
And fancied spirits wander'd in the air,
Sent down as guardian angels from the sky;
Or, deem'd that shrouded monks were stalking by,
Or helmed knights, all clad in shining mail;
And as I gazed about with timid eye,

Saw lovely shapes upon the evening gale,
Or fairies, silken-hair'd, along the moonbeams sail.

Fallen are ye all, and desolation's maw
Enfolds ye !—Time, the conqueror, holds ye now
In galling chains, and will not let you go !
White are the tresses on your wrinkled brow,
And weak these tottering limbs that bend so low :
And wild-flowers deck your temples ; and the nest
Of the sweet wild-bird lies, where death, I trow,
With life is mingled on your moulder'd breast—
Like you, at last, to crumble into placid rest.

JOSEPH MIDDLETON.

JOSEPH MIDDLETON was born March 28, 1818, at Grove House, near Leeds, where, I believe, he at present resides. While yet "a minor," he published in 1836, "*Alice; or Love's Triumph, a Metrical Romance; with other Poems;*" and in 1840, another volume of verse, entitled "*Hyacinth; and Lyrics*" In the same year, resigning the flowery paths of poesy in favour of the thorny mazes of the law, he entered the Middle Temple; and having been called to the bar in June 1843, he is now a member of the Northern Circuit. I have no space for an extract that would do justice to one of the tales of "the three old men, all bedeck'd in night array," who

Sat at the feet of their lady, sweet
Hyacinth, Queen of May!"

The reader, however, will not be disappointed to take instead, the subjoined lines;—

THIS IS MY WEDDING DAY.

Oh! Mother, my dear Mother, bring me summer flowers now,
The violet, and lilybell, and rose-bud for my brow;
To day—it is my wedding-day, the happiest i' the year,
My sisters and my early friends, will every one be here,
And I must look as gay, Mother, as gay as any Queen,
I would not that a blither bride should any where be seen.
I know you have a loving heart, you never said me nay,
Give me roses, give me lilybells—this is my wedding day!
Oh! Mother, my dear Mother, bring me leaves of cypress tree,
This gaudy wreath of summer gems, is mockery to me;
To day—ah! you remember—twelve months ago to-day,
I had a very merry heart, and others were as gay.—

Love fill'd my soul with ecstasy, and *hope* with promised bliss,
 Pictured a life too brilliant far for such a world as this;
 But all my young heart doted on has passed from us away,
 I would that I was with him now, on this our wedding-day.

Oh! Mother, my dear Mother, bring me summer flowers again,
 The gayest and the loveliest that deck the village plain;
 To day—it is our parting day, but do not weep for me,
 My soul is full of happiness and panteth to be free.
 Methinks, I hear *him* call me, and he smiles upon me now;
 Oh! place the wreath of roses, my dear Mother, on my brow;
 There—kiss me, kindly kiss me, for I must not longer stay,
 He welcomes me—he speaks to me—*this* is our wedding-day.

HENRY INGRAM.

MR. INGRAM was born in Liverpool, in 1779, but he afterwards resided at Breck, near Halifax, and in 1815, published "*The Flower of Wye, a Poem, in Six Cantos.*" It is a metrical romance in imitation of Scott—but without a single note or line of preface. In some parts, the versification reminds us of the freedom, if not of the force of that master-minstrel, whose style is emulated by the Halifax poet. It would take up too much space to abstract the story, and no short extract would be sufficiently intelligible if detached from the body of the narrative; instead, therefore, of introducing any description of the old "*Harper,*" or his

—"—saddening theme,
 Thee, Rosalie, the fairest flower,
 That bloom'd, alas! how short the hour,
 Near Wye's sequester'd stream,"

I have copied from the prelude to the last Canto, the following lines:—

TO POESY.

In youth's soft prime, when, to my sight confest,
 Thy radiant vision sail'd along the skies,
 Lo! from thy wing I mark'd, with awe imprest,
 A plume descend—I seized the glorious prize.

E'en then it prompted many an idle lay,
 And a loved mother's partial praise was mine,
 But now in loftier flights it soars away—
 Still may that mother's favouring ear incline!

Sweet Poesy! what, though the world shall frown,
 And say, in vain thy hallowed smile I woo!
 One effort more, and then the task is done—
 Yet still to thee one grateful strain is due!
 O! ere we part, accept this heart-breathed strain!
 Beneath thy magic sway, my path has bloom'd;
 How fades the ceaseless laugh of pleasure's train,
 Before one virtuous hour, by thee illumed!

In 1830, Mr. Ingram published "Matilda, a Tale of the Crusades," and in 1844, a volume entitled "Zuleima, a Tale of Persia; Cain; St. Paul at Malta, with other Poems."

WILLIAM GIDEON JONES BARKER.

THIS gentleman, now of Harnby, near Leyburn, who dates his miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse, from the "Banks of the Yore," descended from an ancient family; and sharing the blood of more than one noble line, Continental as well as English, is the adopted son of the late Rev. William Jones, M.A., Vicar of East Witton, in this county, and was born August 27th, 1817. He was a shy and delicate child, but gave proofs of an attachment to books at a very early period; they were his chosen play-things. Almost as soon as he could talk, which was not till two years old, he began to recite lengthy passages which he had heard read, displaying considerable powers of memory. A taste for drawing developed itself as soon as the little hand could hold a pencil; and one of his first attempts at composition, was when seven years old; but up to that period, though already an ardent lover of verse, the boy had no idea of *rhyme*, all his numerous effusions were in a kind of blank verse. After a short time spent at the village school, for the purpose of learning arithmetic, penmanship, &c., young Barker's education was completed at home in 1830, under the paternal care of Mr. Jones. Many tales and other trifles, in verse, had been written prior to 1832, but they were all successively destroyed. Till then Mr. Barker had been almost a stranger to *modern* poetry, which was not to be found in the Vicarage Library: his attention was at last particularly directed to the works of Scott, by Thomas, ninth and last Viscount Fitzwilliam of the Irish line, who paid a visit to East Witton at this time. They

were read, as might be expected, with avidity; and the result was a poem of some length, afterwards destroyed. Several similar attempts followed, and met a like fate. In opposition to the feelings of his friends, Mr Barker manifested a decided predilection for the profession of arms; remonstrances were unavailing: but his interest proved insufficient to obtain a commission in the British army. In November, 1832, Mr. Barker made his first appearance as an author by contributing "Additions to a list of Birds and Fishes found in the neighbourhood of Wensleydale, in the North Riding of Yorkshire," to "Loudon's Magazine of Natural History." Other brief papers from his pen followed in the same periodical, but this pursuit was soon abandoned, though in the following year he unsuccessfully attempted to publish "A Monograph on the British Hirundines." Meanwhile, poetry was diligently cultivated in private and almost in secret. On the death of the Rev. W. Jones, on the 23rd of November, 1837, Mrs. Jones and our poet quitted the favourite Vicarage House at East Witton: the latter now assuming the name and arms of Jones, in addition to those he had previously borne. Thwarted in his endeavours to obtain a commission, notwithstanding the late General Viscount Hill, then Commander-in-Chief, expressed his regret at the circumstances, a noble friend recommended him to enter one of the Universities, and qualify himself for holy orders in the Established Church, kindly promising future preferment. This was positively declined, because the poet was strongly imbued with Roman Catholic doctrines, and would neither subscribe the articles nor take the oaths. In 1839, he made his first public appearance as a poet by "Stanzas, on reading an account of the death of the poetess, Mrs. Maclean, (L. E. L.,) at Cape Coast Castle, Africa." This piece was frequently reprinted. From this period various productions of his pen have appeared in the York papers, comprising not only poetry, but letters on "The Political Rights of Roman Catholics," "Church Rates," and other topics. In April, 1842, appeared from Mr. Barker's pen, in a small volume, "The Desolate One: a Poem, dedicated to Lord Wynford." It was favourably noticed in many reviews. He at present announces for publication "The History and Antiquities of Wensleydale," and is understood to be also preparing a volume of verse, entitled "Irene of Sestos; and other Poems." All Mr. Barker's poetical productions are of an elegant character: the fol-

lowing stanzas, however, are selected less for the degree in which they may justify such an eulogium, than on account of their local interest :—

HACKFALL.

Few who are acquainted with Yorkshire scenery can have omitted visiting this attractive spot, or will readily forget its beauties. Through a narrow glen, the almost perpendicular sides of which are covered with lofty trees, principally oaks, the river Yore flows for about a mile and a half: winding walks enable visitors to climb the rocky banks, from various stations on which extensive views are obtained. The name of the place has been derived from "*hag*," a witch, and "*full*," a descent; thus literally signifying "the witch's valley." It is situated about two miles from Masham.

The ancient trees are arching o'er
In dark and gloomy pride,
With murmur hoarse, flows on beneath
The river's plashing tide;
Oh could the cliffs around but speak!
What legends might they tell
Of fearful deeds, in days of yore
Done in the Witch's Dell.

Oft, when the pallid stars withdrew
Their dim and trembling light,
While swiftly tempest-clouds were driven
Athwart the brow of night;
Unearthly sounds the storm-blasts caught,
As with dark wood and spell,
In conclave dire the foul hags met
Amid The Witch's Dell.

The hideous shriek—the demon cry
By chaste ears never heard;
The backward prayer, in mutter'd verse
To fiends of hell preferr'd :—
These rocks, that now but give reply
To the lone river's swell,
Have echoed oft, as rites obscene
Defiled The Witch's Dell.

Here were those fatal charms enwove
That smote the fruitful field,
Or made, untouch'd, on battle plain
Some dauntless warrior yield :—
And when o'er Beauty's damask cheek
The cureless sickness fell,
The incantation dire was wrought,
Here—in The Witch's Dell!

Like fleeting days years roll away,
 And ages now have past
 Since the recesses of this glen
 Beheld such orgies last:
 Where once the spectral voice rang loud,
 The wild birds warble well,
 And odorous flowers for drops of blood
 Spangle The Witch's Dell.

Here now at morn beneath the shade
 'Tis pleasant to recline,
 Or pensive watch at evening cool
 The waning day decline;
 Till from the distant village tower
 Peals slow the curfew's knell,
 And night's dun shadows settle down
 Upon The Witch's Dell.

Fearless of magic's evil power,
 Here blooming damsels rove,
 Whose ruby lips and dark eyes work
 The witchery of Love:—
 And hence the deep sequester'd vale,
 Suiting their walks so well,
 Rightly, ev'n yet, in ancient speech,
 Is nam'd The Witch's Dell!

MRS. HEY.

THIS lady, the wife of a surgeon, who enjoys and sustains the reputation of a name, which for more than a single generation has shed a lustre alike on the medical profession in this county, and his native town of Leeds, is author of "The Moral of Flowers," "The Spirit of the Woods," "Recollections of the Lakes, and other Poems," all published anonymously. In a Preface to the elegant volume last-named, and which appeared in 1827, the poetess says, "She wrote, in the first instance, for her own gratification. If it be not presumptuous in her to quote, with reference to herself, the words of Coleridge, she would say, 'poetry has been to *her* its own exceeding great reward;' it has soothed her afflictions; it has multiplied and refined *her* enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given *her* the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds *her*." In publishing, "she has been mainly actuated by the hope that, in the expression of her

own feelings and fancies, she has touched many a string to which the hearts of others will vibrate." The tasteful and pious tone of Mrs. Hey's works, to which the foregoing sentiments are prefixed, forbids the apprehension that her amiable hope can have been indulged in vain. As a specimen, I copy the following graphic sonnet:—

I know a little Church, 'mid Cambrian hills,
A lowlier one methinks did never claim
The solemn sanction of that honour'd name;
No symphony, save that of mountain rills,
The pauses in the Psalm's rude chorus fills;
Yet all our ritual asks is there, I ween,
Font, pulpit, altar, and enclosure green,
Where sleep the dead in loveliness that chills
The inmost heart; but who can doubt, if there
The bread of life, unmix'd with earthly leaven,
Be wisely dealt; if those who do repair
To that rude altar, seek to be forgiven
Through Christ alone,—that lowly house of prayer
Will prove "the House of God, the gate of heaven?"

WILLIAM DEARDEN.

MR. DEARDEN was born in 1804, at the once romantic village of Hebden Bridge. His parents were respectable, and secured for their son the rudiments of a classical education, by placing him first in the Grammar School of Heptonstall, and afterwards, at the age of 15, in an eminent educational establishment in the East Riding, with the design of his ultimately entering the church: a domestic calamity, however, closed this prospect by ending the scholastic advantages he there enjoyed, and at the age of seventeen, Mr. Dearden was thrown upon his resources to gain a livelihood. After various vicissitudes, he settled at Huddersfield, where, for the last sixteen years, he has pursued the honourable, but too often ill-requited, vocation of a schoolmaster.

In 1837, Mr. Dearden published "The Star Seer; a Poem, in Five Cantos"; it was inscribed to F. W. Cronhelm; and the copy before me was the author's presentation gift to the late Thomas Crossley—the three local poets being thus linked together by the single charm of this elegant volume. The poem of "The Star Seer," is founded upon a local tradition

which sets forth, that two or three centuries ago a castle stood "on Oswald's rocky height," the owner of which was renowned for his skill in astrology.* Though the nature of his studies impressed the minds of the vulgar with awe, his munificence, noble bearing, and uniform kindness won him the esteem of almost every inhabitant of Caldene, the little valley through which flows the stream of the Cal to join, and, perhaps, give name to the river *Calder*. By the knowledge of this art, he professed to have ascertained that a certain wonderful comet, which was first observed at the hour of his birth, and continued to revisit our northern hemisphere periodically about every five years, was his Natal Planet, and that there was a lovely female, who was also the subject of its influences, and whose destiny was mysteriously interwoven with his own. Her he resolved to find; and assuming the garb of a palmer, he quitted his studies and residence and went in search of the beautiful one. Wandering in Kirklees woods on the evening when the comet commenced to his view its fourth grand career, he discovered at the entrance of the grotto, an enchanting creature waiting with rapture the glorious appearance of the blazing star. Kneeling beside her, he told her that the planet which she apostrophised as her Natal Star, presided over the destinies of both. She readily admitted this conclusion, and frequent and fond were their meetings beneath the boughs of that Kirklees, once so famous as the Yorkshire haunt and death-place of Robin Hood. After a variety of romantic adventures by both parties, they were ultimately married; and their story consummated by each meeting a tragical and mysterious death. The subjoined lines introduce the reader to the Comet of Caldene and the Lady of Kirklees:—

What is thine errand, Wanderer sublime?
 Art thou commission'd in this land of crime
 The vial of woe and pestilence to pour?
 Lo! at thy presence this unwonted hour,
 The awe-struck hinds to yon rude cave repair,
 In hurrying crowds to breathe to heaven a prayer,
 That the dark threatnings which thy looks pourtray,
 May, unfulfill'd, pass o'er the earth away.
 But there are eyes that gaze on thee, this night,
 Through tears of rapturous sorrow. Long the light

* In Whitaker's History of Craven will be found a notice of the astrological and alchemical pursuits of the singular Henry Lord Clifford.

Of thy surpassing splendour, in the skies,
Hath been expected with full pomp to rise.

O, who is she, the beautiful one, that kneels
Alone before that ivied shade, nor feels
The cold chill of the night?—insensible
To all save thee, as thou wert visible,
To her keen ken, a vision fraught with love,
O'erwatching her benignly from above.

Who that hath wandered, at the hour of eve
In *Kirklees'* darkling groves to muse or grieve,
Has not beheld—and hastened to withdraw,
As some stray angel's loveliness he saw—
The *Ladye Editha*, at vesper hour,
Kneeling, as now, before that rustie bower,
And heavenward looking, as she hoped that some
Bright spirit thence, to glad her heart would come?

List to those ripe lips' warbled harmony!
Sweet as the wind o'er groves of spicery
Blowing at eve, when burthen'd with the boon
Of lute notes, welcoming the rising moon:—
"My natal star! O, why delay'd so long
Thy radiant journey through yon starry throng?
Full fifty moons have waned, since last as now
Thou shedst a flood of glory on my brow,
And sent, as if a seraph from thy sphere,
A smiling youth to kneel beside me here,
And worship thee—his natal planet too,
And waken love, till then I never knew—
Love so ecstastic, ardent, and divine,
Death cannot quench it, nor the grave confine.
But why prate I of love, and still survive
Him my love's life, o'er whose dust haply thrive
The rank weeds of a distant field of blood,
Where he his country's bravest hero stood,
And fell—unweeting who, around his form
Clung to protect it in the battle-storm?
That fearful eve, thine orb, like some red shield,
Glared from the west upon the fatal field:
Then, as my *Harold* breathed his last, sunk down
Behind the mountains, with terrific frown,
And left me with the ruthless—who denied
The boon I ask'd, to perish at his side.
—Wend on thy way!—my dream shall be fulfill'd!
This night I'll seek the Magian's castle, skill'd
In deep star-lore, that I his aid may crave
To find my hapless lover's distant grave;
And, ere thy glory shall again depart,
There meekly rest this weary broken heart!

Then my freed spirit, O sweet dream of bliss !
 Shall dwell all pure, eternally with his,
 And feast on love, and happiness sublime,
 In the rich vales of thy resplendent clime !"

Thus sings the lonely vision of the night ;
 Then, while a moment, with a wild delight,
 Her eyes are sparkling turn'd like noon-lit dew,
 To her loved star, she vanishes from view.

Mr. Dearden has just published "The Vale of Caldene ; or, the Past and Present : a Poem, in six books." The volume, which is highly spoken of by the reviewers, contains descriptive passages of great beauty, and ethical sketches that will sometimes remind a reader of the poetry of Crabbe.

JOHN CASTELLO.

CASTELLO, is by trade a stone mason, and resided many years at Fryup, in Cleveland ; he is a member of the Wesleyan body, and has published "Awd Isaac, the Steeple Chase, and other Poems, with a Glossary of the Yorkshire Dialect." It is a rough, home-spun affair, by one of those uneducated men whom the fame of Burns, Bloomfield, Clare, and Tannahill has called into the field of poetry. Many of the poems, the author tells us, "are founded on facts, which occurred in the poet's neighbourhood, and which he has endeavoured to turn to a useful purpose. Others are of an experimental cast, and are the breathings of the poet's heart, when inflamed by love Divine." The following is a favourable specimen of his lighter and more graceful effusion :—

TO A SQUIRREL IN A CAGE.

Little spinner, blythe and gay,
 Dancing thus thy life away :
 A King his palace might resign,
 For a couch as soft as thine.

Thou canst choose as suits thee best
 When to toil and when to rest ;
 Free from earthly care and strife,
 Merrily doth pass thy life.

Ere the day begins to dawn,
 Thou art at thy work alone ;
 By the early miser seen,
 Turning round thy light machine.

Quick thou tipp'st the slender wires,
Which more art than strength requires;
Be the weather foul or fair
Heart and foot are light as air!
Joyful in thy little jail,
Thou dost spread thy bushy tail,
Playing many a curious prank,
Tumbling like a mountebank.

J. BRADSHAW WALKER.

THIS self-taught, but ingenious Yorkshire poet, is a native of Leeds, at the woollen manufactures of which place he began to work at a very early age. Passed, however, as the youthful, and many subsequent years of his life, were amidst, perhaps, the most anti-poetical of all associations, the dizzying mill-wheels, and the companionship of those too often worse than ignorant and uneducated individuals, who have been but too appropriately described as "the victims of the factory system," the wonder is how such a son of toil was led to court the smile, or enabled to win the favour of the Muses. It is one of the common peculiarities of a life doomed to co-operate with machinery in the ordinary production of textile fabrics, that the mind is for the most part but little occupied with the work; and so it happened in this case. The hands of the individual were as active as those of his fellow operatives; but his thoughts, often unlike theirs, were in the green fields or the shady lanes, whither, at the close of a day of labour, in summer, it was his delight to repair; while in winter the evenings were hardly less delightfully spent, by the cheerful fire side, in converse with "the sons of song"—the bards of Britain, living or dead, as they exist, in those works in which their genius never dies. The result to such a mind, so circumstanced and influenced, was natural—the embodiment of its musings in verse; and a neat volume of "Wayside Flowers, or Poems Lyrical, and Descriptive," by Mr. Walker, appeared in 1840. Although almost entirely self-educated, our poet has extricated himself from attendance on the whirling mill wheel, and engaged in the scarcely less harassing, but honourable vocation of a schoolmaster, in which he endeavours to maintain a large family. He is now in his 36th year—a term long enough to have afforded, in his case, a large taste of the trials of life; I hope his forth-

coming volume of prose and poetry, entitled "Spring Leaves," will be the meritorious and successful precursor of Summer Blossoms and Autumnal Fruits, in a substantial sense, to its worthy and indefatigable author.

COME TO THE ABBEY.

Come to the Abbey at eventide,
I love thee to wander at my side,
On Aire's green banks at the close of day,
When the wild-bird's song hath died away:
The violet grows like a hermit flower,
Under the shade of the lanthorn tower;
On that lone spot, in the twilight dim,
Oh! there will we chaunt our evening hymn.

Come to the Abbey at eventide,
Like an angel sent to be my guide;
The mouldering pile shall our temple be,
And the heavens our glorious canopy:
How tranquil the moon's saluting smile,
When silence reigns in the roofless aisle,
And the ivy's trembling leaf on high
Seems to commune with the quiet sky.

Come to the Abbey at eventide,
When calmly the Aire's deep waters glide;
When the past its mournful story reads,
Clad in a mantle of moss and weeds:
But soon as the glistening night-dew falls,
Like clustering pearls on the Abbey walls,
We'll bid adieu to the ruin'd towers,
And wander home over dewy flowers.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

THIS gentleman, at present one of the representatives of the borough of Pontefract in Parliament, is the son of Robert Pemberton Milnes, Esq., of Fryston Hall, near Ferrybridge, who himself represented the same place in several Parliaments: his mother was Maria Monckton, third daughter of Robert, fourth Viscount Galway. The family of Milnes comes originally from Derbyshire, and the Fryston branch inherits the estates of the ancient house of Rhodes, of Great Houghton, of which interesting mention occurs in the histories of the civil war in Yorkshire. The subject of this notice was born, July 19, 1809; and was educated at

Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took an honorary degree of M.A., in 1831. His publications are, "Memorials of a Tour in Greece;" "Poems for many Years;" "Memorials of a Residence on the Continent;" "Poetry for the People;" and "Palm Leaves." Mr. Milnes is allowed by all parties to belong to a very elegant, if not the highest class of poets. With a highly cultivated taste and glowing imagination, no wonder that the poet should have found in the balmy and legendary regions of the East a soil calculated to elicit, almost spontaneously, their richest fruits. The impressions he has brought home with him of those interesting countries are indeed all of the *couleur de rose*; indeed his descriptions, both of scenery and manners, and especially his various reflections on, or legendary tales of, the life and character of Mahomet, are somewhat overwrought.

MODERN ATHENS.

If Fate, though jealous of the second birth
 Of names in history raised to high degree,
 Permits that Athens yet once more shall be,
 Let her be placed as suits the thought and worth
 Of those who, during long oppression's dearth,
 Went out from Hydra and Ipsara free,
 Making their homestead of the chainless sea,
 And hardly touching their enslaved earth.
 So on the shore, in sight of Salamis,
 On the Peræan and Phalerian bays,
 With no harsh contrast of what was and is,
 Let Athens rise; while in the distance stands,
 Like something hardly raised by human hands,
 The awful skeleton of ancient days.

WILLIAM HENRY LEATHAM.

THIS gentleman, whose works tend to sustain the credit, as they have added to the stock of Yorkshire poetry, was born in the town of Wakefield, July 6th, 1815. Mr. Leatham's poems, several of which have gone through more than one edition, first appeared in the following order:—"A Traveller's Thoughts," 1837. "The Victim," 1838. "Sandal in the Olden Time," 1839. "Henrie Clifford, and Margaret Percy," "Siege of Granada; and Emilia Monteiro," 1841. "Stratford," a Tragedy, 1842. "Cromwell, a Drama; also The

Widow and the Earl, a Ballad of Sharlston Hall," 1843; "The Batuecas," &c., 1844. "Montezuma," &c., 1845. Some of the Songs interspersed through the poems, have lately been successfully set to music by Mr. Phillips, of Wakefield.

THE RED HAND.

The mysterious impress of the "Red Hand," so frequently mentioned by Mr. Stephens, in his *Incidents of Travel in Yucatan*, is supposed, from the use of this sign by the North-American Indians, to denote supplication to some deity, and to stand as a symbol of strength, power, or mastery, as the accompaniment of prayer—thus derived.

Upon the plains of Yucatân,
Within deep woods, forsaken lie,
But seldom seen by eye of man,
Whole Cities of an age gone by.

There rise huge pyramids o'ergrown
With prickly trees and giant grass;
Proud halls, enriched with carved stone,
Through which green lizards nimbly pass.

By night, 'tis said, some mystic strain,
In wild melodious cadence swells
To heaven, then sinks to earth again,
Amid these haunts where ruin dwells.

Lo, he who climbs these crumbling walls
Will meet some plumed colossal Head,
Whose rudely sculptured brow appals
With semblance of the kingly dead.

But should he bend his footsteps near,
And in the roofless chambers stand,
Where'er he turns, there doth appear
The impress of a living Hand!

Depicted on the plastered wall,
Where'er he hies, will meet his view,
Within each silent, time-worn hall,
This mystic stamp of gory hue!

Dread hands! upraised in impious prayer
To gods whose temples are o'erthrown;
What human victims, slaughter'd there,
Have idly bathed the jasper-stone*!

In vain each palm is held on high,—
The God of prayer ye did not know;
He leaves you thus in mockery,
Encompass'd by a nameless woe!

* The sacrificial stone on which captives were immolated.

MRS. CHARNOCK.

MARY ANNE, a grand daughter of the late Andrew Peterson, Esq., a wealthy Dutch merchant, who had long resided at Wakefield, became the wife of J. H. Charnock, himself descended of a once opulent mercantile family, and at present clerk to the "Governors of the Charities," in that town. This most amiable and accomplished lady died in the early part of 1843, at which period she was preparing for the press the volume which entitles her name to respectful record in these pages: and her husband, as an affectionate and appropriate memorial, published it with a preface of his own, in the same year, under the title of "Legendary Rhymes, and other Poems." It comprises the Rock Nymph of Biscay—Margurite of Provence, and numerous smaller pieces. The following sonnet, which was much admired at the time, assumes a still deeper interest in connexion with subsequent auspicious events.

TO THE PRINCESS VICTORIA,

*On seeing her in York Minster during the Performance of the
Messiah, Sept. 9, 1835.*

Sweet Princess! as I gaze upon thee now,
In the bright freshness of thy youthful face,
And, in thy soft blue eyes and tranquil brow,
Would seek resemblance to thy lofty race,
I think how soon the whelming cares of state,
May crush thy free young spirit with their weight,
And change the guileless beauty of thy face—
Nor leave, of that sweet happy smile, one trace,
Then, earnestly I pray that thou may'st be
Through all thy life, beloved, good, and great;
And when, from thy calm home, by Heaven's decree,
Thou'rt called to rule a mighty nation's fate,
May'st thou, throughout thy reign, be just and wise,
And win at last—a crown, immortal in the skies.

JAMES HIRD.

JAMES HIRD was born in 1810, in the parish of Bingley. While very young, he "was deprived by death of a pious and indulgent father, and, at the tender age of six years, was sent to a factory, where he remained fourteen years, shut out from all literary advantages, the Sunday School excepted." So we are told in the preface to his little volume "The Harp on the Willows; or Poetry on Miscellaneous and Grave Subjects," published in 1834. In 1839 he indulged a more elevated aim in "The Prophetic Minstrel," his object in which "was to dwell upon the mercy of God, extended to the righteous, and his wrath manifested to the wicked, as exemplified in the principal facts of Scripture." The volume was dedicated to the late Archdeacon Wrangham; and its contents, "the solace of many a sorrowful hour, the effusions of an ever thankful spirit," show that the author has made the best of his literary disadvantages; and, what is still better, of those opportunities of forming and fostering a devotional character, which happily depend neither on learning nor wealth.

LINES

*On being presented with Dr. Russell's Atlas, as a Birth-Day Present,
by Master H. G. Clayton, of Bierley.*

Here, with one glance can I survey
The world from pole to pole;
Here, morning, noon, by night or day,
Can I explore the whole.
Of all this vast, stupendous earth,
Its rivers, oceans, seas,
Which ever roll sublimely forth,
Or stop when God decrees.
Here I can round the islands sail,
The snowy Alps ascend,
And all the towering mountains scale,
Or to the deeps descend.
God grant that you may long enjoy
Earth's choicest blessings here,
And when you die, beyond the sky
Still live for ever there.

MARY HUTTON.

THIS worthy and ingenious woman, whose poetry and poverty have repeatedly excited in her behalf the sympathies of the inhabitants of Sheffield, as well as of individuals at a distance, was born at Wakefield, on the 10th of June, 1794. Her father, William Taylor, lived in early life as a servant with Lord Cathcart; and her mother, Mary Parry, a native of Alnwick, was a sort of nurse, or governess, in the family of the celebrated Admiral, Lord Howe: from these situations, respectively, the parties were married in London, after which they came to settle at Wakefield, Taylor embarking in the local canal boat interest. They had four sons and two daughters; the former, singular enough, all going to sea: one of them was in service on board the Bellerophon frigate, when Buonaparte, after the surrender of himself to the British power, was delivered into the charge of Captain Maitland. Mrs. Taylor had not only carried away from the vicinity of her native place a recollection of the scenery and the Ballad of "The Hermit of Warkworth," but other legendary songs, with which she often entertained the attention of her daughter Mary; she was, moreover, a Roman Catholic, and the, at least, occasional attendance of the girl at her mother's place of worship, imparted, as it was likely to do, a deeper tone of feeling to her susceptible mind. The concern at Wakefield, proving in the issue, unsuccessful, the parents went to London, leaving Mary behind them in Yorkshire, on account of the delicacy of her health. Her father died soon after his settlement in London; and her mother, who survived many years, enjoyed to the end of her life a small annuity left by Admiral Howe—an honourable testimony to her worth and his gratitude. His daughter, afterwards the Hon. Lady Charlotte Curzon, always regarded with personal kindness the humble guardian of her infancy. Circumstances bringing Mary Taylor to Sheffield, she there met with, and after a very brief courtship, married Michael Hutton, a cutler, and a man of superior intelligence, but nearly a quarter of a century older than his wife. The vicissitudes of suffering and misery, which, owing mainly to a want of employment and encreasing infirmity on his part, and the struggle between an oversensitive temperament and

laudable self-respect on hers, became ultimately insupportable, and induced Mary Hutton, in 1830, to address a letter explanatory of her circumstances, accompanied by a mass of manuscript poetry, to Mr. Holland, who had never previously heard the name, and whom she had previously never seen. Mr. Holland, after some enquiries into her case, immediately opened a subscription list, revised, and published a small volume of the verses, under the title of "Sheffield Manor and other Poems," accompanied by such a statement of her case as appeared desirable under the circumstances. The volume was dedicated to the Countess of Surrey; and its publication was followed by a very gratifying and substantial, but, of course, not permanent, amelioration of the lot of the grateful authoress. It is only necessary to add, that "The Happy Isle," and other publications in prose and rhyme followed, adding, for the most part, little beyond quantity to her poetical stock, and, unfortunately, in several instances, it is to be feared, yielding less than nothing to her comfort in the issue. Within the last few years, as above intimated, more than one direct appeal to the public sympathy has been made, and answered on behalf of Mary Hutton.

HOPE.

False, fleeting Hope! my soul must love thee still,
 Though thou hast long deceived my ardent mind;
 O! once more soothe me with thy powerful skill,
 That my worn soul may consolation find.

What though my path of life is strew'd with thorns,
 And 'tis my fate fell misery's garb to wear;
 Still I may see some happier, brighter morns,—
 Then come, sweet Hope! and banish black despair.

Thy airy dreams, how pleasing to my soul!
 Thou bring'st a solace to my tortured breast;
 Despair and anguish fly at thy control,—
 They give my agonizing bosom rest.

What though ill-health, and meagre, chilling want,
 Attend me in this lonely vale of tears;
 Oft with delusive dreams my heart will pant,
 Then calm once more, sweet Hope! my anxious fears.

WHILE the present sheet was passing through the press, I was favoured with a copy of "The Casket: a series of one hundred Sonnets," printed at Doncaster, I believe for private distribution, in 1838. The authors are James White, William Clark Wimberley, George Morine, Thomas Lister, Ebenezer Elliott, George Bayldon, and Stephen Wilson. Several of the Sonnets are beautiful compositions founded on that exquisite model of a poetical "key, with which," as Wordsworth says, "Shakspeare unlocked the heart."

THE POETS.

The Poets—are they dead?—Earth, thou hast ta'en
 Their perishable dust—'t was thine to claim;
 But lasting as thy fabric is the fame
 Which scarce thy stretched limits can contain:
 Ungracious Mother!—they were heirs of pain
 And chilling poverty and causeless shame—
 The dungeon's gloom, without the prisoner's blame,
 And madness grappling with the Fates in vain,
 —Dead, but undying—from their tombs are flung
 Reflected beams that like the lightnings quiver,
 And still where'er the wizard shell was strung—
 By twilight forest or by murmuring river—
 The vocal Spirit wakes her breezy song,
 And haunts the classic solitude for ever.

GEORGE MORINE.

In the closing paragraph of these notices of Yorkshire Poets, I will briefly mention several individuals, of whom, for the most part, I can only record the names. Wakefield, the birth-place of Mr. Leatham, Mrs. Charnock, and Mrs. Hutton, is otherwise identified with the biography of votaries of the Muses. The Rev. Charles Hoole, the old translator of Terence, was born there; and died at his rectory of Billericay, in Essex, 1666. The Rev. M. Kirkby, one of the Nonconformist Ministers, and first lecturer on the foundation of Lady Cambden at Wakefield, according to Calamy, "diverted himself in making verses;" he died June 21, 1676. His poems were collected and published by Dr. Sutton. Richard Linnecar, a resident at Wakefield, published by subscription, in 1790, a volume, containing "The Generous Moor," a tragedy; "The Lucky Escape," and "The Plotting Wives," comedies. It may, perhaps, be

desirable to mention, that Richard Brathwayte, a coarse, licentious, and once well known poet, and latterly ascertained to have been the author of "Drunken Barnabe's Journey," although a native of Westmoreland, lived in his old age, and died May 4, 1673, at Appleton, near Richmond, in this county. Roger Brierley, an old incumbent of Grindleton, in Craven, may be named; and William Crashaw (father of the better known poet of the name), author of a translation of some of the Songs of the Church, is said to have been born at Hemsworth, near Doncaster, from which neighbourhood also sprung John Lacy, the author of four Comedies, and who died in 1681: and not to mention other adventurers in the dramatic line, John Smith, of Stenton, published, in 1677, a play called "Cytharea." Cornelius Cayley, a member, I believe, of the baronet family at Brompton, near Scarborough, and who about 1758, was "Clerk to the Treasury" of the Princess Dowager of Wales, and a zealous amateur preacher, wrote a great number of pious poetical pieces, amongst the rest, one of some length, called "The Shulamite." Cleveland, a district variously celebrated, although not the birth place, gave a surname from residence to the ancestors of one of the most popular poets of the period of the civil war. Bowes, near Stainmoor, at the extreme north-west angle of the county, is the locality of Mallet's celebrated ballad of "Edwin and Emma;" and Harewood, in an opposite direction, the scene of a rhyming story by Hutton of Birmingham, called "Edgar and Elfrida," written in 1793; but there would be no end to enumerating associations of this kind. Among the numerous authors of fugitive verses, more or less known in their respective localities, may be mentioned Edward Collinson, of Chapel House, Grassington; T. Kenworthy, of Northowram; John Booth, of Terrace Norton, Malton; and Mrs. Tinsley, of Rotherham. I may here add, that I have before me the announcements of forthcoming volumes, of verse, by four individuals—namely, "Lays, Legends, and Lyrics," by W. J. Bosomworth, who was born at Leeds, Feb. 14, 1824, and, until lately, resided there; "Poems, or Amusements in Rhyme," by Paul Rodgers, who was born at Greasbrough, a village just outside the border of Wentworth Park, but who has for many years past been an inhabitant of Sheffield, of which town, W. F. Hobson, who lately announced "Poems," is a native: and lastly, it appears from the *Hobart Town*

Advertiser, that Larret Langley, a native of Wentworth, and who, after having for many years borne the highest character as a superior Schoolmaster in that neighbourhood, was in 1839 transported for forgery, announces "Lays by an Exile," a previous publication of his being characterised by a Tasmanian reviewer as containing "more true genuine poetry than we have ever seen in any colonial production." Elizabeth Georgiana Ayre, a very young poetess, lately published at Stokesley, "Wild Flowers, or the produce of uncultivated genius;" and in 1843, appeared a second edition of "Poems," by Primogene Duvard, who, with her mother, a French lady, it is said, resides at Northallerton; latterly, she has also printed "Mary Tudor," an historical drama; but I have not seen any of them. No formal notice of the late lamented Bishop of Calcutta has been introduced, although Mr. Newsam had sketched one; the Hebers were, indeed, an ancient stock at Marton Hall, in this county; but Reginald, the author of "Palestine" and other elegant poems, and who has given celebrity to the family name, was born at Malpas, in Cheshire, and had little, if any, connection with Marton. Perhaps it may not be uninteresting here to record, that about the year, 1440, or, perhaps, earlier, Robert Thornton, a native of Yorkshire, residing in the neighbourhood of Oswald Kirk, compiled a large volume of the most popular metrical romances of his age; this collection has just been printed by the Camden Society. Finally, I would inscribe on this page, the name of the poetical son of a pre-eminently gifted man—Hartley Coleridge, who was several years a resident in Leeds, where he compiled and published a work, the design of which, so far identical with that of the present less ambitious volume—was honourably to commemorate, "THE WORTHIES OF YORKSHIRE."



